Collier's

JUNE 12, 1948

TEN CENTS

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KANSAS

OUT OF THIS WORLD

By Jim Marshall

Churchill and F.D.R. make a common-law marriage

The Secret Papers of Harry L. Hopkins

Baumgartner

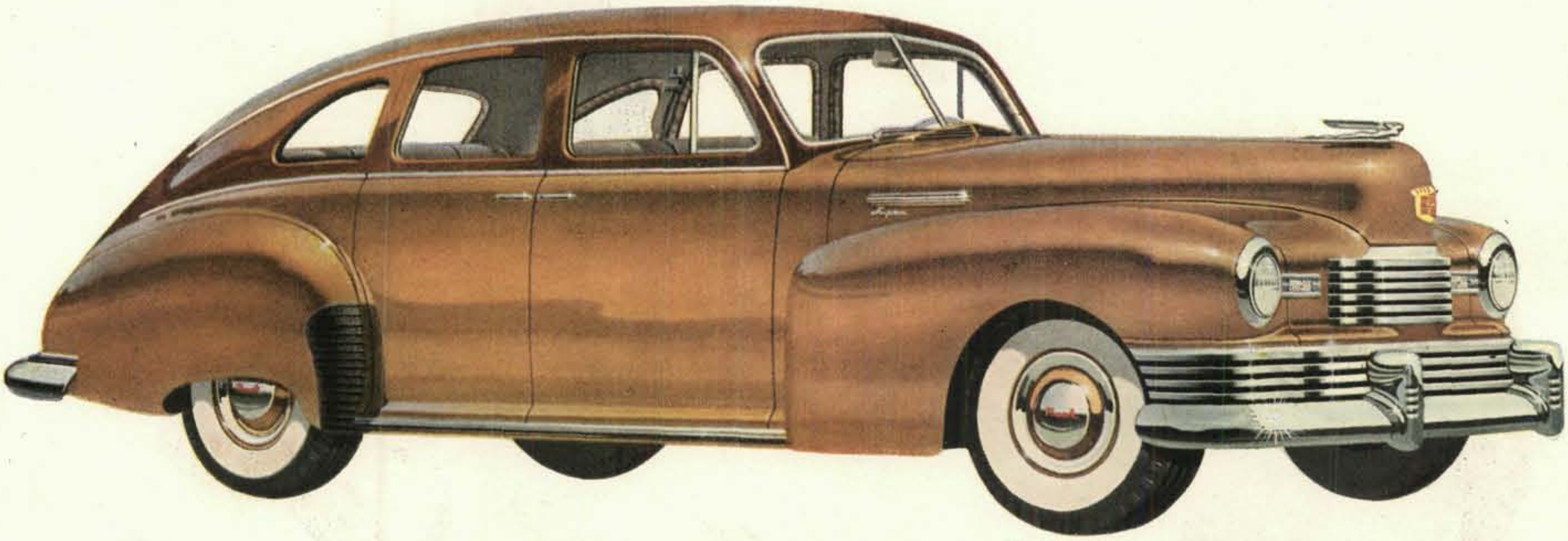
une 12,
94.8

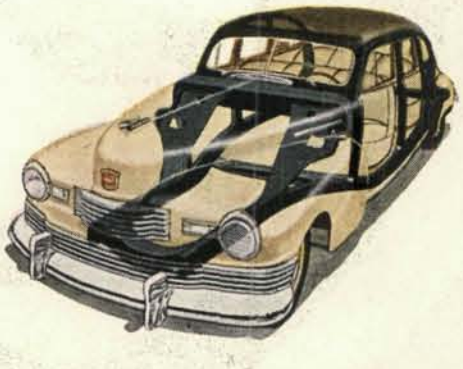
A PREDICTION
about your next car

It will be a bigger car than you own now—with more head-room, leg-room, seat-room and luggage space. It will have wider doors, deeper seats.

It will probably out-perform the car you now own—yet it will be so efficient that it will deliver *more* than 25 miles to a gallon at average highway speeds.

It will have conveniences you've never dreamed of. An automatic heating and ventilating system that ends discomfort of winter driving, dust, drafts, stuffy air. It will offer sleeping accommodations at night for carefree touring.





Product of Nash research and engineering, new Unitized body-frame construction sets the pattern for tomorrow. Built a new way, with frame and body *welded* into a single steel-girdered unit. It is lighter and immeasurably stronger. 8500 electric welds eliminate noise-making joints.

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We *know* these are features planned for all future automobiles—

But all of them are embodied in a Nash "600" *today*. And so important have they proved to Nash owners, every new car buyer will demand them soon.

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Nash **Great Cars Since 1902**

Nash Motors Division, Nash-Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit

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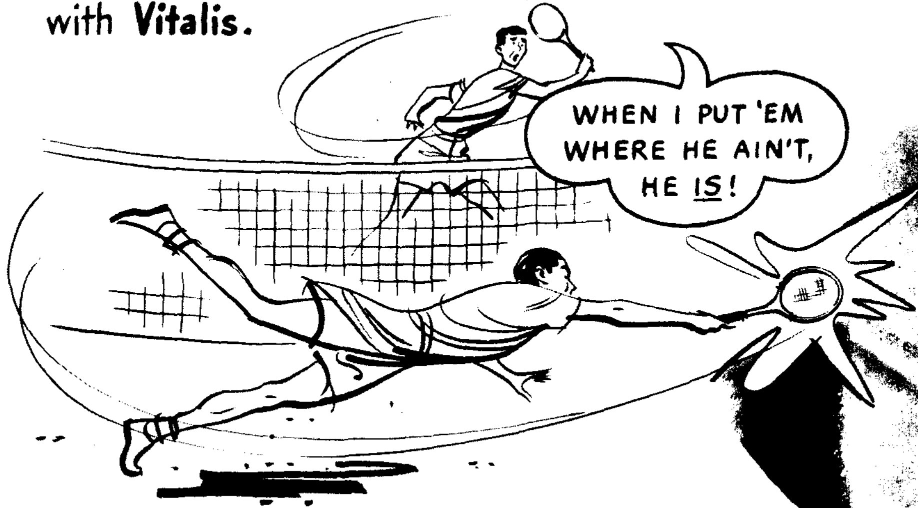
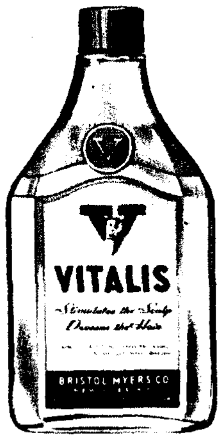
"Retriever" Riggs — the man who returns the impossible! U.S. Pro Tennis Champ '46, '47. Puts in 3 tough practice hours a day. Bobby's court workouts under sizzling sun are mighty tough on his hair — so he plays safe with **Vitalis.**


WHEN I PUT 'EM WHERE HE AIN'T, HE IS!

here's how the Vitalis "60-Second Workout" keeps hair summerproofed and handsome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Grooms the Hair
BRISTOL-MYERS CO.

Product of Bristol-Myers

"**My hair stays in great shape** in spite of summer sun and soaking showers — thanks to the **Vitalis** '60-Second Workout,'" says Bobby Riggs. Don't let summer give **your** hair a licking! Take care of it like top-flight men all over the map. Get **Vitalis** today!

50 SECONDS TO MASSAGE!
10 SECONDS TO COMB!

Massaging **Vitalis'** pure vegetable oils on sun-baked scalp protects hair from harmful, drying effects of sun, wind, water. Routs loose dandruff. Helps check excessive falling hair.

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Vitalis and Sealtube are Bristol-Myers trade marks

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Motorola F-M A-M Radio FOR HOME AND CAR

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COLLIER'S

June 12, 1948

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THIS WEEK

FICTION

PAGE

THE BRAMBLE BUSH By DAVID DUNCAN 13
Serial Story. The first of five parts.

DEAR MISS PHILLIPS By [illegible] PAUL 21
Sometimes a girl's best friend is her piano.

ONCE TO EVERY WOMAN By FREDERICK BORG 24
She had stars in her eyes—but not the right kind.

SHADOW OF FU MANCHU By SAX ROHMER 28
Serial Story. Conclusion.

IMPORTANT TO A MAN By NICK BODDIE WILLIAMS 64
Some boys have to be taught how—and when—to [illegible]

IT ALL CAME OUT By PHILIP PENNINGTON 86
The Short Short Story.

ARTICLES

OUT OF THIS WORLD By JIM MARSHALL 16
Star-gazing through the great telescope on Palomar.

FASHION HIGH COMMAND By RUTH CARSON 18
Their experts choose clothes to suit most American women.

CAN WE GUARANTEE A FREE EUROPE? By JOHN FOSTER DULLES 20
The author believes success depends on a united Europe backed by us.

TWO-PARTY GAL By [illegible] McDOWELL 22
Introducing Mrs. Perle Mesta, Washington and Newport hostess.

THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS
III. THE COMMON-LAW MARRIAGE By ROBERT E. SHERWOOD 26
Details of Hopkins' 1941 visit to Churchill—and the alliance that it helped to establish.

SAINT-LÔ FIGHTS ANOTHER BATTLE By STANLEY FRANK 30
Much of the town is still rubble left by the Normandy invasion.

BLOCK THAT TOOTHACHE! By MARGOT GRUBB 73
Good news for all who don't like the dentist's drill.

•

THE WEEK'S MAIL From OUR READERS 4

COLLIER'S SPORTS: HANDBALL IS FOOTWORK By BILL FAY 6

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD By FREELING FOSTER 8

THE WEEK'S WORK By TED SHANE 10

WASHINGTON PARTY LINE By ROBERT S. ALLEN 97

EDITORIALS
COLLIER'S EDITORIALS: We Should Buttress [illegible] • Hoffman Can Do a Job • Wallace Should Be Heard • You Needn't Ask for It 98

COVER By WARREN BAUMGARTNER

THE WEEK'S MAIL

ESPERANTO

SIRS: It may be of some interest to you to learn that I translated Collie Small's Under a Red Thumb (Jan. 17th) into Esperanto and sent it to a friend in Finland. He, in turn, translated it into his native language for the benefit of his friends. He asserts that the article is, for the most part, quite accurate and wishes that it were possible for the Finnish press to reproduce it.

JAMES A. CLARKSON, Hopkins, S. C.

English: *The Russian troops at Porkkala are the only Russian troops in Finland, but they are only a few miles from Tauno's apartment, and the thought of living under Russian guns makes him apprehensive. In fact Tauno is troubled more and more by an obsession that, wherever he moves in his house, a Russian is looking down the chimney at him.*

Esperanto: *La Rusa soldataro ce Porkkala estas la solaj Rusaj en Finlando, tamen ili estas nure kelkaj mejloj malproksima de la logejoj de Taino, kaj la penso pri vivanta sub Rusaj pafilegoj maltrankviligas lin. Fakte, Taino estas genata pli kaj plimulte per obsedo ke, kie ajn li movas en la domo, Ruso malsuprenrigardas lin tra la kamentubo.*

BUST MY TIMBERS, KIDS!

DEAR SIR: That's a nice article you had on Fish-Pond Sailors (May 8th). More power to the kids!

I was seven times round Old Stiff, otherwise Cape Horn, under square sail, before I was twenty-two.

I wish some of those kids could know how it feels to be at the wheel of a full-rigger, under full sail, in a stiff squally southeast trade, running up the hill from the Horn to the Line, bound for the Golden Gate; with a rival abeam. Or to be at the wheel, with a ship of say 1,700 tons net register, in a southerly buster; six topsails and a full foresail set; snow squalls blanketing the sea every few minutes; the old barky rolling her bulwark beadings under, one after the other, her masts swaying through an arc of eighty degrees. It was mighty hard work at times to hold her on course, with the compass swinging half circle; and especially by night when, as happened, the binnacle light blew out and a fellow had to steer in pitch dark by the feel of the wind on the nape of his neck. That was honest-to-God *sailoring.*

Meanwhile, toys are lots of fun. I wish

(Continued on page 76)

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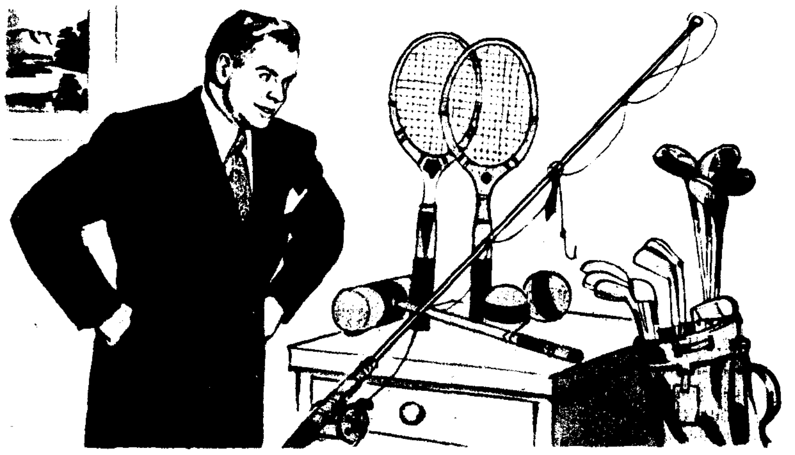
Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

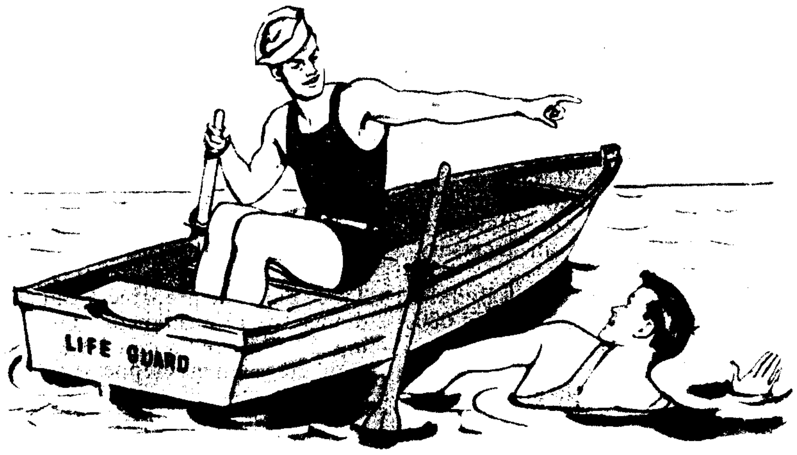
FOR A HAPPIER, HEALTHIER SUMMER



1. CHOOSE THE OUTDOOR EXERCISES THAT ARE BEST FOR YOU.

Summer weekends and vacations are ideal times to enjoy healthy outdoor exercise, and to get yourself in good physical condition for fall and winter. You should, however, be careful not to *over-exercise.*

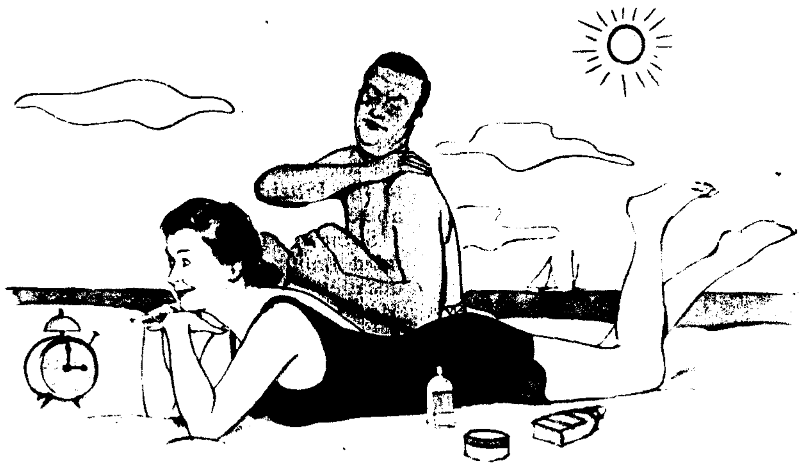
The businessman in the middle years of life who works in an office all week and over-exerts on weekends may do himself more harm than good. So choose activities that are suitable for your age. Better still, check with your doctor and follow his advice as to the kinds and amount of exercise *you* can enjoy safely this summer.



2. FOLLOW COMMON SENSE RULES FOR SAFETY IN THE WATER.

Swimming is excellent exercise, for you use nearly every muscle in your body—but every swimmer should remember a few precautions.

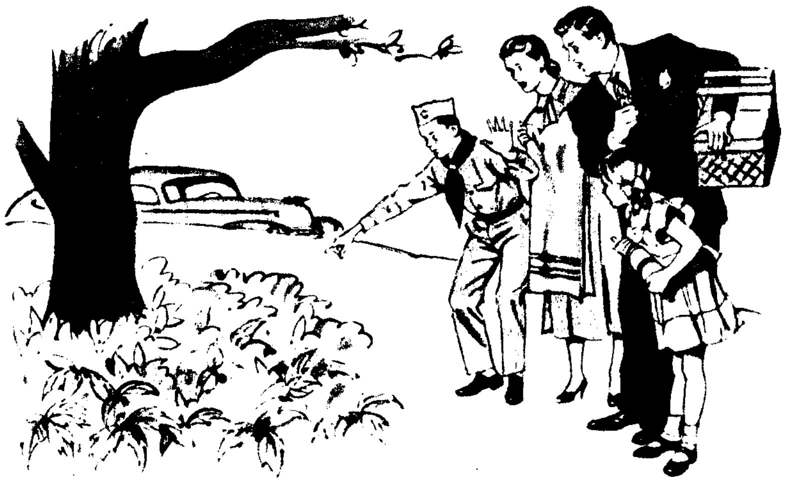
It's best to swim where there are lifeguards, as even the strongest swimmer may suffer a cramp and need help. Be careful not to overestimate your ability as a swimmer, and when swimming long distances, try to have two people accompany you in a boat. After a full meal, it's wise to wait two hours or so before you go in the water; and prior to diving, find out if the water is deep enough for safety.



3. BE CAREFUL ABOUT GETTING YOUR SUMMER SUN TAN.

Sunburn, like any burn, can be painful and serious. For a safe tan, doctors usually recommend starting with a short period (about 10 minutes) in the sun, and gradually lengthening the time of exposure.

While most sun tan oils or creams help you tan safely by filtering out some of the sun's ultraviolet rays, you may still get a sunburn if you stay too long in direct sunlight. Over-exposure to the sun, especially when you are exercising strenuously, may also lead to sunstroke, or heat exhaustion.



4. REMEMBER THAT MANY SUMMER HAZARDS CAN BE AVOIDED.

A bad case of poison ivy can spoil your vacation, so learn to recognize this plant, and stay away from it. If you give prompt attention to cuts and bruises, and avoid scratching insect bites, you can help prevent the start of infection.

In spite of all your precautions, accidents may still occur, so it's wise to have a well-equipped first aid kit available. Following the rules of good health, eating wholesome food, drinking safe water, and getting plenty of sleep, will also help you to a healthier summer.

To help you enjoy your summer, Metropolitan has prepared an envelope of summer health suggestions. It includes leaflets on First Aid and vacation hazards. Send today for your envelope of Metropolitan's "Summer Health Suggestions." 78-C

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TO VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT!

HANDBALL IS FOOTWORK

BY BILL FAY

GUS LEWIS has worked at so many odd jobs that nobody can understand how he found time to learn the championship geometry of four-wall handball.

Thirteen-year-old Gus shuffled off from Buffalo in 1932 and was a hoofer on the Schine vaudeville circuit for five years. He didn't kill vaudeville, but he may have been an accessory after the fact.

Then Gus shuffled home to Buffalo to work as a painter—at $1,000 a month. Rather high wages for a painter but Gus was a rather high painter. He air-gunned the flagpole on Buffalo City Hall—32 stories up—and daubed bridgework over Niagara gorge in hundreds of feet of air.

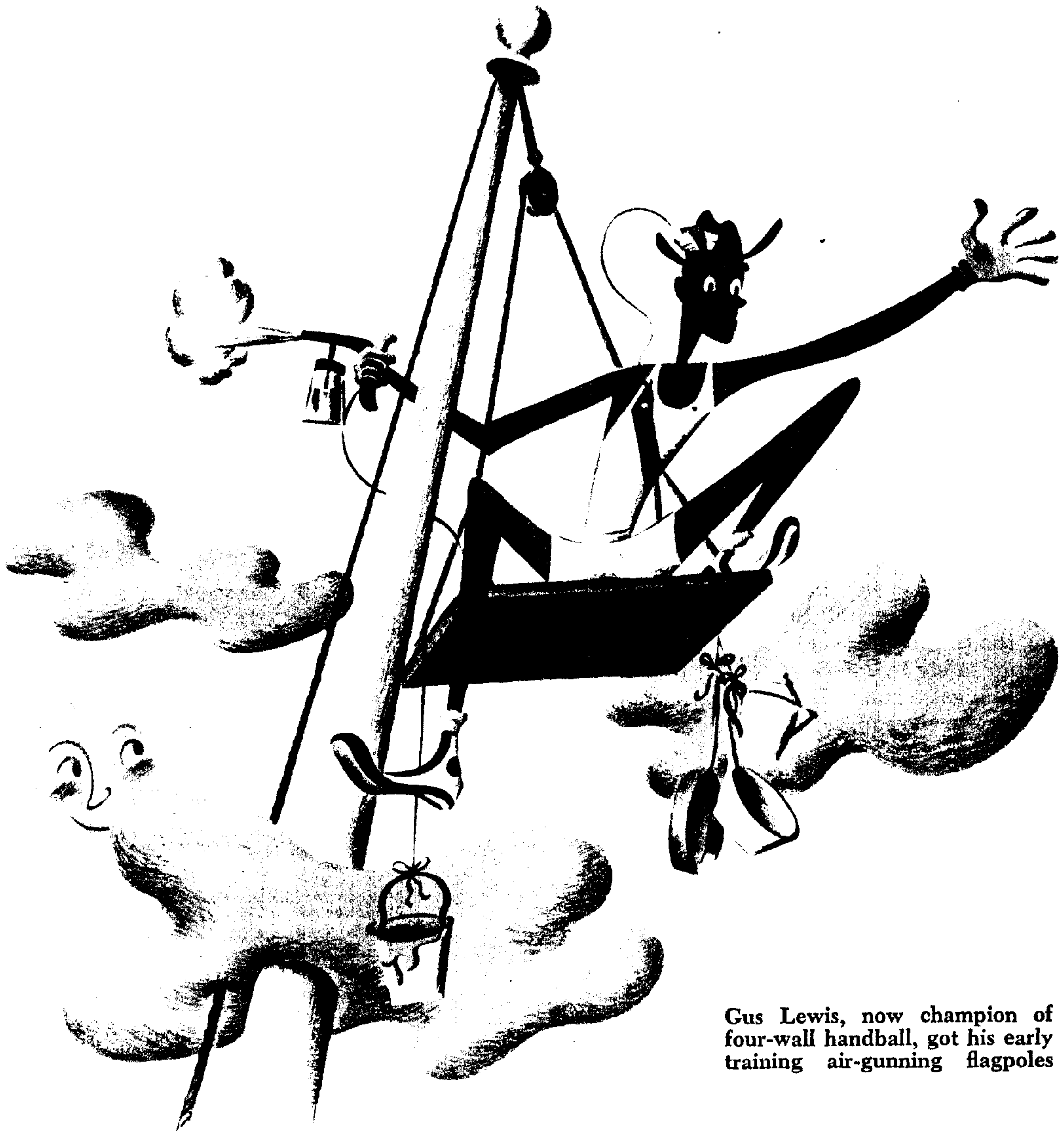
When the bridgework and flagpole market slumped, Gus descended to painting the insides of electric furnaces at $10 an hour. It was hot and exciting work because he was only a few brush strokes away from live 27,000-volt electrodes. "They figured it was cheaper to pay us ten bucks an hour than to turn off the furnaces," Gus recalls. "Sometimes gas pockets popped up through the hot soup and there'd be all kinds of hell. Once, I had my mustache, eyebrows and hair singed off."

That once was enough. Gus decided there was a brighter and longer future in demonstrating department-store aluminum cooking utensils. Twice daily, he prepared a full-course dinner for 15 customers. Gus (smiling, black-haired and a bit of a devil with the women shoppers) was Buffalo's foremost aluminum demonstrator when the Seabees sent him off into the wild blue yonder—painting 250-foot radio towers in Bermuda and Africa. Gus developed a mahogany complexion and a liking for sunshine which carried him west to California in 1945. He sold pari-mutuel tickets at Santa Anita, then slipped into the sound-technician department at RKO.

Every afternoon Gus played handball at the Walt Disney studios with Joe Platak, winner of nine national championships. Platak sharpened Gus' left-hand kill, and Gus won the National A.A.U. four-wall title.

Footwork explains Gus' success. He's never off balance—a precaution he learned over Niagara gorge. "You really play handball with your feet," Gus says. "I never watch my opponent's hands when we warm up—I watch his feet. They tell me how he'll hit—where his weakness is."

However, when play starts, Gus watches hand action on every shot. "Most good players hit a 'break' ball—that is, they cut it so that it bounces left or right when it hits. You have to watch their wrists to predict the bounce action—and you've got to have a good memory. Suppose a ball bounces funny. Automatically, my memory goes back and remembers the hand action that produced the freak hop. Maybe a game or two will go by before my opponent tries the shot again, but the instant I see that peculiar hand action I'm ready. I anticipate the bounce. A good handball player never forgets a wrist."



Gus Lewis, now champion of four-wall handball, got his early training air-gunning flagpoles

After Gus retained his national title in April, RKO offered its steeple-jack-of-all-trades an acting role—as a flagpole sitter. Gus said no, thanks. The champion who has spent most of his life up in the air finally has settled down.

▶ STRICTLY SECOND DIVISION

No wonder American League officials are worried. Competitively, the league is falling apart. The disparity between the powerful Yanks and Red Sox and the "dog-meat" clubs in Chicago, St. Louis and Washington is so great that 1948 may well produce the most one-sided race in American League history.

Usually, the situation is even worse in Philadelphia, where Connie Mack's bargain-basement entries have finished eighth nine times in the 13 years since 1935.

Although the American League probably will continue to win more than its share of World Series and All-Star games—thanks to robust support from New York and Boston—the National League enjoys much better competitive and financial health. It has seven owners who are more interested in pennants than profits, and that eighth wonder of the baseball world, Branch Rickey, who divides his interest between developing pennant players for Brooklyn and selling antiques to the Pittsburgh Pirates for $75,000 apiece.

Somewhere, the American League must find progressive leaders for its decadent second division. Connie Mack and Clark Griffith are young men no longer. In St. Louis, the DeWitts are an unknown baseball quantity. Chicago's last hope is Charles Comiskey II, grandson of the late Charley (Old Roman) Comiskey, shrewd and able founder of the White Sox.

Young Charley is secretary and president-elect, but his mother, Grace, determines financial policy which can be summed up in five words: Never waste money on players. Occasionally, young Charley issues optimistic estimates of future Sox varsities. Recently, he was irked by his slothful athletes in spring training and predicted darkly that changes would be made. Nothing happened, though, except that Coach Red Faber knocked over the dugout water cooler two weeks later. Conscientious Chicago baseball writers reported in straight news fashion that the crash startled Red and woke up everybody on the Sox bench.

▶ RIDING THE SMOG

Glider pilots are worried about the Los Angeles smog problem. They're afraid some smart chamber of commerce operator will find a way to eliminate the thick, black stuff which makes the country around Mirage

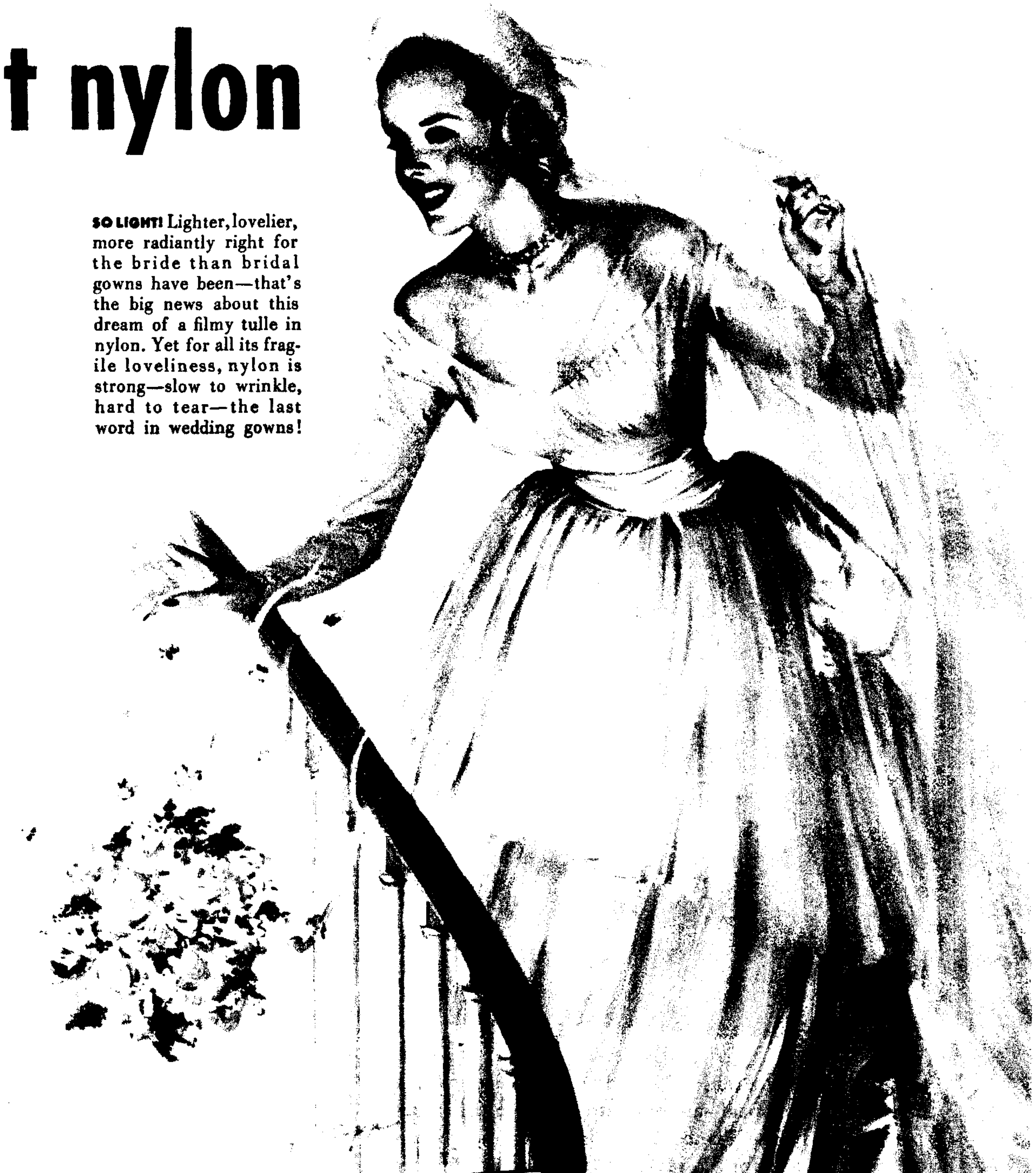
(Continued on page 94)

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HARRINGTON

news about nylon

SO LONG-WEARING! Luxurious nylon upholstery makes easy chairs easier . . . easier on your budget, for nylon wears and wears; easy on the eyes, for it's lovely to look at; easy on your housekeeping, simple to clean. Matching draperies!

SO EASY TO WASH! Bobby socks, like bobby soxers, lead a rugged life. Into the tub, onto the girl, into the tub again. Nylon socks hold their shape, are never harmed by perspiration. And good-bye, darning basket—they wear and wear.



SO LIGHT! Lighter, lovelier, more radiantly right for the bride than bridal gowns have been—that's the big news about this dream of a filmy tulle in nylon. Yet for all its fragile loveliness, nylon is strong—slow to wrinkle, hard to tear—the last word in wedding gowns!

Du Pont makes the nylon fibers used in the products shown. The manufacturers of these products use nylon because products made with nylon can have these outstanding properties:

STRENGTH LONG WEAR TOUGHNESS
LIGHTNESS ELASTICITY RESILIENCE
EASY WASHING FAST DRYING
RESISTANCE TO MOTHS AND PERSPIRATION
. . . CAN BE "SET" TO HOLD ITS SHAPE

TO MANUFACTURERS: Are there textile fibers in your product? Then you'll want to read "Nylon Textile Fibers in Industry." Write for it!

DU PONT
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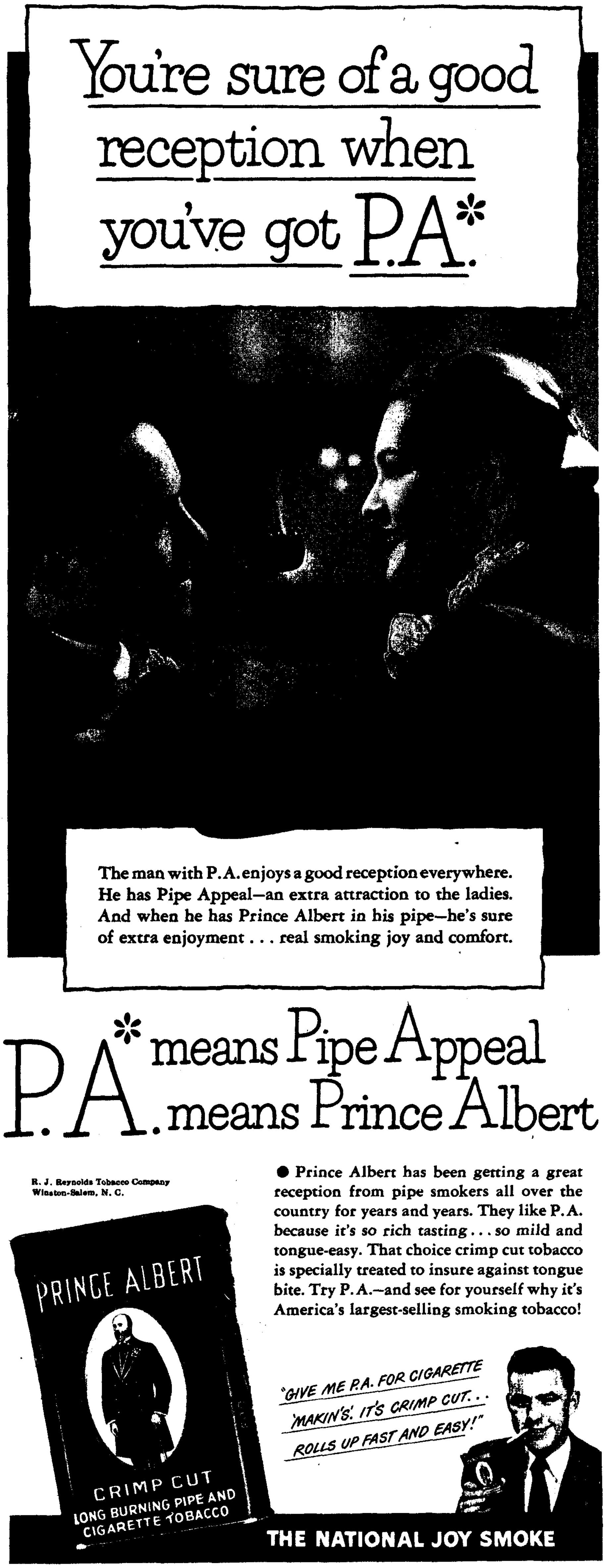
BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
. . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

NEW! FREE, fascinating book for women, teachers, students—"About Du Pont Nylon." Write for it—to Nylon Division, E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. (Inc.), Wilmington 98, Delaware.

For nylon . . . for rayon . . . for fibers to come . . . look to Du Pont

SO TOUGH! Nylon cords are built into truck tires to absorb the shock of impact—protect the rest of the cord body. Reduce danger of tread separation—more recaps possible. Nylon's elasticity helps ward off blowouts! Nylon cords make tires safer, longer-lasting.

SO QUICK TO DRY! Up it goes, keeps you snug and dry. Down it goes . . . soon snug and dry itself. Here's a bright new fashion—nylon—fastest-drying textile fabric ever found for umbrellas. Longer-lasting, hard to rip . . . nylon!



You're sure of a good reception when you've got P.A.*

The man with P.A. enjoys a good reception everywhere. He has Pipe Appeal—an extra attraction to the ladies. And when he has Prince Albert in his pipe—he's sure of extra enjoyment . . . real smoking joy and comfort.

P.A.* means Pipe Appeal
P.A. means Prince Albert

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, N. C.

● Prince Albert has been getting a great reception from pipe smokers all over the country for years and years. They like P.A. because it's so rich tasting . . . so mild and tongue-easy. That choice crimp cut tobacco is specially treated to insure against tongue bite. Try P.A.—and see for yourself why it's America's largest-selling smoking tobacco!

"GIVE ME P.A. FOR CIGARETTE 'MAKIN'S.' IT'S CRIMP CUT . . . ROLLS UP FAST AND EASY!"

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

GEORGE DE ZAYAS

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

In 18th-century Europe, a prized possession of wealthy families was a snuffbox, usually of gold and studded with gems, that not only played music, but also had a scene on its cover in which characters performed mechanically. In one such scene on a box preserved today in a famous collection, six firemen pump water on a burning house while three persons trapped in its flaming rooms dash from window to window seeking to be rescued.

The largest sum of money ever won on a horse race was that paid to Arnold Rothstein, the New York gambler, at the Aqueduct Track on July 4, 1921. The horse, Sidereal, was unknown and ignored in the betting, but Rothstein was sure the colt would win as it had been trained by a friend and held for just such a race. To avoid changing the 30-to-1 odds, Rothstein waited until shortly before post time and then quickly placed huge bets with a number of bookies—and a few minutes later collected approximately $800,000.

A quick glance may not be sufficient to determine whether a person is intoxicated as the appearance of drunkenness can result from over 50 other causes, including vertigo, epilepsy, narcolepsy, brain tumor, fractured skull and toxemic coma of diabetes.

Of the 8,000 millionaires in the U.S. today, 4,475 or 56 per cent live in six states—California, Illinois, Massachusetts, New York, Ohio and Pennsylvania.

In the United States, the books of 20 matches presented to purchasers of cigars and cigarettes are not, as commonly supposed, given free to the retailers by the companies whose ads appear on the covers. Cigar stores and stands have to buy them, at the rate of four books for a cent, and the number they hand out gratis costs them $450,000 a week.

Owing to persecutions in 16th century England, thousands of wanted men and women hid in secretly built rooms in the homes of friends, and their concealment was rarely made known to other members of the households. Although the hiding persons dared not move about or light a candle until midnight, they were occasionally seen through the windows by neighbors or heard on secret staircases by servants. These experiences so thoroughly convinced the people of the existence of ghosts that today some 150 luxurious country houses in Britain cannot be rented because of rumored visitations of phantoms.

More than 100 large American restaurants now cook on electronic ranges, which are not sold but rented at $150 a month. This new kind of range is valued for its speed in busy kitchens, as it will, for example, flash-sear and cook a ten-ounce steak in 45 seconds.

While on a visit to Melbourne, Australia, in 1918, Alexander Wickham, a native of the Solomon Islands and a champion swimmer, accepted a 5-to-1 bet, offered by a group of sportsmen, that he did not have the courage to dive from a certain high cliff. Although Wickham feared it would kill him, he made and survived the dive, the highest on record, which was 206 feet, or the height of a seventeen-story building.

Bullfighting is believed to be the only spectator sport on which there is no betting, because the bull is almost always killed. Should it leave the arena alive, it is either saved for breeding purposes or else it is shot, as the experience in the ring makes the animal too dangerous for a matador to fight it again.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission

"Should husbands and wives take separate vacations?"

ASKED ELSIE, THE BORDEN COW

"YOU'RE DARN TOOTIN' they should take separate vacations!" bellowed Elmer, the bull. "A guy needs to get away from the wife and kids—go off with the fellows."

"And what about the wife?" asked Elsie, the Borden Cow.

"Oh," airily answered Elmer, "she can go off with the kids, and have herself a swell time."

"If you think it's so much fun to go off with the children," smiled Elsie, "why don't you take Beulah and Beauregard with *you?*"

"Have a heart, woman!" squirmed Elmer. "What does a husband know about taking care of young ones and feeding them?"

Borden's
Hemo
Vitamin and mineral fortified preparation for malted drinks

A FULL DAY'S SUPPLY *of Vitamins A, B_1, B_2 (G), D, Niacin, and Iron, Calcium and Phosphorus in just 2 glasses of chocolaty, lip-smacking Hemo!*

"Of all the husbands I know," said Elsie, "*you* should know the most about food. I've told you hundreds of times about all the nourishing Borden's foods, including *Borden's Hemo.* It's brimming with vitamins and minerals children — and grownups — need *every day.*"

"Even at vacation time," sighed Elmer, "I can't get a vacation from Hemo."

"But who wants a vacation from Hemo?" asked Elsie. "It's the most delicious, chocolaty drink you ever sipped! And any number of folks drink *hot* Hemo every night at bedtime to help them relax!"

"I don't want to relax in bed!" snapped Elmer. "I'll relax on the bank of a stream with a fishing rod."

"Sounds lovely!" breathed Elsie. "If we all took our vacations together, Beulah and Beauregard could sit with you while you fished. And I could go off and enjoy myself for a few hours."

"Nothing doing!" roared Elmer. "Kids scare fish. Besides, they might fall in the water."

"Elmer, Elmer," laughed Elsie, "you'll have to think up a *better* excuse, before I consent to separate vacations."

"Well," mumbled Elmer, "camping is too rough on wives. Can you imagine yourself baking a pie over an open fireplace *with all that smoke?*"

"Indeed, I can't!" giggled Elsie. "But then, in summer folks *love* ice cream for dessert—and between meals, too! So, I'd just walk to town for the creamiest, smoothest of ice creams—*Lady Borden Ice Cream!*"

Lady Borden
Ice Cream

NEVER IN YOUR ICE-CREAM-EATING LIFE *have you tasted ice cream like Lady Borden! It's the smoothest, creamiest treat — and sound nourishing food!*

"STOP!" commanded Elmer. "We're not taking the whole family of Borden's foods on our vacation!"

"WHEE!" triumphed Elsie. "We're going *together?*"

"*Okay, Okay,* I'll give in," wilted Elmer, "if you'll stop raving about Lady Borden Ice Cream!"

"As if *anybody* could ever stop raving about Lady Borden Ice Cream!" chided Elsie. "It's made with rich, golden cream! The berries and fruits used in it are luscious and ripe. As for the vanilla and chocolate — they're simply *wonderful.* And they have real character."

"It'd take *volumes* of character," moaned Elmer, "to shut off your Borden sales talk!"

"Not *volumes!*" corrected Elsie. "Just eight little words—*if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!*"

—if it's Borden's, it's got to be good!
Borden's Hemo
Borden's Evaporated Milk
Borden's
Lady Borden Ice Cream
Lady Borden Ice Cream
Klim Powdered Whole Milk
Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk Magic Recipes
Borden's Sweetened Chocolate Flavored Malted Milk
Borden's Instant Mix Hot Chocolate Flavored Drinks
Borden's None Such Mince Meat
Borden's Chateau
Liederkranz Cheese
Borden's Instant Coffee

For a list of winners in the contest to name Elsie's baby, write ELSIE, 350 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

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THE WEEK'S WORK

Duncan, Duncan and Duncan and the converted garage where he does his writing

THE new serial: David Duncan says The Bramble Bush (p. 13) is nostalgia-born. In 1940 he and his wife spent six months in Mexico and came on many refugees from Spain, most of whom wanted to get home again. "The rest of the story is wanton fabrication," he adds.

Of himself, he says that he was "spawned" in Billings, Montana; and having finished the U. of Montana, trekked to New York to become a writer. "Discovered I had greatly overestimated my talents, so after two years of it, I took my skin and bones to California where I made an honest living for about eight years," he says. "Have been a social worker, housing-project manager, radio newswriter, and for three years was a labor economist, although by education I'm supposed to be a psychologist."

Mr. Duncan's first novel was published four years ago. A Duncan whodunit has come out since. Now he and family (he has two daughters) are in Carmel, California, where he's building a house. "I've hired a boss to tell me what to do," he relays. "Today he had me tearing the forms off the concrete septic tank. Tomorrow I'm to lay the draintile. Now that Collier's has bought my story, I have a car and no garage to put it in. I converted the garage into a fiction factory to write the story to get the car."

YOU'VE been looking at j. hyde barnum under illustrations for some fifteen years, and so we hasten to advise that Jay was born in Geneva, Ohio, longer ago than he cares to remember. Certain church hymnals still attest the fact he showed artistic ability at a very early age; and with very little art training he was pushed into a job on a Cleveland paper. "It eventually ended in my being fired after a battle of the fists with the art editor," says Barnum, "in which I didn't fare too well."

The blows deposited Barnum in Chicago, where he did posters and men's fashions. In between he married, and made trips to Europe. "Instead of pursuing my artistic studies, I played tennis and absorbed the Riviera—by night," he says. "At least I played a tennis match against King Gustavus of Sweden, whose valet packed my tennis flannels, leaving the king's by mistake. I can proudly say I've worn the king's pants. Don't ask me how the match came out."

Twice married, Mr. Barnum has collaborated on illustrating his present wife's children's books, and also has two children. "In the past few years I've been delving into the mysteries of abstraction much to the horror of my friends," he says. "I believe it helps me to keep from getting dated. Possibly you notice mystic traces in the way I have pictured the musical Dear Miss Phillips (p. 21)."

HARRY HOPKINS, it seems, like all writers, had a secret vice: He longed to write poetry. Among his secret papers, which continue in this issue (p. 26), we can now reveal some poetic fragments, possibly inspired by his visits to London during the blitz. Here is one:

See the snow—see it
Come on and see
White like my bed.
The snow is a white bed
Sleep in its coolness
Crawl under its clean covers and sleep.
Best sleep under the still white snow
Than go to sleep standing up.
See the snow—see it
Come on and see
White like my bed.

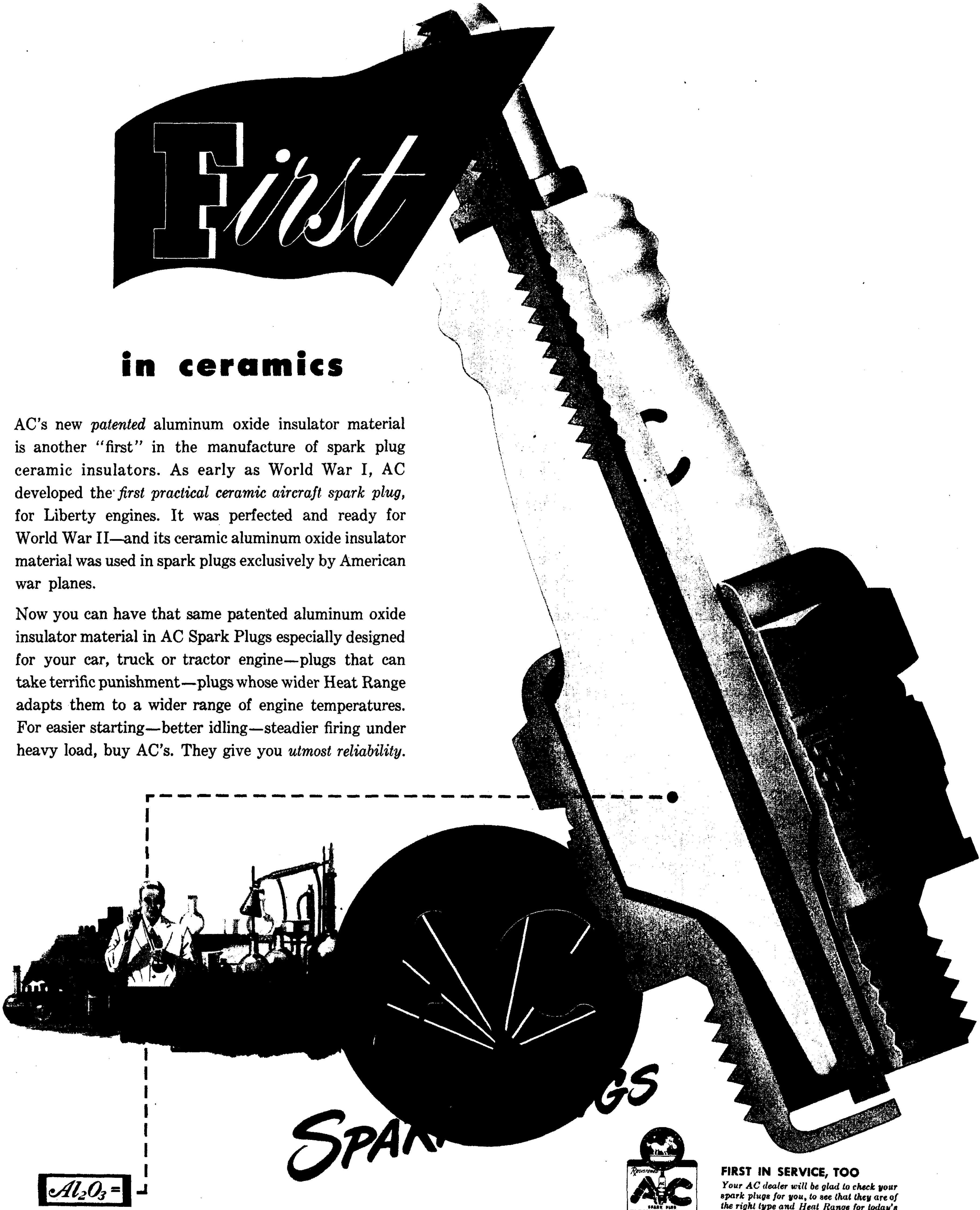
Here is another, an expression of his attitude toward his Middle Western homeland:

In long straight rows the corn's laid by in hot June days,
Almost tenderly Iowa's corn is nourished
Its yellow mellowness is soft—its yellowness is precious
Iowa tends its corn like a slick banker watches a ticker tape
Too wet—too dry—early frost—late frost.
An Iowa farmer always looks in the dark.

When Hopkins was in London in 1928, he explored Keats' Walk on Hampstead Heath and wrote home: "Here Keats walked with Fanny Brawne . . . Imagine my feeling! I saw his red head and proud step sauntering through the green. It was as though I could reach out and touch him—quite like a dream."

This week's cover: Cat Race. Last spring Mrs. Warren Baumgartner had just finished seeding her new Westport, Connecticut, flower bed when Honey, a friend's cocker spaniel, sighted a black cat and decided to have a bit of a workout. Inevitably the pair headed for Mrs. B., and Mr. Baumgartner had a cover idea. "As usual I had to build this picture while the snow was on the ground," he says. "Artists paint fur coats in August; bathing suits in January." . . .

TED SHANE



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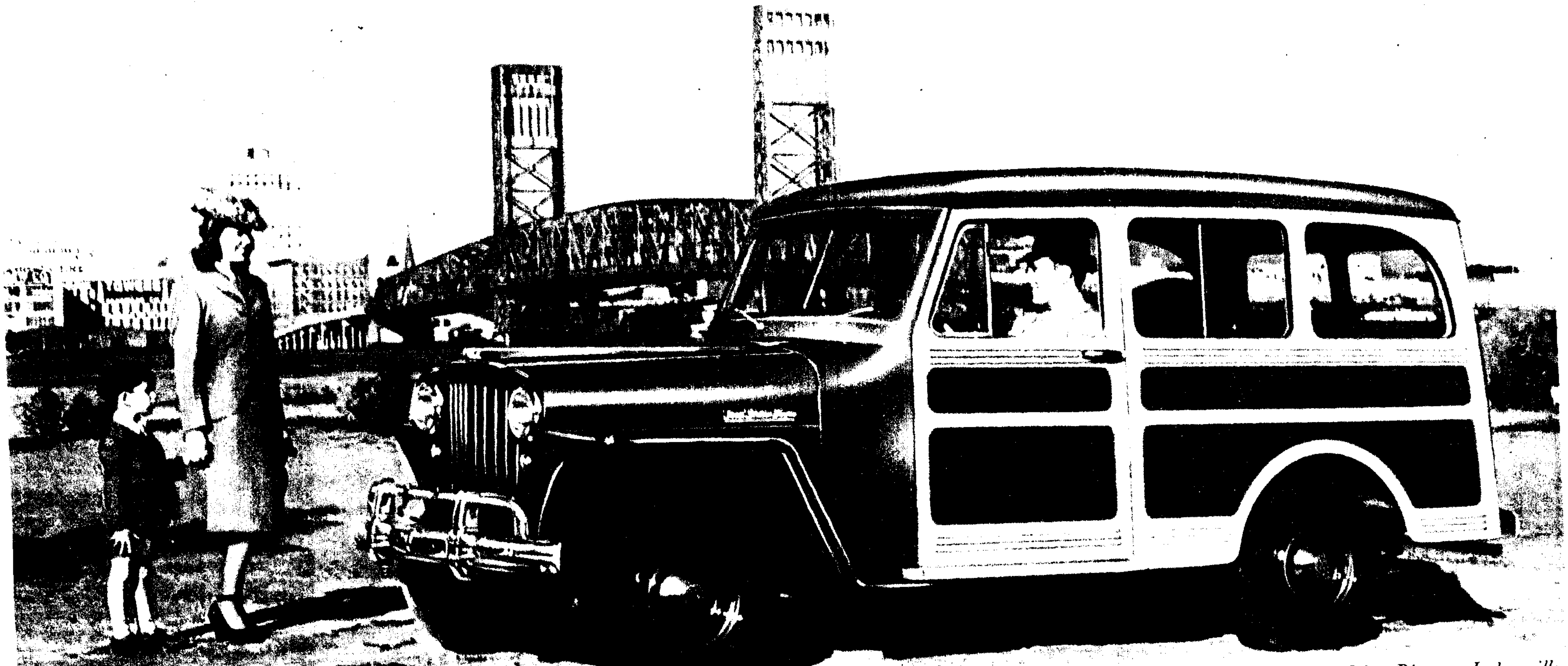

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KANSAS

THE BRAMBLE BUSH

BY DAVID DUNCAN

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST CHIRIAKA

There was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise;
He jumped into a bramble bush
And scratched out both his eyes.
And when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main
He jumped into another bush
And scratched them in again. . . .

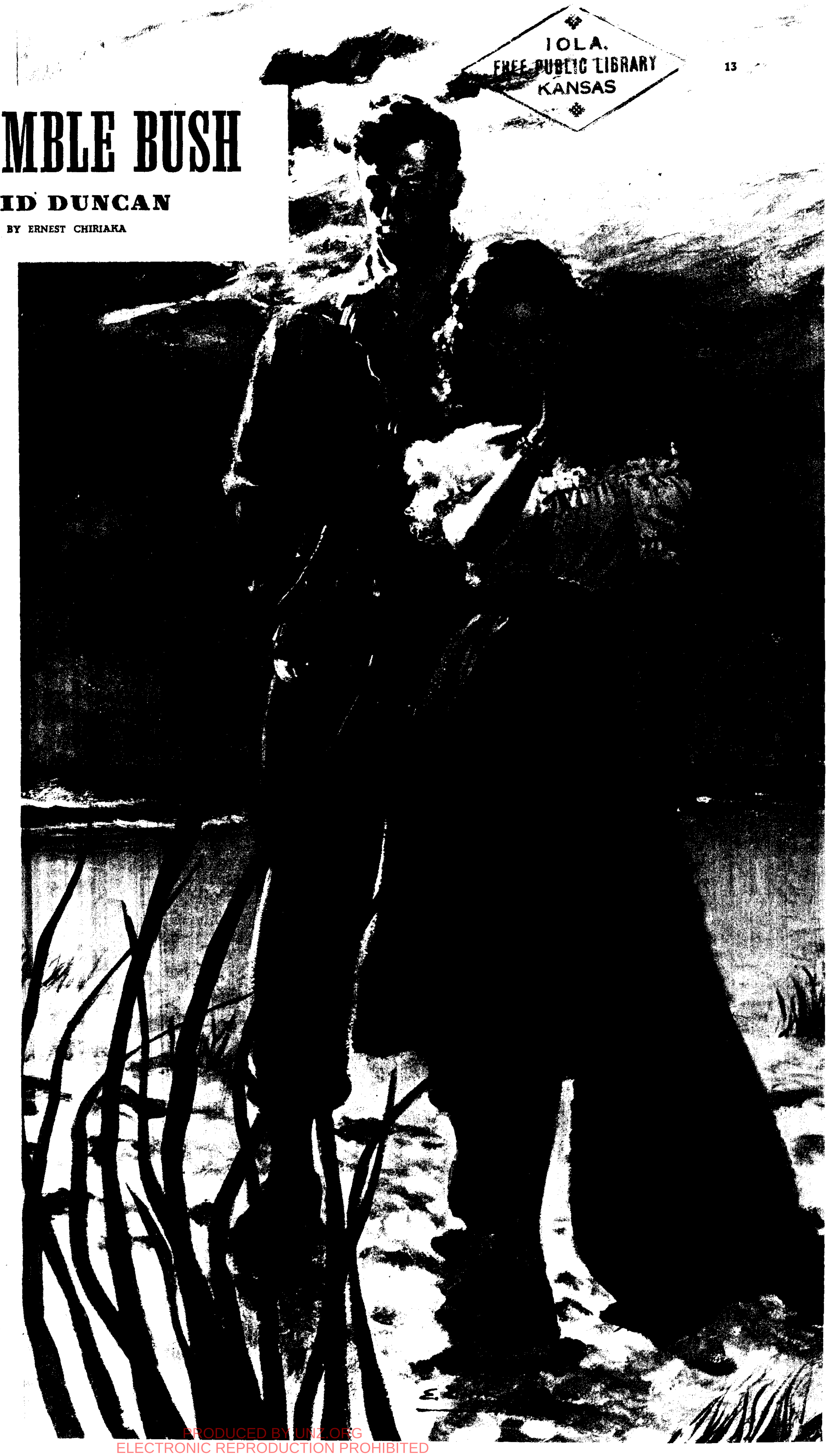
Like the wise man in Mother Goose, Mike Finney moved fast once he was trapped. He wasn't sure where he was going, but he had no intention of letting himself be killed—either for love or for money

I

I LOLLED in a hammock under the palms of Calisto and listened to the high surf explode along the shore. It was evening and a few lights were coming on, bare electric globes haloed by clouds of gnats and mosquitoes. One swung in the center of the village, down where the sand bar struck the mainland. It lighted up the yellow grass roofs of the native huts and threw a circle of light on the ground where the kids shouted and scampered like low-flying moths.

The other lights were all at Jim Taylor's hotel, one over the bar, one on the terrace and one down by the lagoon where the boats were tied up. The hotel was a row of plastered rooms with tile roofs and doors opening out on the terrace. You could rent a room for ten pesos a month. For another sixty pesos you could get all your meals. A tame fawn wandered among the tables looking for handouts, but not doing very well; there weren't many customers. At one table was a foursome of tourists, middle-aged people, unhappy and ill at ease, as though shocked that their wanderings had taken them past the last outposts of the neon sign. At another table sat a man named Philip Temple, who kept squinting through the darkness toward my hammock as though he had plans to join me. I lay still. I didn't care for Philip Temple.

Once in a while Cayetano would amble out from the bar to make sure I was supplied with beer. Normally it would have been Paquita who brought the beer, but she was avoiding me. At first she'd cried when I told her I was leaving, and then with a quick change of mood she'd become angry at me. The one who stays behind always feels rejected, and it



"If you are not here," Paquita said, "it doesn't matter where you go. I think I shall be happier after you are gone"

always hurts. It hurts even though—as in our case—there'd never been any implication that our friendship was anything but temporary. A week earlier I'd come close to leaving, and we'd gone through the same scene. Maybe she thought I'd change my mind again. I wouldn't. Paquita and Calisto were about to become memories—along with the hot, sticky twilight, the kind, beautiful people and the charcoal smell of Mexico.

I'd been in Calisto three months. The summer rains had ended, and the country steamed under blue skies by day and yellow stars by night. The mountains back from the sea crawled with vegetation clear to their craggy tops. Here and there bright red trees would jump at you out of the eternal greenery, and lately a vine of some kind—it looked like a big morning-glory to me—had thrown a pastel veil over the whole landscape. There were lavender and pink, milky yellow and spider blue streaming down the slopes and lacing through the trees.

In the mornings you could walk along the beach through a scattering of ruby shells, walk and watch the waters of the lagoon waving like blown silk at your feet. You could toss off your clothing and swim through the warm water with the gold and silver fish darting like bursting rockets as you approached.

In the afternoon you could find a hammock under a palm tree and sit with a big coconut in your lap sucking the brandy-spiked milk through a straw. You could do that all day if your money lasted. And in the evening you could sit on the terrace of Jim Taylor's hotel and watch the people. A beautiful place—and how I hated it.

I HATED it the way one hates a prison. It didn't matter that there was a whole continent to the south of me and others to the east and west. I wanted to go north, and that's where the prison doors stopped me. The feeling of being in prison had started five months before in Mexico City when I stood before the desk of the assistant U.S. consul. He'd called me into his office to receive the reply to my request to re-enter the United States. He had the grace to look a little embarrassed as he handed me the letter. It was short and to the point:

> *We must advise you that Mike Finney's return to this country must be on condition that he appear in person for questioning regarding his past activities.*

"I guess that's that," I told him and tossed the letter back on his desk. He pulled his ear and thought about it a few seconds.

"You can do what you think best," he said, "but my advice would be to go back."

"And face questioning?"

"Certainly."

"Why? I've already told you all there is to tell. If they won't clear my record while I'm still here in Mexico, I can't see much chance of their clearing it after I get back to the States."

"I can't promise anything," he said, "but my feeling is that you won't be held after questioning."

"I falsified a passport once," I said. "That can be three years in prison."

"Not necessarily." He hunted in his file a moment and pulled out a Manila folder which he opened on his desk. "You had a passport to Edinburgh. You altered it and went to Spain instead where you fought with the Loyalists. That was in 1936." He paused, fingering the Manila folder. "Altering the passport was a crime, of course, but you didn't do it for criminal purposes."

"I didn't consider them such."

He pulled his ear again. "The point is this. When an American citizen goes abroad, he's entitled to the protection of the United States, but if individuals are going to have the right to call upon their government when they need help, they have to co-operate to the extent of keeping their entry in and out of a foreign country legal. Otherwise it can embarrass a lot of people."

"I'm not arguing," I said.

"But it happened a long time ago," he continued, "and you've got a good record since."

"From some viewpoints."

"You were with the underground in France. That's in your favor."

"I'm not looking for favors. I want to go home and get a job."

"I think it might work out that way, Finney."

"But you aren't sure. Have you read many American newspapers lately?"

He smiled. "There does seem to be a slight wave of hysteria on certain subjects. However, newspapers aren't official documents, you know." He paused to bend over the Manila folder again. "I don't see anything here that can hurt you outside of that passport."

"I worked in San Francisco before I went to Spain," I said.

"Yes, you told me. But lots of people were doing union organizing in those days. Nothing illegal about it. I'll admit some private citizens frown on the activity, but it's nothing that can be held against you." He put the folder back in the cabinet.

It was the folder which worried me. Not that particular folder necessarily, but others which existed somewhere and which must be a little fatter. Passport violation was a federal crime, so I must have a folder on file with the F.B.I. I knew what documents it probably contained. The earliest would be my graduation picture, the one Tommy Beedle took of me in his studio on the corner of Larkin and Eighth streets in Meridian, Montana. I had posed with a soulful expression in my eyes, trying to look like "I Love You," because I wanted to give one of the pictures to a girl named Betty Witherspoon.

Besides the picture the folder would contain a report on my early work in San Francisco, a report on the two years I spent in Spain, possibly something on my work with the French underground—and the report on my passport falsification.

"I'll forget it," I said to the consul. "Thanks for your trouble anyway." I didn't want to go home unless I knew the passport violation charge had been dropped. I thought it ought to be, but if the charge was to be dropped, the letter to the consul would have said so. And it didn't.

A month later I finished a translating job I was doing for the Mexican government and moved down to Calisto. That was the mistake. Calisto is a hot place, so hot that all I did was sit around remembering how clean and white and cold those Montana winters were. I could see the town of Meridian on a pale winter morning with a hundred threads of gray smoke standing straight up above the houses, matching the gray bluffs to the north and the wind-swept patches on the hills to the south. That was the place.

I wanted to walk down the familiar streets and wave to the familiar faces. I wanted to say, "See, I've come back. I've gone all around the core of the apple and now the core has dropped out. I've come back to the place where I started and now I can begin again on something else."

But I stayed in Calisto, homesick as a schoolboy, thinking of the F.B.I. folder. And then something happened that made me realize that maybe I was being a fool.

WHEN I first got to Calisto I found a group of men who were reconditioning a fishing boat to carry them to Valparaiso. There were two Poles, an Englishman, two Italians and this fellow Temple. The idea of going to Valparaiso sounded good at first. It was so far from home that maybe I could forget about being homesick. So I told them my name was Robert Fitzgerald and joined in with them to help get the boat in shape. Everything was serene until the night before we were due to sail, when Temple came aboard with the news of a minor revolution in Chile, which disturbed everyone except me and the two Poles. Plans were changed on the spot. It was decided to go to the Galapagos Islands instead; the Englishman convinced the others we could make a stake there collecting tortoise shell. I wasn't having any. The Galapagos had no appeal, but more than that it was a shock to find that my companions were running from something. There were some places they dared to go and other places they feared. They were running, and I'd been on the point of running along with them. It gave me a good look at myself. I decided right then that if I was going to run anyplace, I'd run home. After all, I'd been on the point of going to Chile without a passport; why not go to the United States without one? Once across the border, who'd bother me?

So I let the boat sail without me. Oddly enough it sailed without Temple too. After going to the trouble of getting the plans changed, he dropped out himself. That had been a week ago. Since then I'd been recovering from an attack of malaria and waiting for Taylor to make his weekly trip to Acapulco for supplies so I could go with him.

Cayetano ambled out from the bar again. "More beer, Señor Temple?"

"The name is Fitzgerald," I told him. "Robert Fitzgerald. That's Temple sitting at the table on the terrace."

He shrugged and grinned. *"Norte Americanos* all alike. More beer?"

"Tell Paquita to bring it."

Paquita was about eighteen. She had the very dark skin of southern Mexico and her long black hair had a wave to it. She'd been married once but her husband had disappeared somewhere. During the time I was at Calisto he never showed up, and Paquita rarely mentioned him.

She came out to the hammock with a tray on her arm. She handed me the bottle of beer and stood beside me.

"Cayetano said you wanted to see me."

"I wanted to know if you were still angry."

"Not angry," she said without emphasis. "You are going away. That is all there is to it. After you are gone it won't matter whether I was angry or happy about it. You will go to that very cold country you told me about and forget all about me."

"No, I won't forget you."

"There is a woman waiting for you there?"

"No one."

"Your parents, maybe?"

"My parents are both gone."

She held her hands out in an empty gesture. "Then how do you think I am to understand? Last week you almost went to Chile, which I know is far south of here. Now you say you are going north, but you say there is no one. I must believe that any place is better for you than this place. Perhaps you remember a tree or a mountain in the land where you were born, and the tree or mountain means more to you than I do."

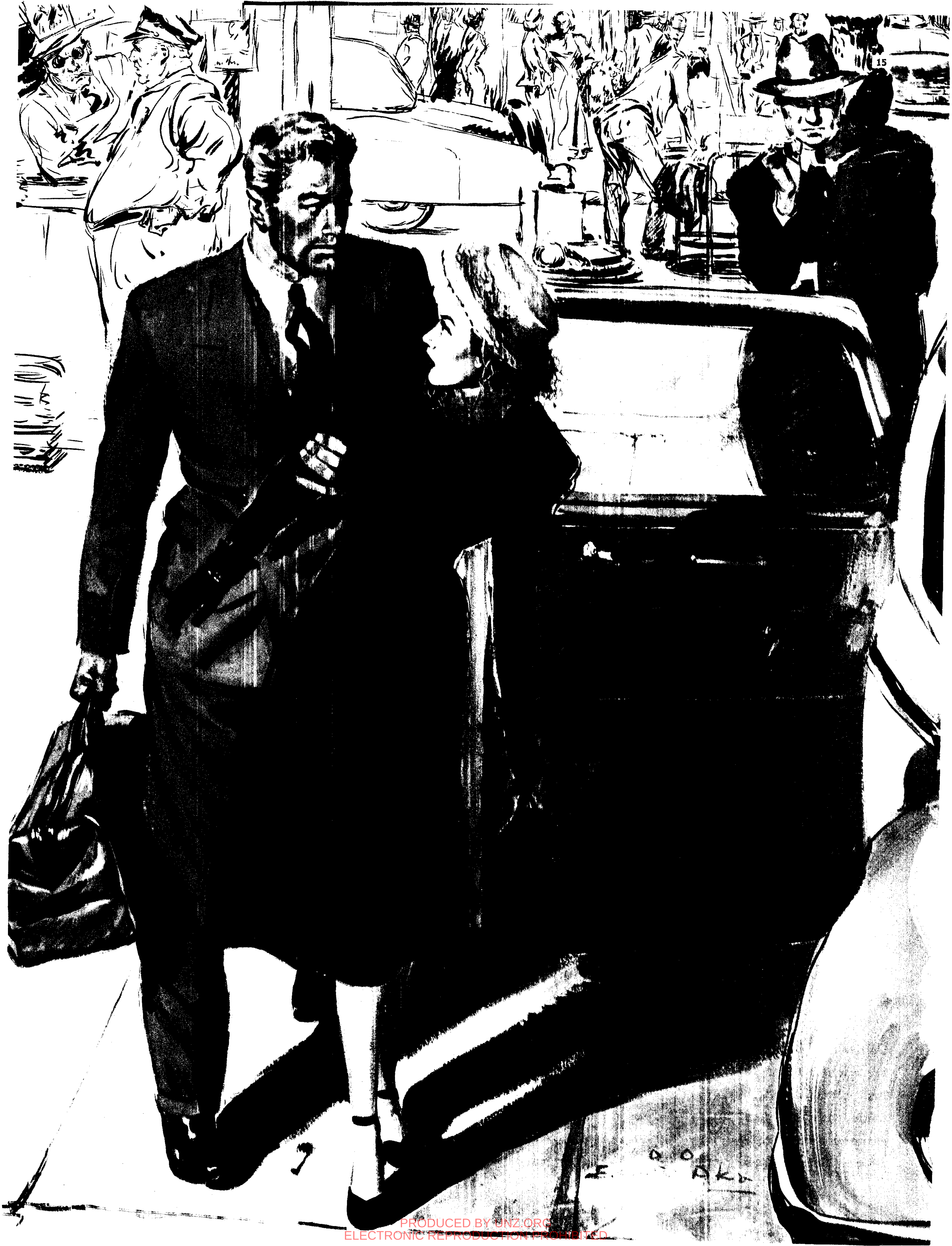
"It isn't quite true. I must go someplace where I can earn a living. I'll go to San Francisco first. I lived there for a while many years ago."

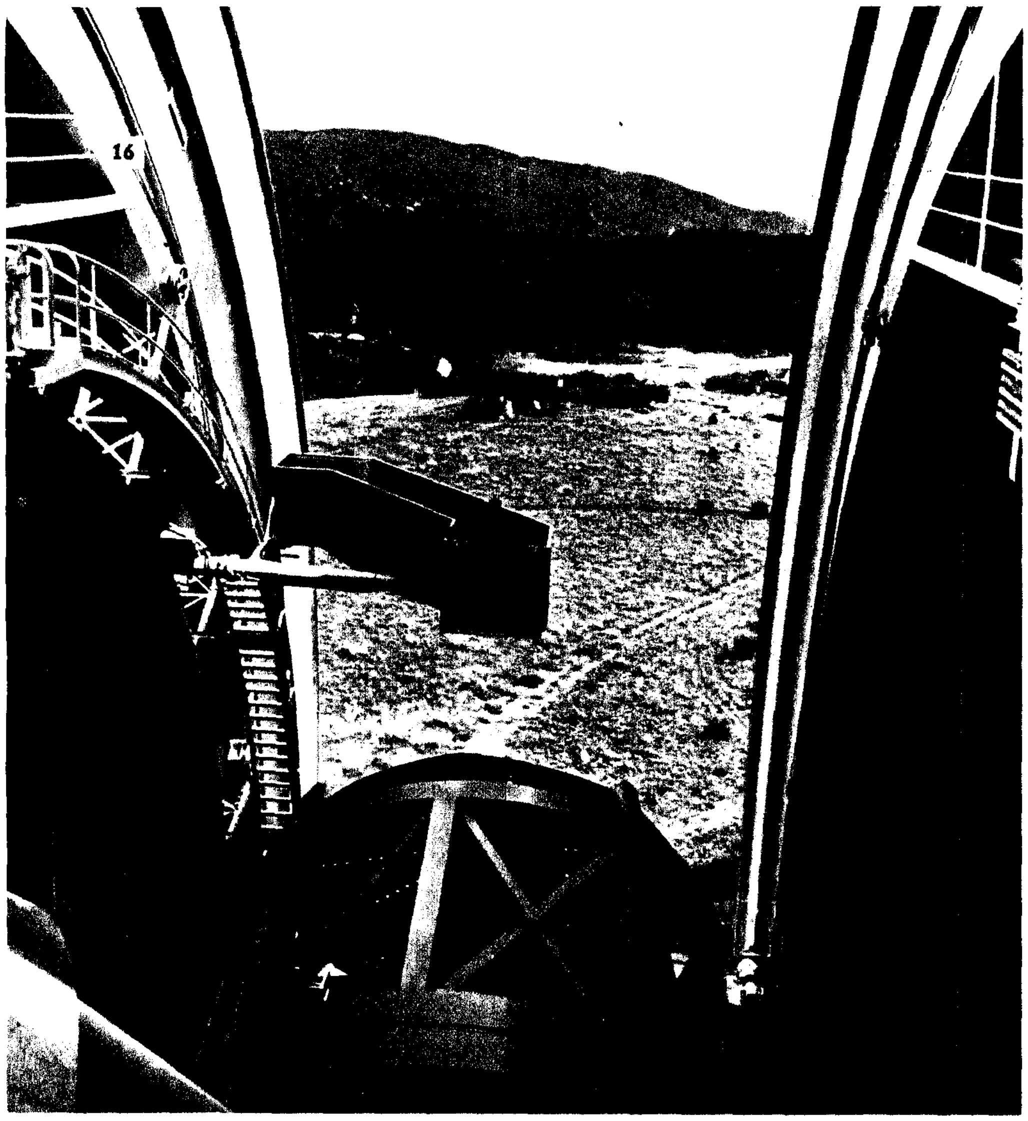
"I don't want to hear," she said. I got up and started for a walk along the ocean side of the sand bar. She walked with me. "If you are not here, it doesn't matter where you go. I think I shall be happier after you are gone. Perhaps Señor Temple will stay a while." She turned quickly then, and walked away.

THERE was no use trying to go to bed this early. My room would be like an oven, and besides, I was nervous. In the morning I was to leave for Acapulco with Jim Taylor, and from there I'd head north for the border. Somewhere en route I was going to have to buy or manufacture fictitious papers to use at the border. Either that or make plans for wading across the Rio Grande. Of the two possibilities the first was least dangerous. It shouldn't be very difficult. People did it all the time. The trouble was, if I was picked up on it, there'd be a double passport violation against me, with a penalty that would be pretty hard to duck. But I was going home to live a nice quiet life, and there was no sense in calling myself to the attention of the authorities by voluntarily turning myself in for questioning. I was under the impression that everyone who had fought for the Loyalists in Spain was still regarded as a highly suspicious character by the U.S. government. Premature anti-Fascism, they called it. So—I'd cross the border under the name of Robert Fitzgerald and forget about my real name. Mike Finney could blow away in a puff of smoke.

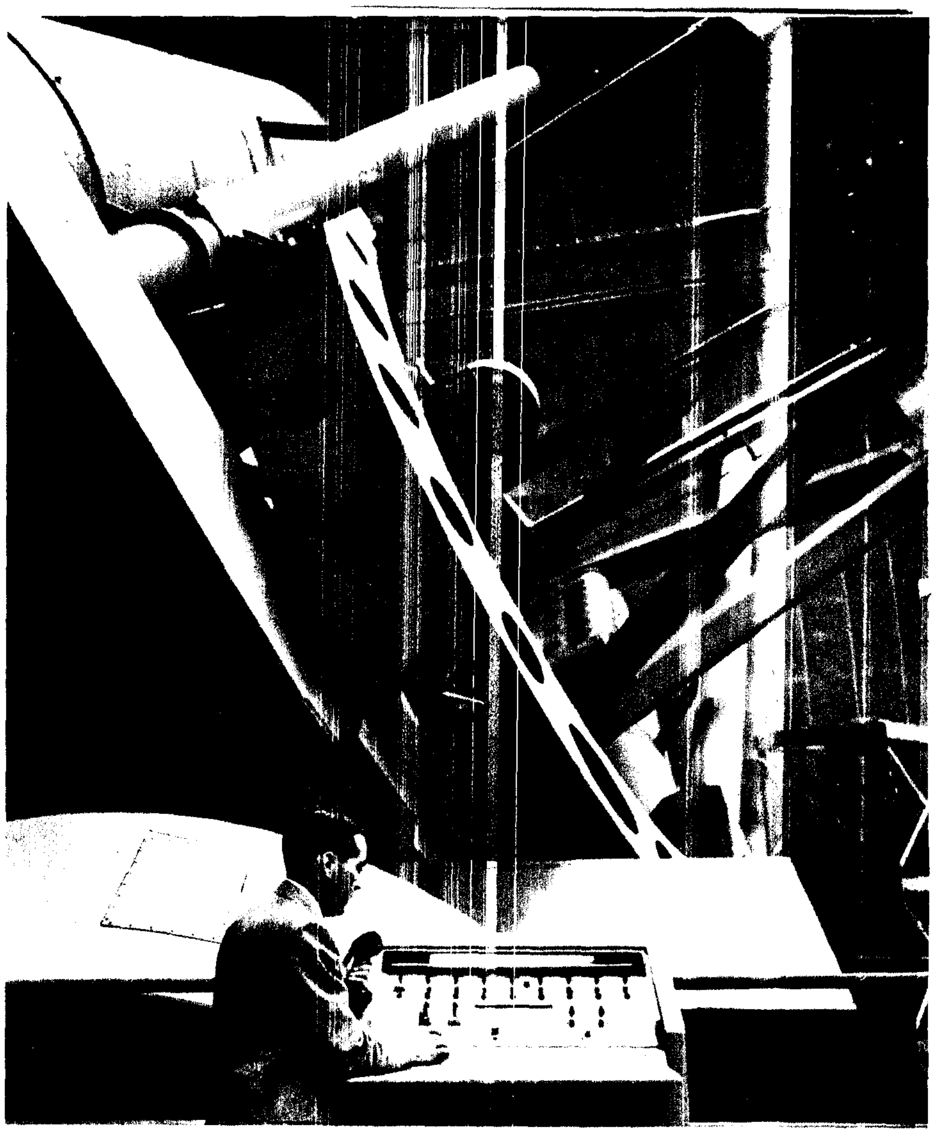
(Continued on page 88)

He was standing on the corner looking at me. . . . I didn't feel like talking, so I turned to the girl and said, "All right, Catherine, let's go"





The dome opens at the push of a button to expose a slice of sky 30 feet wide at the maximum. The top of the telescope "tube" is in the lower foreground. The gangplank-like platform is an elevator on which the astronomer rides to the top of the telescope. It runs on a curved, toothed track laid on the inside of the dome and can reach the telescope wherever it may be. In the telescope top is a circular observation chamber



In the foreground is the telescope control board, called the "pulpit." The great yoke of tubular girders in the background hold and swing the telescope. The man at the control board has only to flick a switch or push a button to turn the dome, open it and swing the telescope onto a star. He is in telephonic communication with the astronomer who rides in the observation chamber at the top of the telescope

OUT OF THIS WORLD

BY JIM MARSHALL

●

Collier's will be privileged to present to the world the first photographs to be made with this great instrument and the 48- and 18-inch Schmidt cameras

A Collier's man was the first reporter to ride in the 200-inch mirror-telescope on Palomar Mountain, California. His were the first nonscientific eyes to scan the heavens with the aid of this, the largest astronomical instrument ever built. Here is what he saw and learned and even heard

"FIND me a star, Bruce!" said the man with the tousled gray hair. We were sitting in a tiny steel capsule, six feet either way, six thousand feet above southern California. Down around the concrete base of the great Palomar observatory the chill mists swirled and a thermometer hanging to the wall of the capsule read 28°. Above us through a narrow slit in the great steel-and-aluminum dome a few stars shone brightly. Far below was the Big Eye, the earth's largest telescope, peering out into the unknown farther than any eye ever had looked before.

"How about your old friend Pollux?" asked Bruce Rule. He was far away, down at the controls in the great cavern that is the home of the giant reflector. His voice came to us through a squawk box, hollow and metallic.

"Sure you don't want Castor, Bruce?" asked the astronomer.

"Don't give me any of that old oil, Dr. Bowen."

"All right." A chuckle. "Give me Pollux."

Dr. Ira S. Bowen—Ike to his fellow scientists—is a Seneca Falls, New York, boy who received his A.B. at Oberlin College and joined the California Institute of Technology staff as an instructor in 1921 when he was twenty-two. He made his way to the top, in 1946 becoming director of the Mount Wilson Observatory, with its 100-inch mirror, and more recently director of Palomar. Few men on earth know more about the stars.

He is warmly dressed, up here in the chill steel cell. He wears thick old pants and a fleece-lined leathern jacket and heavy boots over warm socks. At fifty his eyesight is keen after years of strain peering into eyepieces.

We sat on a tiny steel chair hitched to the inside of the cell. The great dome began to turn. The telescope, which had been pointing to the zenith, tipped slowly horizontally and slewed around. We adjusted the chair with a handwheel so that, as the cell tipped and slewed and swung, we kept on a fairly even keel.

To get to the capsule you mount a tiny bridge that creeps slowly up the rounded inside of the dome until one end is directly over the top of the camera-station, and then climb down into the cell. You are now at what the astronomers call the prime focus. The camera is at the point at which the light from a star, reflected by the mirror fifty-five feet away, is concentrated into a tiny disk about the size of a pinhead.

In the capsule, you are actually inside the telescope itself. The instrument, a latticework tube is 55 feet long up to 22 feet in diameter and weighs 140 tons. It is floated on a film of oil and so balanced that a baby could move it easily.

In the center of the cell was a rectangular hole through which, far away, you could see the shining surface of the great mirror. Into this hole Dr. Bowen fixed a five-by-seven plate-holder and pulled the slide. There was nothing there except a clear glass plate, with a cross etched near its center.

Looking down through the plate, far below, you saw the great 200-inch mirror, a circle of light.

"Don't watch the mirror, focus on the plate," said Dr. Bowen. He pointed to one edge of the plate. "Pollux will show up about here."

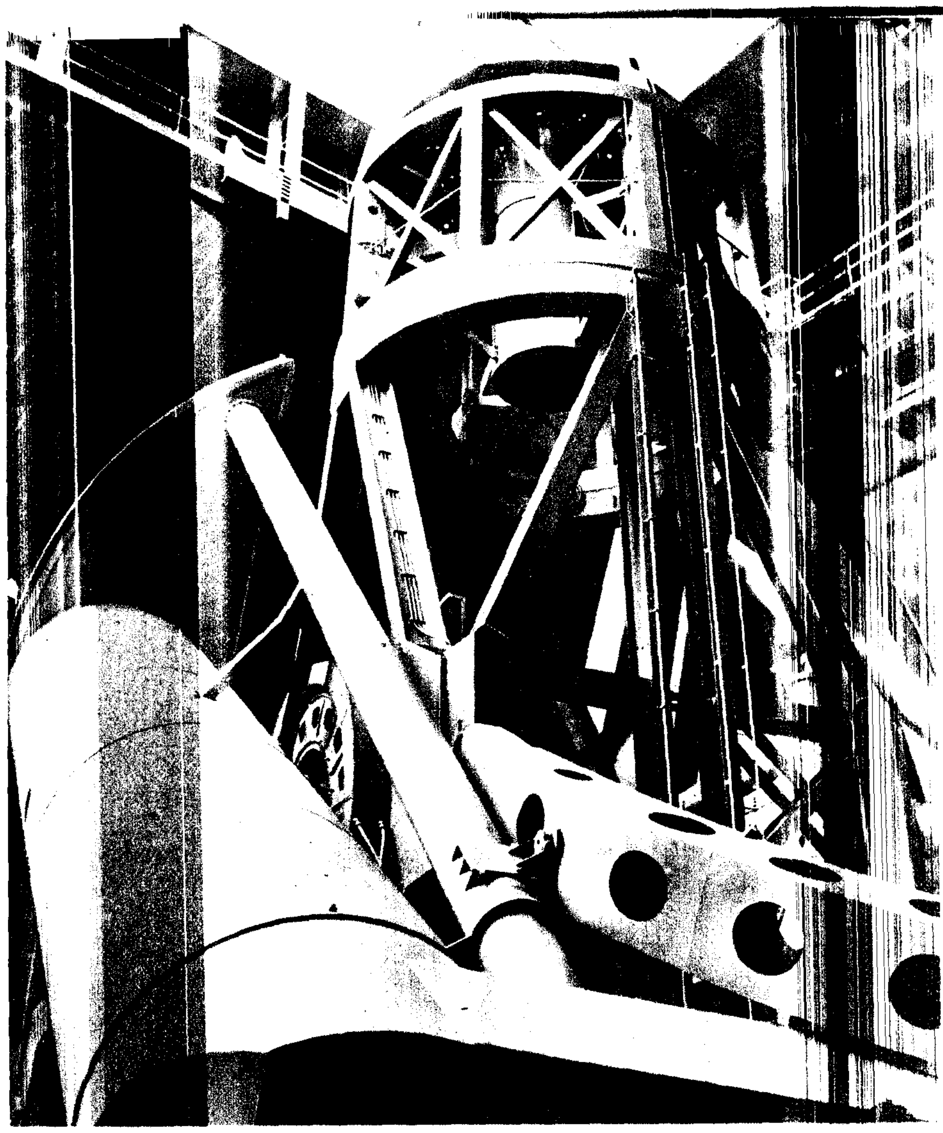
Searching for Pollux

The great telescope swung noiselessly and then, at the plate's edge, there came a yellowish pinhead of light. It moved slowly across the glass and came to rest centered on the etched crosslines.

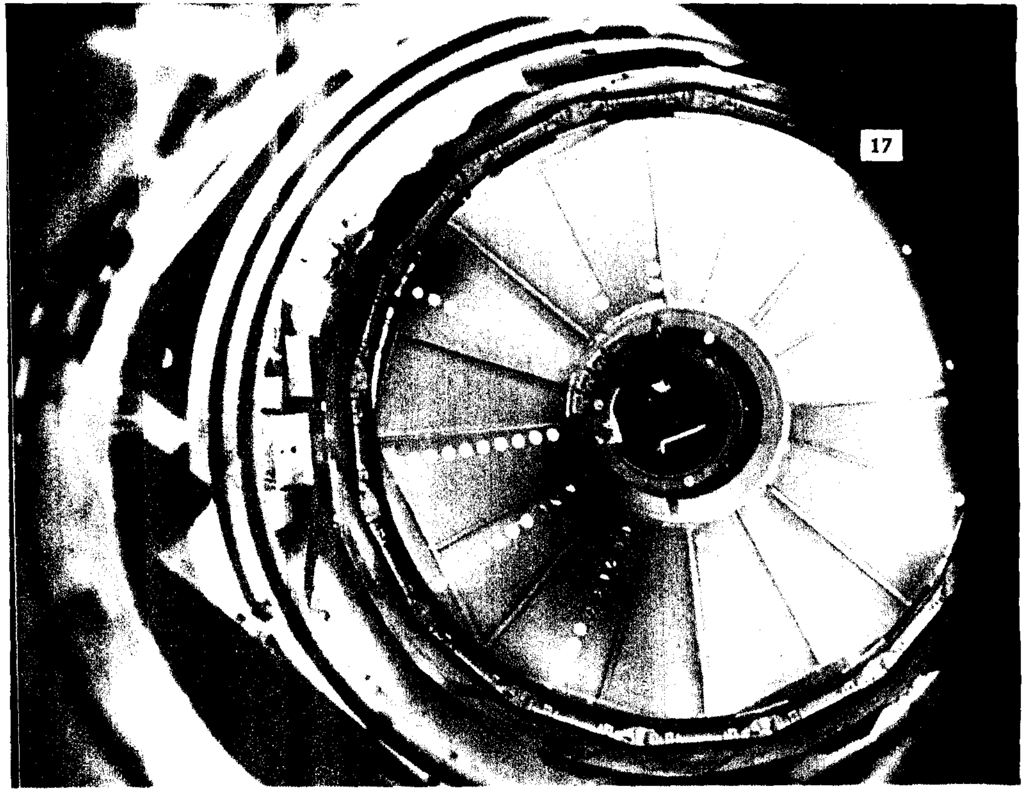
"Pollux," said Dr. Bowen. "Look up through the dome opening and you can see it with your naked eye. There: right near Castor. They're the brightest stars in the constellation some forgotten astronomer named Gemini, the twins. Castor and Pollux were twin sons of Jupiter and Leda, if you remember your mythology."

We said we remembered very little mythology. This was mere diplomacy—astronomers hate mythology almost as much as they hate astrology.

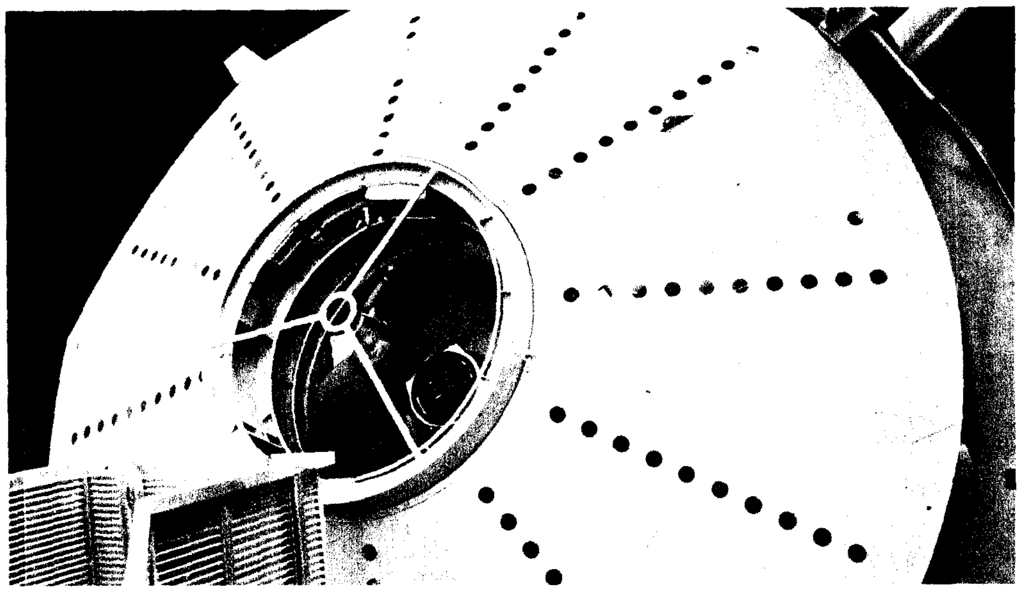
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB LANDRY



The **telescope** is here **pointing at the zenith.** The huge tubular girder **in the** left **foreground is one of a pair in which the telescope is held. These girders** are so **big that they can serve as laboratories, and one of them does** (lower **right).** The **telescope is so** nicely hung that a push of the finger will move its **weight** of a **million pounds.** Actually, a motor of only one-twelfth horsepower moves **the** "tube"



Looking down the "tube" at the 200-inch mirror. The radial bright spots (daylight here) are cast by perforations in the umbrellalike screen at the top of the telescope (below). The spots are used to correct slight distortions of the mirror at this stage. In the mirror's center is a 40-inch hole. For some purposes light thrown up to the top by the big mirror is thrown back through this hole by an auxiliary mirror



Temporarily mounted over the top of the telescope is this perforated umbrella-like sheet-metal screen (above). **Light passes through the perforations to the mirror below and the patterns formed are used to test the accuracy of the mirror's shape along different diameters. When the mirror is found to form a flawless image the telescope will be ready for work and the screen will be removed. Below, an astronomer walks up the steps in one of the twin tubular girders holding the telescope. In the girder is a spectrograph which can break up reflected light from a star or nebula and reveal the composition and physical state of distant bodies**

Like most people, we had believed that the 200-inch mirror would bring in a faint star the size of the moon.

"It's very small, isn't it?" we said.

"Now look," said Dr. Bowen. He gave us a small magnifying glass, and through it Pollux sprang to life, a magnificent, sparkling gem in the blackness.

"The mirror," said Dr. Bowen, "doesn't magnify the size of the star it's looking at. It merely collects more light for spectrographic work, and brings in the light of stars, nebulae and galaxies never seen before. But it cannot give detailed pictures of stars; enlargements show merely blurs."

We inquired about Pollux. Well, it's practically in the suburbs of our part of the universe—about 31 light-years away. It's a yellowish star, incandescent. . . .

". . . and headed away from us at about two miles a second," added Dr. Bowen. "But it is so far away that if you came back in 2048 and looked at it you'd swear it hadn't moved. We'll be seeing it for billions of years yet."

Up there in the telescope as star after star drifts across the glass to come to rest briefly on the crossline, you think back to the beginning of this stargazing.

Astronomy has come a long way since old Jan Lippershey looked through the first telescope in Holland. Besides the older lens telescopes, mirror telescopes are now used, both visually and with photographic plate for recording. About forty inches in diameter is the limit for lenses; the new larger ones will be mirrors. The eye can watch a star only a few minutes without tiring; a camera can watch it for hours—and make an accurate record of what it sees, which is more than an eye can.

Byron Hill, construction engineer, who knows all the figures, points out that the forty-inch hole in the center of the telescope is exactly the size of the largest lens, now in operation at the Yerkes Observatory. The hole is to allow one of the focal instruments to be mounted; it doesn't affect the operation of the mirror.

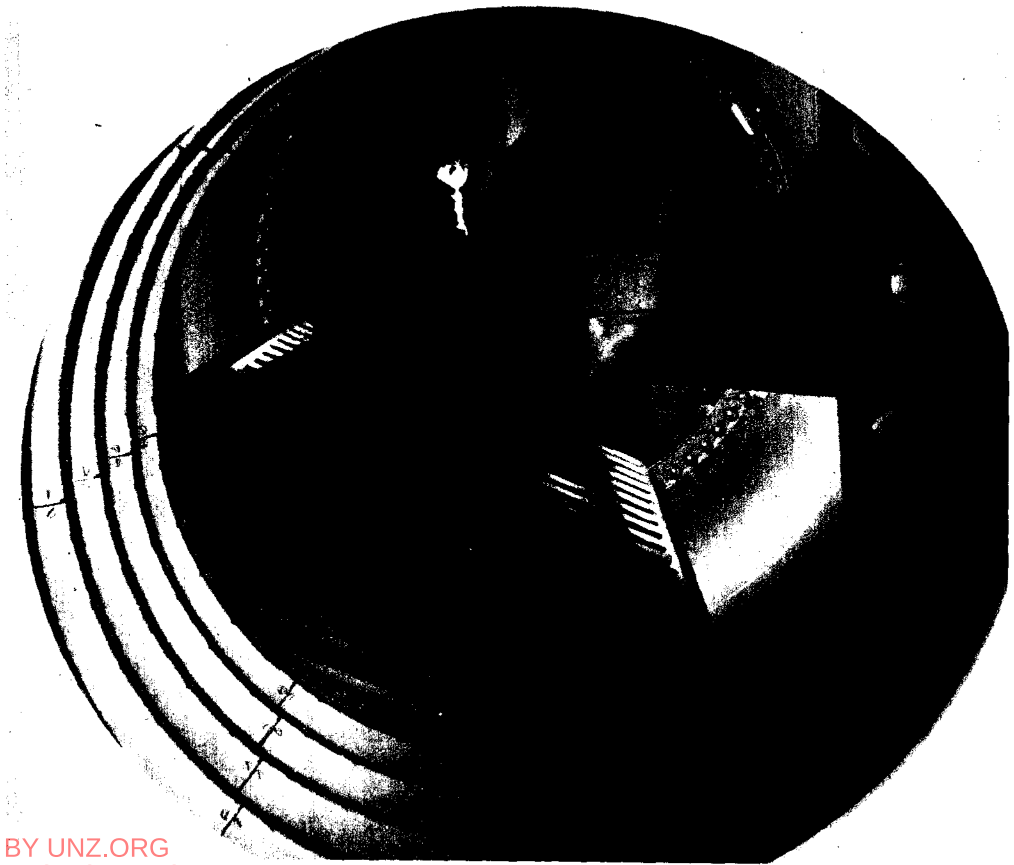
"The cell in which we are sitting," says Dr. Bowen, "reduces the amount of light getting to the mirror by about 13 per cent—but the 87 per cent that we can use—well, I wonder what Galileo would say if he were here."

Along in 1609, Galileo Galilei made a telescope with a lens about two and a quarter inches in diameter. He also named the instrument. From this, lenses grew until they were being cast three feet six inches across. Isaac Newton invented the mirror-telescope, and this has grown through the years until the present Palomar mirror, 200 inches across.

"Closing the diaphragm," Dr. Bowen tells Bruce Rule. The automatic guiding apparatus which has held our star perfectly on the cross-lines by slowly turning the telescope to follow the star in its diurnal movement stops work. Far below, the leaves of the diaphragm fold inward and the mirror is hidden. The telescope slowly moves to the perpendicular.

All telescopes, whether lens or mirror, have one thing in common: They ask more questions and pose more problems than they answer. Three

(Continued on page 44)



Fashion Group's summer fashion preview with, left to right, Ceil Chapman's red dotted organdy. Adele Simpson's gray chambray, Claire McCardell's cotton madras and Carolyn Schnurer's linen tank suit

FASHION HIGH COMMAND

BY RUTH CARSON

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVID AND HY PESKIN

THE scene is the ballroom of the Biltmore Hotel in New York, at luncheon time. The audience is some 500 businesswomen and their guests. The lights are dimmed, spotlights pick out a runway down the middle of the room, and a show of summer fashions is on.

The businesswomen are not playing hooky from their jobs. They are members of The Fashion Group and they turn coldly calculating eyes on the twenty-one costumes, from barn-dancing red calico to exquisite sheer linen and lace, parading down the runway. They want to know the answer to some strictly business questions: Is it new? Does it represent a fashion trend? Will it sell?

They want to know, too, whether you—the American woman—will rush in to buy when such costumes, and hundreds of others of which these are typical, hit your local stores. Although the clothes may be pretty they're not important if you don't buy. What you want is what matters. Figuring that out ahead, and getting it to you in good season, at your own price, has grown, in the past twenty years, into big business. It is one of the largest and best-paid fields of work for women.

You didn't always get such flattering attention. Fashion magazines, for example, used to publish pictures of glamorous costumes, products of New

Dorothy Nash, Fashion Group member and millinery buyer for Marshall Field and Frederick & Nelson, prepares model for Fashion Group millinery show. Hat by Emme

Speakers' table, millinery luncheon, left to right: Janet Sloane, advertising manager Madcaps; Annette Remer, millinery merchandising, Bonwit Teller; Mary Goodfellow, milliner; Frances Hodges, chairman, millinery division, Fashion Group: Hector Escobosa, general manager Frederick & Nelson, Seattle; Margaret de*Mille, co-merchandise editor, Mademoiselle. Model wears John-Frederics' multi-colored turban*

At the summer fashion show's speakers' table are, left to right, Tina Leser, Jane Derby, Mildred Orrick, designers, and Ruth Waltz, Milgrim's advertising manager. All except Miss Orrick are members

Fashion Group members who are responsible for the famous Nelly Don dresses. Director of design, Beulah G. Spilsbury is seated to the left of Mrs. James A. Reed, president and owner of the Donnelly Garment Company

York and Paris. Whether you could get these anywhere in the country was a matter of airy disconcern.

Customers began to clamor and out-of-town buyers and department-store executives made demands around New York. Where could they find out ahead of time what fashion magazines would be showing so they could stock the same fashions?

Complaints reached the sympathetic ears of Marcia Connor, then of Vogue's promotion department, and Helen Cornelius, then of Harper's Bazaar. The result was a meeting of top-flight fashion women like Dorothy Shaver, now president of Lord & Taylor; Carmel Snow, now editor of Harper's Bazaar; Aimee Larkin, then distaff editor of Collier's; Edna Woolman Chase, editor in chief of Vogue; and Mary Lewis, now head of her own retail store. The Fashion Group was formed. It would enter no commercial ventures itself, but, financed by dues and an occasional fashion show, would serve as a common meeting ground for members and an information center for the fashion world.

Today its membership is 1,800, with headquarters in New York and groups in Dallas, Los Angeles, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Detroit, Cleveland, San Francisco, Columbus, Kansas City, St. Louis, Minneapolis and St. Paul, Baltimore, Pittsburgh, Atlanta, Washington and New Orleans. The 1,800 include heads of important cosmetic firms; designers of fabrics, hats and clothes; store executives and buyers; editors and writers; and specialists in display, decorating, radio, advertising and publicity. Last year they had their fingers in $13,500,000,000 worth of retail business. They are powerful enough in their individual jobs to be a deciding factor in what all American women wear.

They go about their job of influencing our looks in two ways: by finding out what we want and helping to see we are provided with it pronto, and by seeing to it that we are constantly wanting something new. Both ways are good for business.

They judge trends by watching sales figures, which indicate which fashions are on the wane and which are gaining favor. They travel around to see what we do, and, therefore, what we need. They talk with sales clerks.

A woman who is interested can go just about anywhere in the fashion business today. Good examples of this are Dorothy Shaver, first chairman of the group's board of governors and president of Lord & Taylor, who started out being a comparison shopper; Elizabeth Madeira, fashion editor of the Woman's Home Companion, who at one time stumped the country reporting to stores on shoe-leather colors; Helen Valentine, president of The Fashion Group, who, as editor in chief of Seventeen, made it the magazine it is today; and Mary Brooks Picken, one of the first presidents of the group, who is vice-president of the G. Lynn Sumner advertising agency.

The Fashion Group helps its members in several ways. It played a large part in putting the fashion business on the map. In 1935, it staged a fashion show called Fashion Futures, which did so well that it was repeated the following three years. These were moneymakers and forerunners of the countless fashion shows of today.

The group runs an informal job bureau in New York, conducts fashion training courses and holds frequent luncheon meetings at which members and guest speakers discuss what's new. At the job bureau Ethel M. Kremer, executive director, gets four or five hundred calls a year from girls wanting work, or employers wishing to fill jobs. Prominent fashion people like Alieda van Wesep, vice-president of Lord & Taylor in New York, and Jessica Daves, editor of Vogue, lecture at the training course, which has been taken by a thousand women.

But all the while it is the consumer—with a capital C—who counts. She is Very Important. That's where The Fashion Group came in. ★★★

Founder-member Aimee Larkin, who was distaff editor of Collier's until her retirement early in January of this year, enjoys lunch at The Fashion Group's post-Easter millinery show. Helen C. Reid (at right) is the merchandise editor of Harper's, Junior Bazaar

On hand to observe the summer fashion show are, left to right, Ruth H. Fay, free-lance writer; Kay Sullivan, who runs a fashion counseling service, and Alison Bisgood, hostess editor of Vogue. Miss Sullivan is former fashion editor of Town & Country and was 1947 group head

CAN WE GUARANTEE A FREE EUROPE?

BY JOHN FOSTER DULLES

[illegible] foreign affairs calls upon European states to unite in order to avoid disaster, and [illegible] guarantee may be the deciding factor in the struggle against Communism

THIS spring the representatives of five Western European nations met at Brussels and signed an agreement to co-operate economically and to join in common defense against attack. The five were the United Kingdom, France, Belgium, The Netherlands and Luxembourg.

That was a happening of great significance. It showed that the nations of Western Europe have waked up to the fact that they are in grave peril. Also it showed a determination to unite their strength to overcome that peril.

What is the peril? Some would put it in a single word: "Russia." That, at the moment, is the right word. But there is another word equally significant: "disunity."

This peril is one that is of utmost importance to the United States as well as to European states. And our contribution to solving the problem may well be decisive. We must not only assist in the recovery and stabilization of Europe but it may well be that success will depend on political and military guarantees which we should give Western Europe in this critical transition period.

As for the basic problem of unity, there is every reason why the people of Western Europe should come together. United, they have possibilities which are immense and challenging.

The 16 Western European nations which are now working together under the European Recovery Plan, plus that portion of Germany which is free of Soviet control, have a population of over 250,000,000 people. The peoples are highly educated. Most of them have democratic institutions and similar moral and legal conceptions derived primarily from their common faith.

They possess in Europe large resources of such basic things as coal and iron, and their colonial possessions in Africa have vast undeveloped mineral and agricultural wealth. They have almost everything, except common language, that the United States possesses and they have everything, and more, that the Soviet Union possesses. But—and this is a big "but"—they have disunity, whereas the states of the United States and of the Soviet Union are united in a federal system.

It may not be practical for all of the countries of Western Europe to come together at once into a single federal system. Preliminary steps may be needed. It would, for instance, help if the new Germany were a confederation of German states instead of a highly concentrated Reich and if there were European federal control to insure that key areas like the Ruhr would be economically developed to serve the general interest.

Planning Economic Control of the Ruhr

A start in this direction was recently made at London, where the five nations, parties to the Brussels agreement, and the United States, as one of the powers occupying Germany, agreed on the broad outlines of an international control of the economic activities of the Ruhr.

None of the special circumstances which exist are important enough to prevent the creation in Western Europe of an area of political and economic unity which would have the population, the institutions, the ideals and the resources necessary to make it one of the great units of power in the world. Such a unit could be fully comparable to the United States or to the Soviet Union. It could be so strong that no other nation or likely group of nations would feel that they could be aggressive toward it with impunity.

Any union now formed ought not to be limited, for all time, to the original members. It should be expanding. Indeed, the Brussels Pact contains that thought and provides that other states may be invited to accede to it. There is no reason to accept, as permanent, the artificial division of Europe which the Soviet state and Communist party now impose by reason of their iron control over all or part of the 13 nations of Eastern Europe.

The Brussels Pact is a beginning toward unity, but it is only a beginning. The unity to be adequate ought, even at the beginning, to embrace more than five countries, and the unity should have more reality than generalized pledges of economic and military co-operation such as are contained in the Brussels agreement.

A great obstacle to the necessary degree of unity is the fact that postwar economic distress has forced most of the European countries to operate under highly regimented economies. In these countries essential goods—food, clothing and construction materials—are closely rationed so as to insure a somewhat equal distribution of what is in short supply.

Also, because individuals do not have much opportunity to provide self-security, the governments are setting up social plans which call for expenditures that shake international confidence in the continuing value and purchasing power of the different national moneys. That strikes at the heart of economic unity, for without currencies which command confidence there cannot be an adequate production and exchange of goods.

It is not easy, probably it is not possible, to conduct such regimentation and such social planning without building up walls which cut off outside influences and accentuate disunity. We found that out for ourselves in 1933.

In that year a World Economic Conference was held at London in which the United States participated. It had been called before the advent of President Roosevelt and the "New Deal." It was called because the then leaders believed that the world would drift into war unless there were more economic unity, more productivity and a freer exchange of goods. By the time the conference was held, Mr. Roosevelt had become President and he decided to meet the depression in our country by social and economic experimentation which would involve altering the value of the dollar.

He realized that he could not do that at home and at the same time join in a world program which would require the United States to surrender its independence of action in monetary matters. So he rejected increased international unity, in order to keep free to carry out domestic policies like some that the European countries are trying out today.

I was in Berlin while the London Economic Conference was going on, negotiating for the collection of German debts to American citizens. Hitler had just come into power and there was a division of opinion within the German Cabinet as to what policy the new government should follow.

Some wanted Germany to try to regain big-power status by becoming a great factor in world trade, producing and selling abroad what she could produce most efficiently and buying from abroad what could not be produced cheaply and easily at home.

Others wanted Germany to follow the road of "autarchy" and to become at all costs a self-contained economy which could wage war without danger of economic collapse under sea blockade. I was on the ocean, on my way home, when I received a telephone message from the Reichsbank stating that in view of developments at the London Economic Conference, Germany would take the way of autarchy.

So, in 1933, each nation turned to handling its own affairs in ways that required intercommunication to be cut. Out of that division, war quickly developed in Europe. It may be that even if the London Economic Conference had succeeded, Hitler would still have plunged Europe into war. That we can never know. What we do know is that the United States chose to make its economy into a closed area of domestic experimentation.

Present Needs Cause Unwise Decisions

The governments of Europe today face a similar dilemma. They know that in the long run their peoples can only get peace and prosperity through unity. But also each government is engaged in social and economic planning which seems necessary to meet present needs and which calls for a closed economy and continuing economic and monetary disunity.

At this juncture the United States can play a helpful and perhaps decisive role. We can in the first place help the people of Europe to convalesce. We can make it possible for the peoples of Western Europe to get more food and clothing and to get it with less exhaustion. Out of that can come the plentiful vigor of body and spirit which men must have if they are to find and to seize great new opportunities.

We can, furthermore, use our European Recovery Plan to induce greater unity by helping to meet the domestic dislocations which are inevitable when closed economies are put together.

When I testified before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee regarding the European Recovery Plan, I emphasized that there was great danger that our foreign assistance would "work in reverse" by subsidizing the continuance of the very conditions which ought to be changed.

I gave, as an illustration, Belgium, The Netherlands and Luxembourg, which had already begun to create a customs union as between themselves. I asked whether, if some countries in this way improved their economic condition, that would automatically disqualify them from American aid, leaving that aid primarily for the countries which lag behind because their leaders balk at the domestic consequences of increased unity. Our economic aid to Europe can keep an obsolete machine running for a little longer or it can effect reconversion from an obsolete to a modern design. Unless we do a job of reconversion, the European Recovery Plan will prove a terrible deception.

That point of view was, I think, accepted by the Congress when it gave the Secretary of State and the administrator a policy directive which will enable them to use our aid to promote European unity.

Lunching with Prime Minister Attlee last December, I recalled his earlier statements as head of the British Labor party that "Europe must federate or perish." I asked him whether he still believed that, and he said that he did.

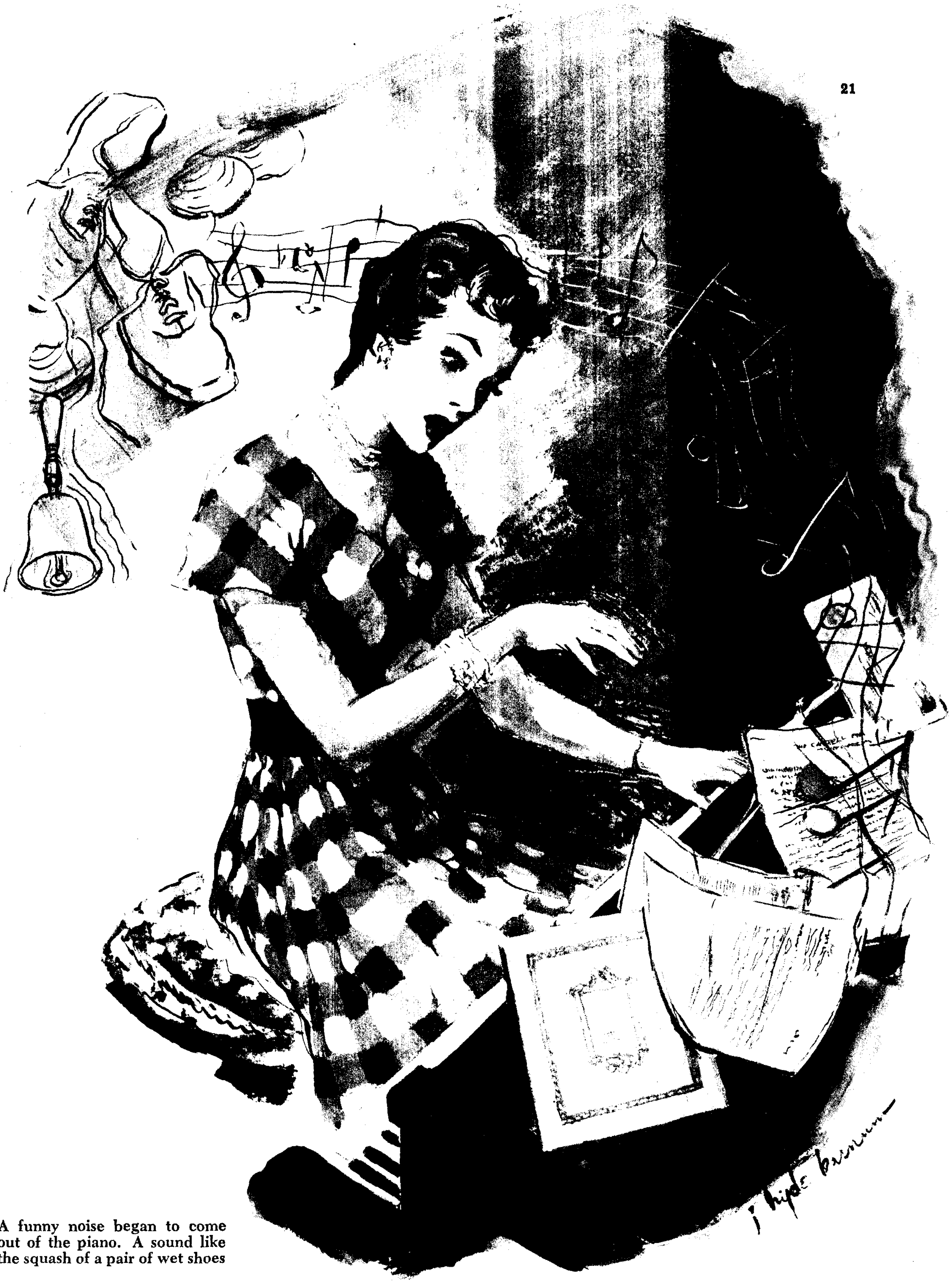
I also talked with President Auriol of France who said, "Europe must unite herself if she wishes to recover and live, and if she does not want American assistance to be a gesture without future or a humiliating charity." The five-power Brussels Pact refers to "the necessity of uniting in order to promote the economic recovery of Europe." Unity is in the air and if we use European recovery aid skillfully to make it more

(Continued on page 75)

DEAR MISS PHILLIPS

BY LOUIS PAUL

Girl meets piano, and girl gets piano—one that made a noise like an elephant with a cough



A funny noise began to come out of the piano. A sound like the squash of a pair of wet shoes

Dear Miss Phillips:

We have your note of May 29th in regard to the Cantrell Small Grand piano which you purchased from our city showroom recently. If you will call Mr. Thornquist, our service manager, I am sure he will be happy to take care of your complaint.

Cordially yours,
Ansel L. Jones, 3d

Dear Mr. Jones:

Thank you for your letter of May 30th. However, I am preparing to play Chopin's Polonaise at my brother's graduation exercises on June 26th, and when I called your Mr. Thornquist, he informed me that a mechanic could not fix the piano until June 24th. What would you suggest?

Sincerely yours,
(Miss) Helen Phillips

Dear Miss Phillips:

We would very much like to adjust this matter to your satisfaction, but you have not made it clear just what is wrong with your Cantrell. If you can tell me exactly what the trouble is, I will get in touch with our Mr. Thornquist and explain the situation to him.

Cordially yours,
Ansel L. Jones, 3d

Dear Mr. Jones:

Thank you for your prompt reply. However, if I knew what was the matter with the piano I would probably know enough to fix it myself. It seems to me that a new piano should be in perfect condition when it is sold to a customer. We bought this instrument in good faith. But no sooner did I start to practice on it than a funny noise began coming out of the middle of it. It is a noise that is not easy to describe. It sounds something like—well, like the squash of a pair of wet shoes. This is particularly annoying, as Chopin's Polonaise is a composition that is supposed to be inspiring, but on the Cantrell it is just plain soggy. Unless I can practice it unaccompanied by the march of squushy shoes, I shall certainly not be able to do justice to it at my brother's graduation. Please tell your Mr. Thornquist that this is a matter of considerable importance to me and my family.

Sincerely yours,
(Miss) Helen Phillips

Dear Miss Phillips:

The difficulty you are having with your piano is most regrettable, and we can thoroughly understand your annoyance. Personally, I have never heard of a Cantrell which sounded like soggy shoes, nor has my father, who has been with Cantrell & Company for more than thirty years. However that may be, I have had another talk with Mr. Thornquist, service manager in our city showroom. When I told him the nature of your complaint, he informed me a mechanic would be available to you on June 24th, the date specified. While we all sympathize with your desire to prepare yourself for your brother's graduation on June 26th, it is impossible to favor you over those others who also desire service on their instruments. Hoping you will understand our position in this matter, I remain,

Cordially yours,
Ansel L. Jones, 3d

Dear Mr. Jones:

I won't thank you for your letter of June 7th. If the time element weren't the main consideration, I would certainly place this in the hands of an attorney. But it is already June 8th, and I am getting absolutely nowhere with the Polonaise, particularly with the bass fingering—three octaves below middle C, the sound in our Cantrell changes from one of squushy shoes to dull grunts that resemble an elephant with a hacking cough. Our old piano had its finish marred by wet glasses, and some of the hammers that Harold had taken out were missing, but at least a person could get music out of it.

It is unfortunate that you decided to bring your father's name into the

(Continued on page 49)

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

RENI

Mrs. Mesta greets the President, Mrs. Truman and Margaret at the American Newspaperwomen's party. In background is society writer Genevieve Reynolds

TWO-PARTY GAL

BY EULALIE MC DOWELL

Easily Washington's A-1 unofficial hostess, Mrs. Perle Mesta wines and dines top Democrats and Republicans alike. Her Lucullan feasts are the favorites of one and all, from President Truman and Speaker Joe Martin on down

DOWN in Oklahoma City, an undisclosed number of years ago, a little girl named Perle Skirvin gave a party to celebrate her twelfth birthday. It was not her first party, but it was the first for which she was entirely responsible. She issued the invitations, prepared the refreshments and planned the entertainment. She let it be known, without divulging details, that the entertainment would really be something special.

Her friends accepted with pleasure. They anticipated a romping good time and lots of tasty eatables, for Perle was a lively child and her folks were rich. And they were all eager to see what she had cooked up to amuse them.

They soon found out. When they arrived at the Skirvin mansion they were solemnly ushered into the parlor and arranged in orderly rows, where they waited in great excitement for the show to begin. And there they sat for more than an hour, looking at lantern slides of Japan and listening to a missionary discourse on foreign lands, with animadversions upon the higher life.

The missionary finally ran out of slides and retired, and the guests, somewhat dazed, engaged in a half hour of games under the stern supervision of their hostess. Then they marched decorously into the dining room, where a feast had been spread for their enjoyment—ice cream and cake and little sandwiches, each of which was topped by a nasturtium blossom, carefully chosen by Perle from the Skirvin flower gardens.

All this soon vanished, and the bewildered guests were politely informed that the party was over. They wandered into the street, their little noggins crammed with geography and uplifting thoughts, and possibly with their little digestive systems struggling with nasturtiums.

Little Miss Skirvin learned a lot about parties and people as she went onward and upward with the years. Today she is Mrs. George Mesta, widow of a Pittsburgh industrialist, lessee of the Hoover House in Washington, so called because Herbert Hoover used to live there, and owner of a cottage, "Mid-Cliffe," at Newport. She divides her time between both establishments, shuttling back and forth with her domestic staff of nine servants.

In both Washington and Newport, Mrs. Mesta entertains frequently, and sometimes vigorously. Tradition-bound families at Newport consider her parties at Mid-Cliffe a bit on the informal side, and say that one never knows what's going to happen. Nevertheless, she's doing all right. She probably brings more celebrities to Newport than any other hostess. Last year her guests there included Chief Justice and Mrs. Fred M. Vinson, General and Mrs. Omar N. Bradley, and Joseph W. Martin, Jr., Speaker of the House of Representatives.

A Lively Summer in Philly

Right now Mrs. Mesta and her corps of social secretaries—she employs four or five and wears them out rapidly—are planning a series of fancy shindigs to enliven the Republican and Democratic national conventions at Philadelphia. She will attend the former as a critical onlooker and the latter, she hopes, as a delegate from Rhode Island. In a sensational scoop not long ago, Evelyn Peyton Gordon, society columnist for the Washington Daily News, gave her readers an inkling of what Mrs. Mesta will be up to this summer. She wrote:

"Comes now the *political* news of the week—Mrs. George Mesta is planning the biggest party of the week of the Republican convention! *Wow!"*

In a somewhat calmer mood Miss Gordon admitted that Mrs. Mesta "will undoubtedly do the same for the Democrats." She went on to pay tribute to the celebrated party giver:

"Can you name anybody else who within the same six months entertained the Democratic President of the United States in her Washington home at a dinner for 50 people, and at the other end of the six months gave the biggest dinner of the Newport season for the Republican Speaker of the House?"

The folks who raise their eyebrows at Mrs. Mesta's social goings on in Newport should see what she does in Washington, where she really hits her stride as a party giver. She is by all odds the most indefatigable, and probably the most successful hostess in the capital; she knows every Democrat and Republican who amounts to a row of beans, and they're all eager to accept her invitations. Moreover, a beautiful friendship exists between Mrs. Mesta and the family of President Harry S. Truman; she is said to be on the White House invitation lists oftener than any other woman in Washington. And an in at the White House has never hurt a Washington hostess yet.

As might be imagined, Mrs. Mesta is a stanch Truman Democrat; she was co-chairman of the Jefferson-Jackson Day Dinner this year, and she is working hard to keep Mr. Truman where he is for another four years. Her intimacy with the Trumans has silenced most of the critics who used to sniff disdainfully. There are still some who insist that Mrs. Mesta doesn't know some of the people she invites to her house. Her friends admit that maybe this is true, but so far as Mrs. Mesta's importance is concerned, one Washington society woman said, "Well, when you can go in the front door, the side door and the back door of the White House, that's certainly being some kind of important."

The story of the Truman-Mesta friendship is often told in Washington these days to illustrate Mrs. Mesta's native shrewdness and her ability to spot a comer. Originally, Mrs. Mesta was an old-line Republican. Until some seven years ago she labored as diligently for the G.O.P. as she does now for the Democrats. She was particularly devoted to Wendell Willkie, and she deeply resented his defeat in the 1940 Presidential race. When she surveyed the campaign, she concluded that somewhere along the line there had been a spot of double-crossing; she considered that the Republicans had not done right by Willkie.

So she changed parties, as such big shots as Harold Ickes and Willkie himself had done before her. Overnight she became a Democrat, although she still insists that she has nothing but the friendliest feelings toward the Republicans, deluded though they may be. "After all," she says, "they are a great bunch of people. Some of my best friends are Republicans." Inevitably, Mrs. Mesta's change of politics caused her to be nicknamed "Two-Party Perle," and she is still called that. She doesn't mind. "My motives and objectives," she says, "are so much more important than a nickname."

Once Mrs. Mesta became a Democrat, her allegiance required a focus. She cast about for a likely candidate, one whom she could help and vice versa, and spotted a somewhat shy and retiring senator from Missouri by the name of Truman, who was just beginning to get a little publicity with the war investigating committee that he headed.

Foresaw Truman Destiny

She watched Mr. Truman closely for a year or so, and at length decided that he was destined for great things. Her big opportunity came when the senator was booked to make a speech in Oklahoma City, her old home grounds. She flew out to Oklahoma City several days in advance of Senator Truman, and after he had made his speech gave a party for him in the Crystal Room of the Hotel Skirvin, which she used to own. The function is said to have been one of the fanciest affairs ever given in Oklahoma City. Every Oklahoma Democrat of importance was there, and a great many top Republicans as well.

This was the first of two parties which Mrs. Mesta gave for a member of the Truman family in Oklahoma City. Last fall Miss Margaret Truman gave a concert there, and was in town for two days. Thanks to Mrs. Mesta the time proved to be about the most hysterical period in Oklahoma since the great land rush. Mrs. Mesta arrived in Oklahoma City several days before the date of Miss Truman's appearance, and arranged a big surprise for the young singer.

When Miss Truman walked onto the stage to sing her first song, there in the front row, as big as life, sat all of her mother's bridge-club cronies from Independence, Missouri. They had flown to Oklahoma City in a chartered plane as guests of Mrs. Mesta. After the concert the card players, who call themselves *The* Bridge Club, escorted Miss Truman to the Skirvin Hotel, where Mrs. Mesta was hostess at a grand party for the President's daughter.

Mrs. Mesta has given several other parties in honor of the Trumans, including what amounted to a debut

(Continued on page 95)

RENI

Above, a group of Mrs. Mesta's guests enjoys one of the acts in a postprandial program. Seated in foreground, left to right, Secretary of the Army and Mrs. Royall, Mr. and Mrs. Eric Johnston, Martin Braverman, Mrs. Burdette Fitch and Mrs. Clarence Mackay

JACKIE MARTIN

Above, at a buffet supper, which Mrs. Mesta sometimes substitutes for a more formal dinner, are, left to right, Miss Emily Chase, Mrs. Leon Henderson, ex-Secretary of Agriculture and Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Tom Clark, wife of the Attorney General, and Mrs. William H. Davis. Below, Perle bids good night to Ambassador and Mme. Henri Bonnet

JACKIE MARTIN

ONCE TO EVERY WOMAN

BY FREDERICK BORG

She fell for this pleasant fairy tale—until she came face to face with the brutal facts

THOUGH it was only a photograph, the lashes had been so lengthened, the mouth so emphasized, the skin so smoothed and whitened, that it might have been a painting. It had a distant, luminous look; the dark, sad, incredibly large eyes were fixed on some remote horizon, the lips parted as though in pain; the hands, slim, pale and useless, were clasped under the chin in an attitude of supplication. Through some trick of the lens she seemed to lean out of the cover as one leans out of a window; the wonder of it was she did not speak.

Across her enchanting bosom, in red letters which somehow failed to spoil the illusion, was the legend: GLORIA CARTWRIGHT AT HOME, and under this, in smaller type, *An Exclusive Interview, by the Editor of Cinema News.*

Ruth studied the cuts scattered, with careful artlessness, across the two pages. Gloria and Jeremy Baird at the Mocambo. Gloria in the pool of her new hillside home, The Aerie. Gloria stepping from her limousine at the *première* of her latest triumph, Demented. Gloria at La Rue, showing her teeth to Hedda Hopper. Gloria in her living room, flanked by her adopted children, Ladd, aged four, and Barbara, eight, staring pensively into an empty fireplace.

When she had had her fill of the pictures, Ruth started on the text. Now, in the midmorning hiatus between breakfast and lunch, with the dishes washed and stacked and a fresh batch of coffee bubbling on the electric plate, she could really indulge herself.

". . . I arrived for my interview a few minutes early. When nobody answered the bell, I went around to the back and saw something that warmed the cockles of this poor old heart. There she was, the glamorous spy of Intrigue, the beautiful neurotic of Demented, prancing around on her hands and knees, with four-year-old Ladd on her back, and daughter Barbara, in the cutest little spangled outfit you'd ever want to see, patent-leather boots and everything. I tell you, it made me wish I had a camera, so I could refute the sneers of some people who seem to think Gloria spends all her spare time in the more elegant bistros.

"When I came right out with it, and asked whether she and handsome Jeremy Baird were going to be married, she said:

"'Jerry's one of the finest men I know, but I'm not considering marriage till Barbara and Ladd are at least old enough to go away to school. I don't want to make the same mistake I made six years ago.'

"Referring, of course, to her unhappy union with Lyle Standish, which reached a climax when Gloria adopted the two children. For the time being, it looks as if Gloria will remain a single gal, dedicating her too-few leisure hours to the happiness of two very fortunate youngsters."

There followed a description of The Aerie, with awed mention of the twelve-foot-square bed, designed by Gloria herself, which, at the touch of a button, rolled out of the bedroom onto a porch overlooking the Pacific. Finally, there were Gloria's immediate plans:

"Following the success of Demented, Gloria is knocking off for three very-much-needed weeks and will take things easy up at Lake Tahoe. By the time you read this, she should be on her way back, tanned and rested. . . ."

THE coffee maker made a snuffling sound, like a horse in wet grass, and Ruth reached back and turned the switch down to low. Outside, on the macadam road that traveled west to Placerville, and east and north to Lake Tahoe, traffic was beginning to pick up, as it always did toward noon.

Leaning over the counter, Ruth took another look at the carefully assembled features of Gloria Cartwright, and a faint smile turned up the corners of her mouth as she recalled how tenderly Jeremy Baird had tucked her into his big convertible in Demented. That was before he knew there was anything wrong with her, too. As far as he was concerned, she was just another pretty girl, but the way he had helped her in and arranged the rug over her legs, you would have thought she was a basket of eggs.

Well, that was the difference between a gentleman like Jeremy and a lout like Grant Schofield. Of course, if you wanted to be strictly fair, you had to admit Grant had it all over Jeremy in looks. He was bigger, too, with shoulders so wide he had to move sideways through a door, and tall enough to look down on an ordinary six-footer; but if he had other assets he kept them well concealed.

On the other hand, his faults were practically endless. He was too fresh. He was so supremely confident of the impact of his personality that he never gave a thought to his clothes, so that most of the time he looked like a fugitive from a chain gang. Also, he took too much for granted. Just because he happened to be working here, living under the same roof and seeing her every day, he thought he owned her. Just because, in an occasional moment of weakness, she had let him kiss her, he thought they were practically married.

It made her mad. After all, a girl has her pride. How would Gloria have reacted, for instance, to being called Monkey Face; and not just when they were alone, mind you, but in front of a dozen customers? What would Gloria have done in the improbable circumstance that Jeremy had called for her, not in a twelve-cylinder convertible, but a war-surplus jeep in the last stages of disintegration, and then, as she was getting in for a big time in Placerville (movies and a sundae at the Sweet Shoppe), had slapped her on the, uh, hips?

Quivering at the recollection (it had happened only last night), Ruth flounced out of the lunchroom into the little apartment which she shared with Daisy, her mother. Kneeling on the window seat, head against the glass, she stared gloomily at the semicircle of eight cabins, each with its own car port and flower-bordered lawn, which, together with the lunchroom and the pumps out front, and sixteen acres of woods down to the creek, made up the more tangible assets of Pine Grove Haven.

As she looked, her mother came out of one of the cabins, staggering under a miscellaneous load of sheets, pillowcases, cracker boxes, papers, empty bottles, and, finally, slung like a bedroll over her shoulder, a fully inflated inner tube. Lifting her feet high to avoid unseen obstacles, she started for the lunchroom.

Ruth opened the window. "Hi, Daisy! What are you doing with that tube?"

"Going swimming," called her mother. She was not going swimming; she had found the tube in the cabin, draped over the back of a chair.

WHEN she had started all this, two years ago, putting herself and the insurance of her late husband to work, she would have been properly amazed at such a discovery, but finding strange objects in and around the cabins was no longer a novelty. There were, among her miscellaneous souvenirs, several letters in the safe upstairs, worth a fortune in the blackmail mart. When business was slack Ruth occasionally extended her horizon by reading them.

"Where's Grant?" asked Daisy. She stood under the window looking up at her daughter, her handsome eyes narrowed in conjecture. She had no more than her share of womanly intuition, but from the breakfast-table atmosphere, which had nearly frozen the cream in the pitcher, she concluded there had been another fight.

"I'm sure I don't know," said Ruth in the detached accents reserved for things better left unsaid. "That glamor-wagon of his is still here, so he hasn't sneaked off to town. My theory is he's goofing off again down by the creek. Either that or he's in his room, pounding his ear—" *(Continued on page 38)*

Just because he happened to be working here, living under the same roof and seeing her every day, he thought he owned her

THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

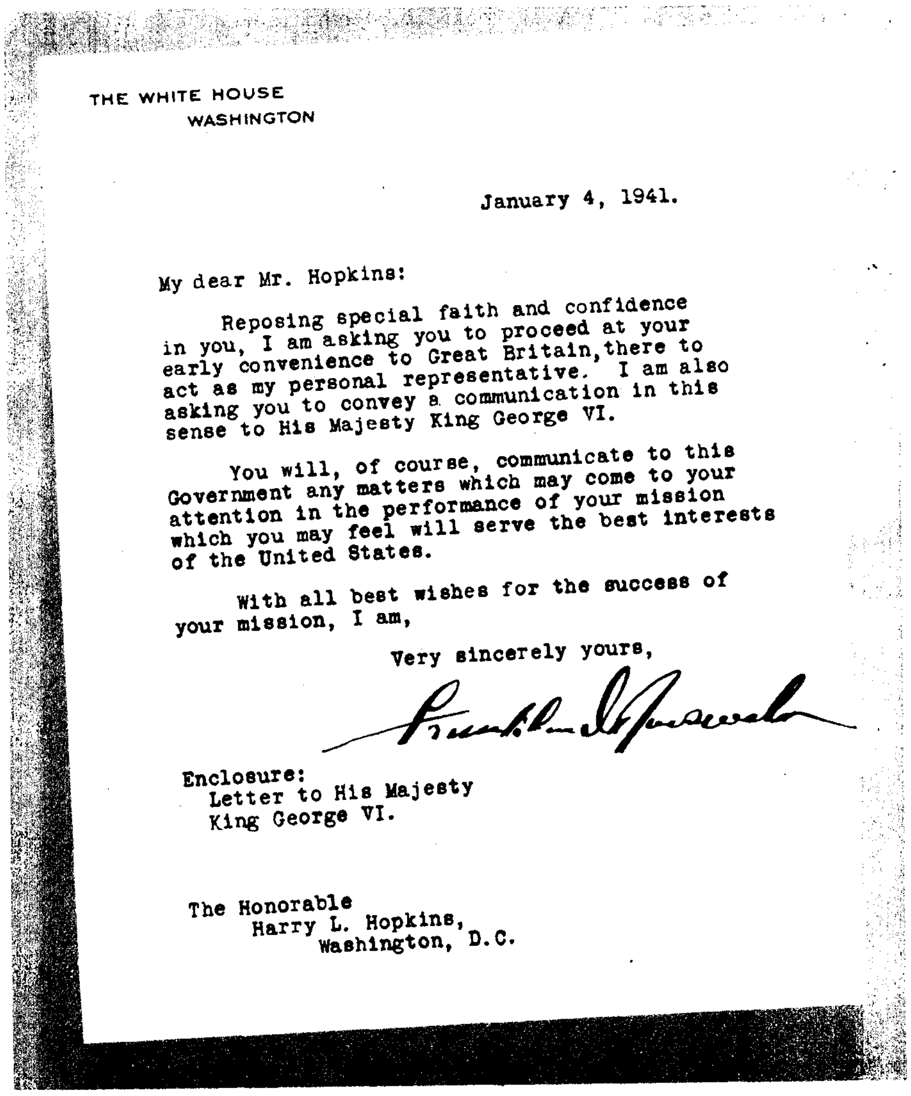
BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

BRITISH COMBINE

Above: While Hopkins conferred in London with Churchill on Britain's Lend-Lease needs, British forces pushed across the Libyan Desert in the battle for Tobruk

Left: Armed with authoritative letter, Hopkins flew to England to discuss the war situation at firsthand with the king and queen, Churchill and other notables

Below: When a Royal Navy chief petty officer warned Hopkins (behind Churchill) that a destroyer's depth charge is a rather precarious seat, Harry decided to stand



THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

January 4, 1941.

My dear Mr. Hopkins:

Reposing special faith and confidence in you, I am asking you to proceed at your early convenience to Great Britain, there to act as my personal representative. I am also asking you to convey a communication in this sense to His Majesty King George VI.

You will, of course, communicate to this Government any matters which may come to your attention in the performance of your mission which you may feel will serve the best interests of the United States.

With all best wishes for the success of your mission, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

Franklin D Roosevelt

Enclosure:
Letter to His Majesty
King George VI.

The Honorable
Harry L. Hopkins,
Washington, D.C.

BRITISH OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH

PART III. THE COMMON-LAW MARRIAGE

Early in 1941 Roosevelt and Churchill, with Hopkins' aid, managed an unrecognized alliance that might have led to F.D.R.'s impeachment but instead gave us a six-month advantage when war came

Here is presented the third installment of one of the most remarkable stories of our era. When Franklin D. Roosevelt died there remained only one man—Harry L. Hopkins—who could tell completely the inside story of the New Deal and of America's High Command in World War II. Preparation of The Hopkins Papers had started before Hopkins died. The task was then taken up by Robert E. Sherwood, a friend of both Hopkins and Roosevelt. Months were spent in sorting, studying stenographic records, letters, official documents and memoranda. Mr. Sherwood had to bridge gaps by interviews with and letters from men at home and abroad with whom Hopkins had dealt. Collier's presents the result with a conviction that this is the most important document of its kind that has been or will be produced. . . .

The Editor

ONCE during the early New Deal years, Harry L. Hopkins said: "If you want to get ahead in Washington, don't waste your time trying to cultivate the favor of the men with high-sounding titles. Make friends with their office boys. If you want to get something done, concentrate on the office boy. If he likes you, he will put you through straight to the one man who can do what you want. If he doesn't like you, he will shunt you off until you're so worn out you've forgotten what it was you were asking for in the first place."

During the war years, when Hopkins lived in the White House, he said impatiently to a persistent petitioner, "Why do you keep pestering *me* about this? I'm only the office boy around here!"

I am sure that he was unconscious of any connection between these widely separated statements; but it was certainly there. One might say that Hopkins became, by his own earlier definition, the supreme office boy of them all. One of his most important "errands" was in connection with Britain's desperate plight.

Immediately after Election Day, the major problem confronting Roosevelt was one that had not been mentioned either by him or Willkie during the campaign: Great Britain was on the verge of bankruptcy in terms of dollar credits.

It seemed to alarmed British officials, however, that Roosevelt, following his victory at the polls, had lost interest in the war situation. On December 2d, the President left Washington as carefree as you please for a Caribbean cruise on U.S.S. Tuscaloosa, taking with him only his immediate staff. Those most familiar with Roosevelt's vacation habits suspected that the main business of each day would be fishing, basking in the sun and spoofing with cronies.

Then on December 9th a Navy seaplane landed alongside the Tuscaloosa and delivered a long letter from Winston Churchill. It was one of the most important documents of that period.

Addressed to "My dear Mr. President," it expressed Churchill's view that Americans were convinced the future of their democratic government was linked with Britain's survival and that it was up to Britain to contain Germany's attacks until America's defense program was completed. Churchill discussed in detail the critical problems of shipping and production and menace to both by the German submarine warfare and bombing. He said that even if the United States should eventually come into the war against Germany as an ally, there would be no expectation on the part of Britain that a large American expeditionary army should take part at any time.

He emphasized that shipping was the major problem, and suggested ways in which the U.S. might give vital aid in what could be called a common cause. He raised a question as to whether the United States could re-emphasize the doctrine of freedom of the seas which would permit American ships greater latitude in foreign trade. He pointed out that the American Navy could protect such trade and that such protection would be facilitated by temporary bases in Eire.

It seemed unlikely to Churchill that such action would cause Hitler to go to war against the United States, because the Nazi leader had obviously been trying to avoid trouble with America until he had defeated the British.

Churchill believed that such a nonbelligerent policy on the part of Washington might be of decisive importance in the war.

He also brought up the possibility that warships, particularly destroyers, could be loaned or supplied to Britain, or that American naval patrols could be extended eastward, for maintenance of Atlantic shipping lines.

Churchill outlined at great length the specific needs of the British armed forces for American war production. But he pointed out the danger that Britain's dollar credits would be entirely used up as a result of expenditures for war material. Such financial exhaustion, he felt, would be contrary to the interests of both countries.

Churchill eloquently emphasized the courage and sacrifices of the British and pledged that they would redouble their efforts, especially to pay for war needs.

He ended with an expression of confidence that the American nation would appreciate Britain's position and would act to achieve the defeat of Nazism and Fascism. But he made no suggestions as to just how Roosevelt was to accomplish all this with the Congress and the people.

The letter exerted a profound effect on Roosevelt, and it filled Hopkins with a desire to know Churchill and to find out how much of him was superior oratory and how much hard fact.

A few days later, when homeward bound, Roosevelt held a press conference and talked affably but he said nothing in the way of news. It still seemed that he had spent two weeks in a state of total relaxation and utter indifference toward the prospects of world calamity. That, however, was only as it seemed.

The Program for Victory

Hopkins said later, "I didn't know for quite a while what he was thinking about, if anything. But then I began to get the idea that he was refueling, the way he so often does when he seems to be resting and carefree. So I didn't ask him any questions. Then, one evening, he suddenly came out with it—the whole program. He didn't seem to have any clear idea how it could be done legally. But there wasn't a doubt in his mind that he'd find a way to do it."

That "refueling" process was a vital function for Roosevelt. Nobody that I know of has been able to give any convincing explanation of how it operated. He did not seem to talk much about the subject in hand, or to consult the advice of others, or to "read up" on it. On this occasion he had Churchill's remarkable letter to provide food for thought; but this presented no key to the solution.

One can only say that Roosevelt, a creative artist in politics, had put in his time on this cruise evolving the pattern of a masterpiece, and once he could see it clearly in his own mind's eye, he made it quickly and very simply clear to all.

He returned to Washington, tanned and exuberant and jaunty. The next day, he held a press conference and launched the Lend-Lease idea.

Following the press conference, Roosevelt determined to go on the air to explain the seriousness of the war situation.

In the preparation of the Fireside Chat (delivered December 29th) Hopkins provided the key phrase which he had read in some newspaper editorial: "We must be the great arsenal of democracy." There was some debate over the use of that since it might seem to preclude the eventual extension of aid to the Soviet Union or to certain Latin-American "republics," but the phrase was too good to be stopped by any quibbles. When, after days and nights of hard labor, the speech was in something like its final form, it was sent over to the State Department for comment—of which plenty was forthcoming. The department's suggested insertions and deletions were marked on the draft with a red pencil.

At one point in the speech, Roosevelt spoke of the agents of the fifth column operating throughout the United States and Latin America. Then followed the sentence, "There are also American citizens, *many of them in high places*, who, unwittingly in most cases, are aiding and abetting the work of these agents."

The words that I have italicized came back from the State Department circled in red to indicate they should be cut out. When Roosevelt read this draft and saw that mark, he asked, "Who put this red line in here?" We explained that the State Department suggested it would be well to delete these dangerous words.

"Oh, *do* they!" he said. "Very well. We'll change it to read—'There are also American citizens, many of them in high places—*especially in the State Department*'—and so forth."

During the very last session on the speech late in the afternoon of the day it was to be delivered, Hopkins said, "Mr. President, do you feel that you could include in this speech some kind of optimistic statement?" Roosevelt thought that over for a long time, tilting his head back, puffing out his cheeks as was his habit. At length he dictated: "I believe that the Axis powers are not going to win this war. I base that belief on the latest and best information." Sam Rosenman and I wondered what that "latest and best information" could be.

I learned later from Hopkins that it was no more than Roosevelt's own private confidence that Lend-Lease would go through and his certainty that this measure would make Axis victory impossible.

A New Line of Thought

Around Christmas, 1940, when Roosevelt was mulling over the numerous implications of the letter he had received from Churchill, he said, "You know, a lot of this could be settled if Churchill and I could just sit down together for a while."

"What's stopping you?" Hopkins asked.

"Well, it couldn't be arranged right now. They have no ambassador here, we have none over there."

The gleam of high adventure came into Hopkins' sharp eyes. "How about me going over, Mr. President?"

Roosevelt turned that suggestion down cold.

But on the morning of January 5th, Hopkins was in his room when Steve Early telephoned from the West Wing to say, "Congratulations!"

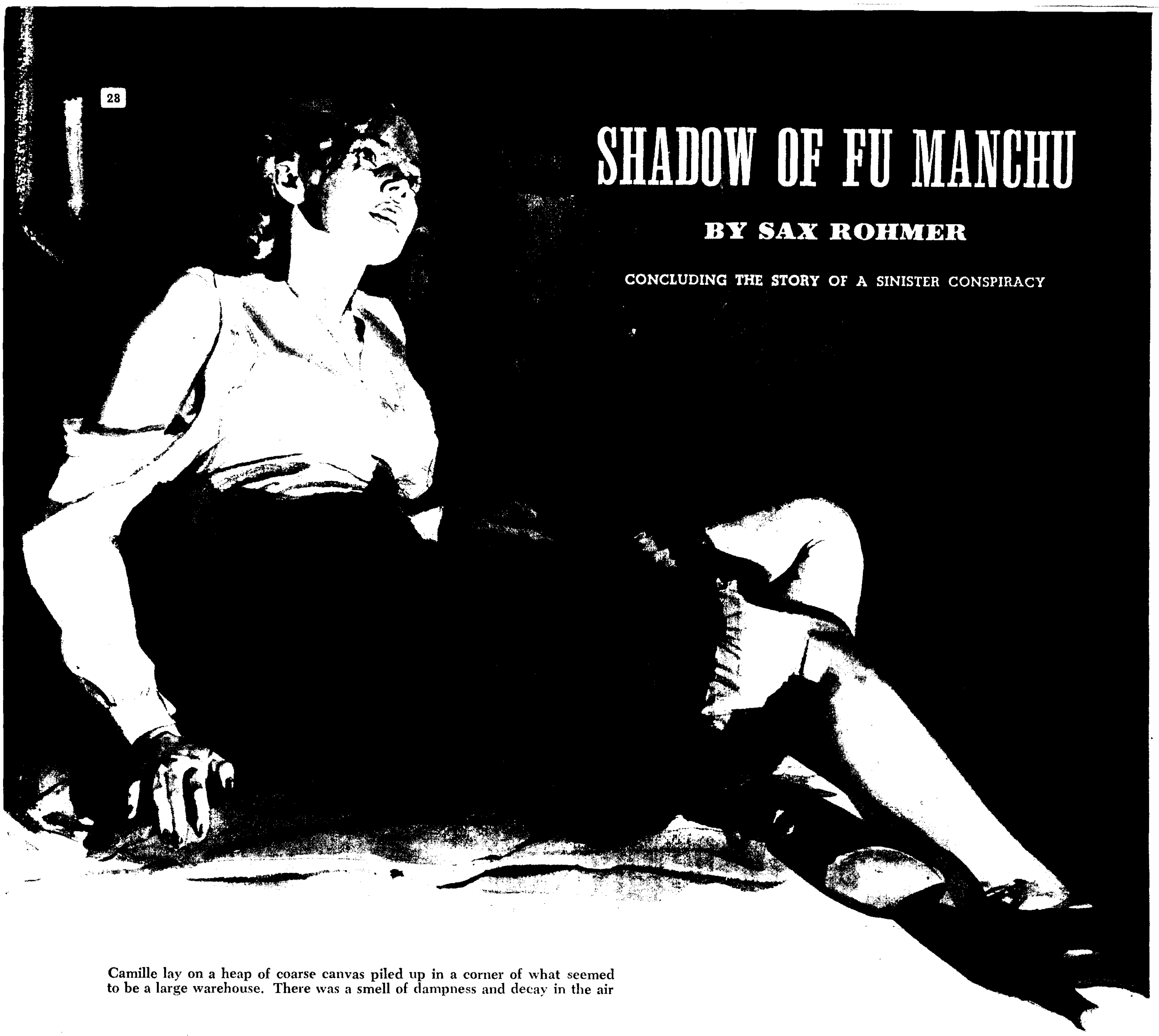
"On what?" said Hopkins.

"Your trip to England," said Early. "The President just announced it at his press conference."

Two days later, Hopkins was off.

Shortly after Hopkins' departure, the suggestion was made that Wendell Willkie also make a trip to London. It was obvious that Roosevelt would heartily approve of this. When Willkie went to the White House on the eve of his departure, Roosevelt was working in the Cabinet Room. He shifted into his wheel chair and was going through Missy LeHand's office into his own to greet the man who had been his opponent in the recent, bitter campaign. He looked into his office and saw that his desk was clean of papers. Then he stopped his wheel chair and turned and asked us to give him a handful of papers from the litter on the Cabinet table. We asked,

(Continued on page 58)



SHADOW OF FU MANCHU

BY SAX ROHMER

CONCLUDING THE STORY OF A SINISTER CONSPIRACY

Camille lay on a heap of coarse canvas piled up in a corner of what seemed to be a large warehouse. There was a smell of dampness and decay in the air

The Story:

Sir Denis Nayland Smith, famous detective who is in New York at the request of the F.B.I., is trying to keep the secret of a terrifying new weapon of destruction from falling into the hands of the notorious international criminal, Dr. Fu Manchu.

The weapon, a giant disintegrator, is not yet complete; but its inventor, brilliant young Dr. Morris Craig, working at the country home of his financial backer, Michael Frobisher, has just completed the drawing of the missing part.

Fu Manchu's efforts to obtain the complete set of plans have been clever and fruitful. In a raid on Craig's New York laboratory, Fu Manchu abducted a technician named Regan, then destroyed the carefully constructed disintegrator and one of the two existing sets of blueprints.

The original set of plans he has obtained from Frobisher's safe-deposit vault. All he need now do is steal the remaining set of blueprints and Craig's recently finished drawing from the country home of Frobisher.

To protect the house, Frobisher has installed a burglar alarm, and his wife has bought a pack of ferocious dogs. As additional protection, the men stand guard at night. While Craig is on guard, Camille Navarre, his beautiful secretary, steals downstairs to confess to him that she loves him.

Nayland Smith interrupts their meeting with the warning that a Soviet agent is also trying to get hold of the plans. Suddenly the burglar alarm reveals that someone is running across the grounds. Then it shows another figure pursuing the first. Smith phones the kennelman to let the dogs out. When the butler runs in with the information that Frobisher is not in his room, Smith, the F.B.I. agents and Craig race outside. The dogs are savagely mauling a man.

THE library remained empty for some time. With the exception of Stein, all the servants slept out, so that Mrs. Frobisher's despairing calls won no response. And presently they ceased.

Then subdued voices and a shuffling of feet on wet gravel heralded the entrance of an ominous cortege. Upon an extemporized stretcher carried by a half-dressed gardener and the grizzled kennelman, Michael Frobisher was brought in. Sam came first to hold the windows open. Nayland Smith followed. There were other men outside, but they remained there.

"Get a doctor," Smith directed. "He's in a bad way."

They lifted Frobisher onto the settee. He still wore his dinner clothes, but they were torn to tatters. His face and his hands were bloody, his complexion was grayish-purple. He groaned and opened his eyes when they laid him down. But he seemed to be no more than half conscious, and almost immediately relapsed.

The kennelman went out again, with the empty stretcher. A murmur of voices met him.

"I know Dr. Pardoe's number," said the gardener. "Shall I call him?"

"Yes," rapped Smith. "Tell him it's urgent."

The man hurried away to the phone.

"Nothing on him?" Sam asked.

"Not a thing! Yet he was alone—with the dogs, God help him! I believe he was running for his life. Perhaps from that monstrosity I had a glimpse of when I first arrived."

"That's where he lost the plans!" said Sam excitedly. "He must have broken away from whatever it was and tried to cross the track. Lord knows what was after him, but I guess

(Continued on page 77)

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

Safe...and on time to modern education

International School Buses help make possible improved education for rural younqsters

The little red schoolhouse is a thing of the past in many progressive rural areas.

In its place is the modern Consolidated School—rival of the cities' best.

School buses help make the Consolidated School possible. Each school day some 85,000 buses take approximately 5,000,000 American children safely to and from school.

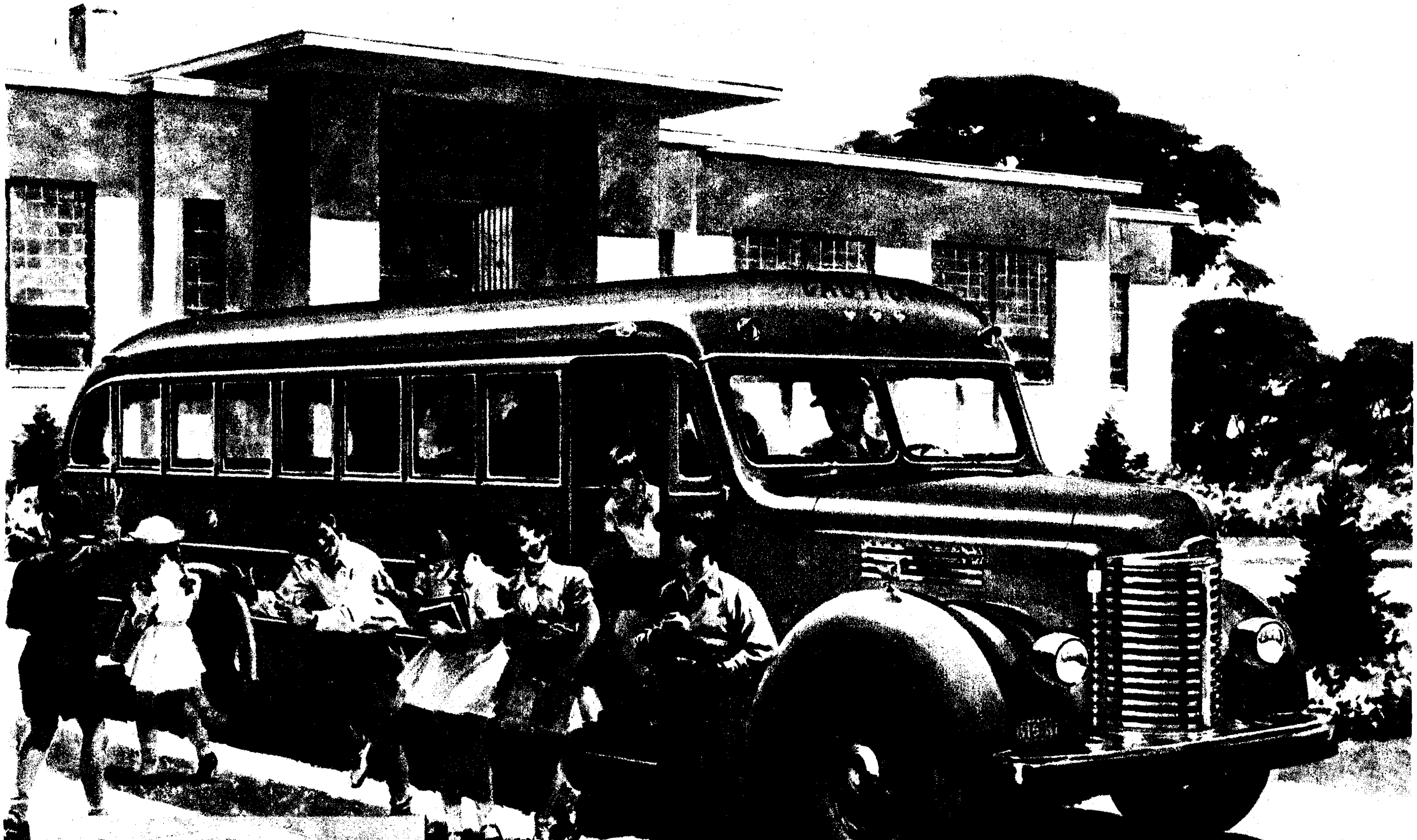
The safety record is inspiring. One fleet of 12 buses has set a 12-year record of 72,000,000 passenger miles traveled without injury to a single student.

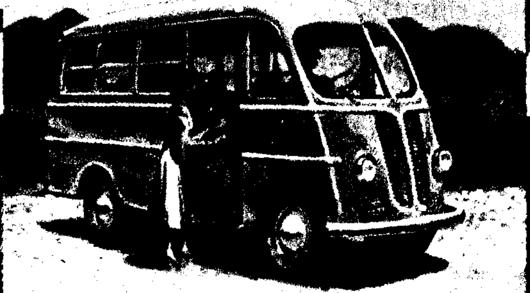
Those buses are Internationals—typical of the safety, dependability and economy of International School Buses everywhere.

For every school bus route there in an International of the right type, size and power—backed by years of demonstrated performance, and one of the greatest names in American industry.

Yes, the Consolidated School is inspiring evidence of American progress. And step-by-step with this progress go International School Buses—transport that helps make Consolidated Schools possible.

Motor Truck Division
INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY—Chicago





INTERNATIONAL-METRO COACH—auxiliary bus for public school routes; and other limited passenger transport.

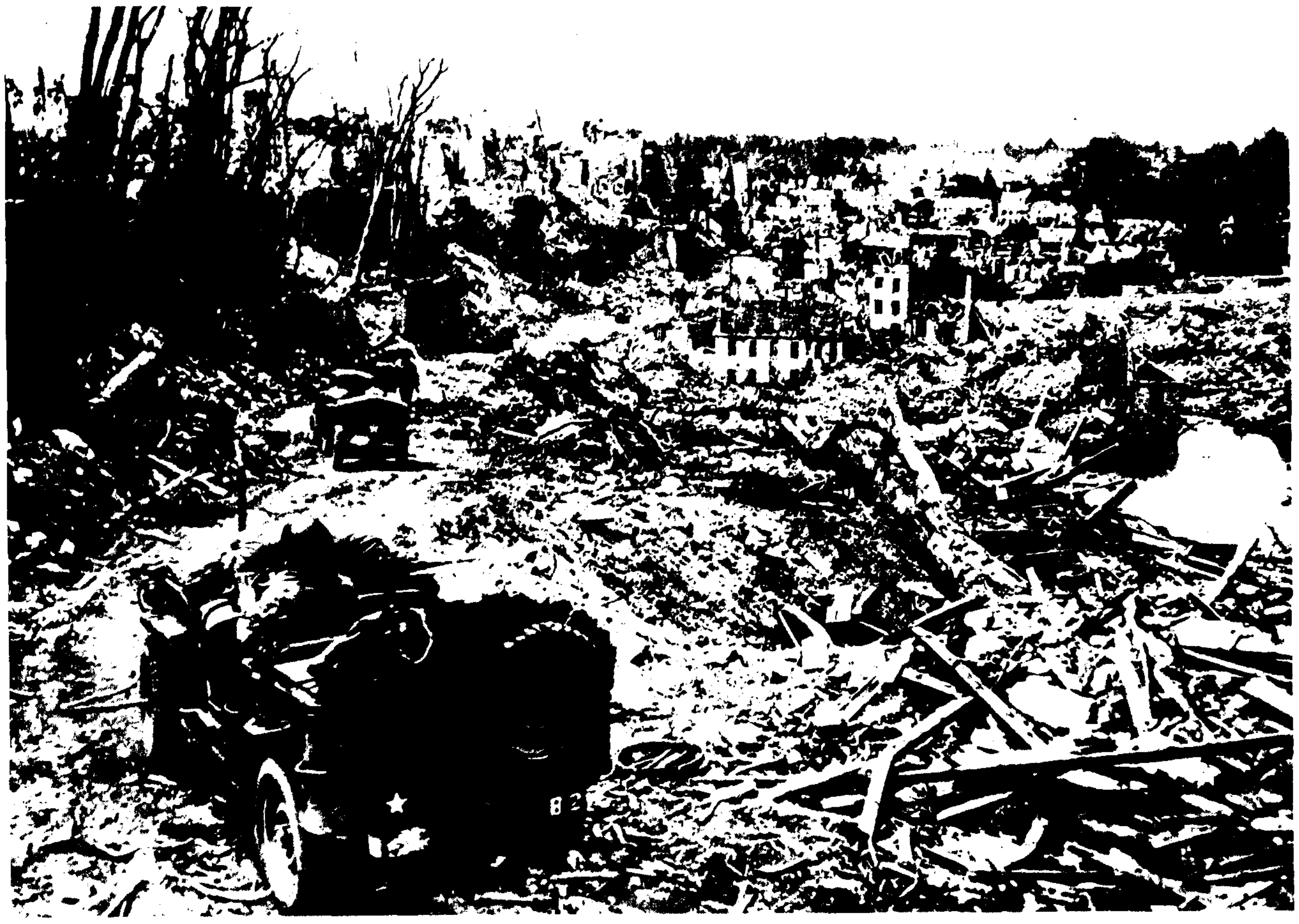
INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL BUSES

INTERNATIONAL

SAINT-LÔ FIGHTS ANOTHER BATTLE

BY STANLEY FRANK

Four years ago, our fighting men almost obliterated the French town of Saint-Lô. Almost—but not quite—and here's the story of what happened to the remnants, told by a man who went there to get it



INTERNATIONAL

To oust the Nazis, we had to do this to Saint-Lô. Today we are helping the unhappy town (below) to build a fine hospital. The mayor, a courageous man, says, "Almost every family lost a relative or friend, and at first there was no resentment. But," he adds sadly, "talk against America grows as the people stare into the ruins, day after day. I suppose it is human nature"

INTERNATIONAL

SAINT-LÔ is a provincial town in Normandy that was the scene of one of the last classic land battles in history, and looks it. There are more extensive new ruins in Germany and parts of Japan, but nowhere in the world is the devastation of war more concentrated than in Saint-Lô, a once unknown place name that reanimates a great American feat of arms with the impact of a newspaper headline.

Through an accident of geography, Saint-Lô was the focus of the Breakthrough, the terrible convulsive effort on July 25, 1944, that catapulted the 1st and 3d U.S. Armies across France and Belgium to the Siegfried line in seven weeks. When the planes and tanks and guns had gone, 90 per cent of Saint-Lô was destroyed and 800 of its 13,000 inhabitants lay under the rubble. The G.I.s said that even the dust was broken up in little pieces at Saint-Lô.

Today Saint-Lô still is a battlefield that symbolizes and reduces to fundamentals the struggle confronting little people throughout Western Europe. The issue is not Communism or the Marshall Plan or even national policy. The dour Norman peasants, isolated from the rabble rousers and the political jockeys of Paris, don't know—and care less—about such things. Like combat soldiers who make history but cannot see the course it is taking, they are concerned only with the problem of survival. Nothing else mattered to the soldier in the slit trench—and the people of Saint-Lô have been living literally in trenches and cellars and the shells of broken homes for almost four years.

The several million Americans who poured through Saint-Lô in 1944 would have no trouble recognizing the place now, even without the benefit of the total recall which crowds the memories of old soldiers with indelible sights and sounds and smells. Except for the square fronting the cathedral, the rubble is undisturbed. The family of seven that was living in the basement of the communal bakery in June, 1945, still occupies that dank hole where the ceiling is so low an adult cannot stand erect. People are sleeping in barns that would have been considered unfit for livestock during the German occupation.

In the four winters that have passed since the liberation, only 40 permanent houses with tar-paper roofs have been built and 400 flimsy barracks have been thrown up. Every public building except one school was demolished by American bombers and artillery; not one has been restored. This is the sum of the reconstruction in what relief agencies call "the Capital of Ruins," despite the high priority the French government has assigned to Saint-Lô and the promises of help made by America.

Wait a minute. Why blame America for the failure to rehabilitate Saint-Lô? It is a valid question. Nobody is blaming America—yet. The realistic Normans know the big idea in war is to kill and dislodge the enemy where you find him. It happened that we found large detachments of Germans in Saint-Lô on the night of D-Day, sixteen hours after the invasion had been launched on the beaches fifteen miles to the north.

A Small Town of Strategic Importance

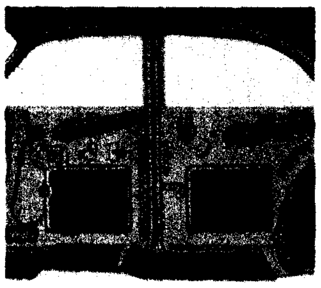
Then, as now, Saint-Lô was the capital of the department of Manche, and the Germans converted its administrative facilities into headquarters for their 7th Army. The town was important strategically for another reason. Located in the middle of the Cotentin Peninsula, it was the hub of the road network the Krauts were using to bring up reserves from Brittany and the Paris area to push the Allies back into the sea.

Saint-Lô was a D+1 objective, and when the resistance on the beaches threw our timetable hopelessly out of whack—Saint-Lô finally fell on D+41—it was imperative to plaster that communication and transportation center. So on the night of June 6, 1944, a fleet of American heavy bombers leveled a town that had been a-building for ten centuries, and what was left standing was knocked down later by American artillery.

All right; the destruction of Saint-Lô was our handiwork. It had to be done to rid the French of the Nazi conqueror—and it was accomplished at frightful cost to ourselves. Seventeen thousand Americans were buried in military cemeteries within

QUESTION: In what car body are beauty and luxury most successfully wedded to comfort and safety?

ANSWER: There is only one car body in which you can enjoy all the advantages produced by 39 years of coachmaking experience — and that is Body by Fisher! For hand in glove with luxury carried out to the last detail goes restful comfort — comfort carefully planned and bountifully executed in terms of usable room. Back of this is the safest construction known — the strength of Unisteel Body, steel welded to steel from floor to roof to form a solid unit. And all of these advantages are assuredly yours when your car bears the Body by Fisher emblem — a proud distinction found only in General Motors cars!



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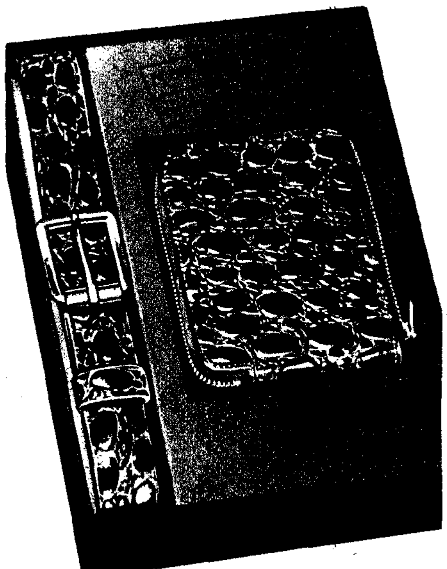

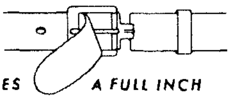

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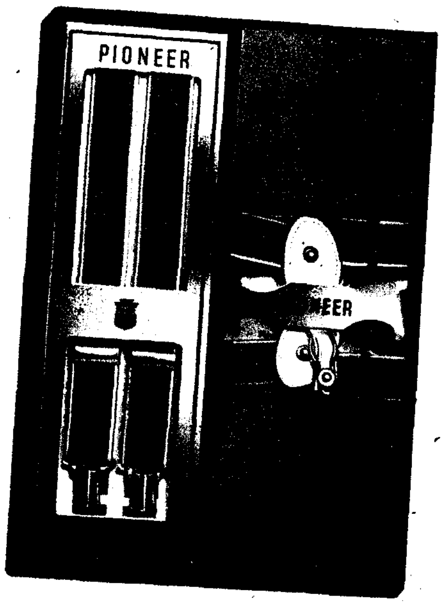

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a fifteen-mile radius of Saint-Lô. In the final drive on the town, the XIX Corps suffered 11,000 casualties in fifteen days to gain from three to seven miserable miles.

No special appeal was made on behalf of Saint-Lô until three American cities, without solicitation, voluntarily "adopted" Saint-Lô in January, 1947, when Georges Pierre Lavalley, the mayor, was invited to the United States on a good-will tour. Saint-Lô was the medical center for Manche, and the need for a new hospital to replace the two that had been destroyed became acute when 187,000 of the 438,000 people in the department were bombed or shelled out of their homes.

Sympathetic people in Baltimore, home of the 29th Division, which captured Saint-Lô, sponsored a fund-raising campaign for a modern, fully equipped hospital. At the suggestion of President Truman, Kansas City joined the drive to commemorate his World War I outfit, the 35th Division, which played a conspicuous role in the battle. Boston, always interested in hospital projects, offered to get behind the program. The understanding was that America would contribute about one third the cost, estimated roughly at $6,000,000, with the balance to come from the French government.

We went back to Saint-Lô last winter to find out, among many other things, how the drive was progressing. Our informal visit surprised Mayor Lavalley. Although the town is rich in historic associations, fewer than 300 American civilians have returned since the end of the war. It is far off the beaten tourist path, transportation is bad and accommodations are worse. Lavalley, a small, self-effacing man of fifty-three, was a private, a mechanic, in the French air force during the first war.

Merchant Made Good as Mayor

He never held public office until he was appointed mayor by American and French military authorities in August, 1944. He had been manager of Saint-Lô's largest department store, Les Nouvelles Galeries, and he was selected for the job because it was thought he had the administrative ability to cope with the situation. The choice since has been confirmed twice by the people. At the last municipal elections in October, Lavalley was unopposed for office.

He answered questions freely and precisely until we asked how much money had been raised for the hospital.

"Two hundred thousand dollars," he said finally. "But," he added quickly, almost apologetically, "we are not entirely without hospital facilities." He walked to a window of his bare, unheated office and pointed to a barracks. It held, he explained, 130 beds donated by the Irish Free State.

The office faced the Notre Dame Cathedral and, in the square below, groups of men were working in the rain—it always rains in Normandy—on a pile of debris. Their labor suddenly accounted for the surprisingly broad vista in front of the cathedral—far more impressive than it was on the well-remembered day when one of the most dramatic incidents of the war took place there.

During the battle for Saint-Lô, a battalion of the 29th Division, commanded by Major Sidney Bingham of Beaumont, Texas, was isolated for three days. Another battalion led by Major Tom Howie of Staunton, Virginia, was sent to relieve it and, after getting through, was ordered to spearhead the drive to the outskirts of the town.

As his men jumped off to the attack, Major Howie shouted, "I'll see you in Saint-Lô!" and was killed instantly. Major General Charles H. Gerhardt of the 29th had Major Howie's flag-draped body borne into Saint-Lô with the task force that routed the Germans. It was placed on catafalque of rubble under the ruined altar of the 14th-century cathedral. At that moment the sun came through the clouds and, like a celestial spotlight, focused on the bier through a shell hole in the roof.

The mayor and I watched the men below lift heavy timbers and stones and carry them tediously to a horse-drawn cart. Despite off-the-cuff statements by congressmen and tourists who see only the black-market restaurants in Paris, the gold doorknobs at the Ritz Hotel and the oo-la-la floor shows in the booby traps of Montmartre, the French are not hanging around, waiting for America to rebuild their country. They aren't in Normandy, anyway. Only in Saint-Lô and Caen, where the destruction is overwhelming, are the scars of war visible. But there is a limit to what individual initiative and bare hands can do. A bulldozer and an Army dump truck could have finished in two weeks what it had taken the men of Saint-Lô more than three years to accomplish. The same thought must have crossed Lavalley's mind.

"Discouragement is the enemy of the people now," he said suddenly. "They work and hope, but conditions get worse all the time. We need materials to rebuild and we will make payment for them. We don't want handouts from America or anyone else." He repeated *aumône*, the French equivalent for handout, several times to emphasize his point. "I suppose you will be wanting to know whether Communism has taken a hold. Everyone from America asks the same question. Here, look at this."

He drew from his desk the tabulated results of the October elections to the municipal council. Twenty-seven seats were contested. Nine of the successful candidates were Independent Republicans. Seven were De Gaullists, six belonged to the Moderate (conservative) party and three were Socialists. Two were Communists.

"Three years ago the Communists were a negligible factor," Lavalley commented. "Today they hold two seats. Tomorrow, who knows? Few believe their promises, but you can't blame the people if they listen. Nobody else is showing them the way out of their misery. It is the wrong way, we are convinced now, but it *is* a way."

What was the reaction of the people of Saint-Lô whose homes had been destroyed by Americans?

"At first there was no resentment. But almost every family lost a relative or friend among the 800 who were killed, and—I am sorry to say this talk against America is growing as the people stare at the ruins, day after day. I suppose," he sighed, "it is human nature."

In describing the terror and confusion that gripped Saint-Lô on the night of June 6, 1944, Lavalley cast clarifying side lights on the Normandy invasion. First of all, the natives had no idea where or when the landings were to be made. The Germans had confiscated all radios five months earlier and, although the underground operated a few sets, there had been so many conflicting rumors for two years that the people no longer believed anything they heard. German defenses along the coast were alerted for the attack, but a few miles inland the *Wehrmacht* was caught with its vaunted efficiency down.

German Officer Was Unperturbed

A German major, the chief transport officer for Manche and Calvados, was billeted in Lavalley's home and he was still sleeping off a drunk at 11 o'clock, four and a half hours after the invasion had been launched. Madame Lavalley, unable to suppress her elation any longer, awakened the oaf to tell him the great day had arrived. The major told her she was crazy and went back to sleep.

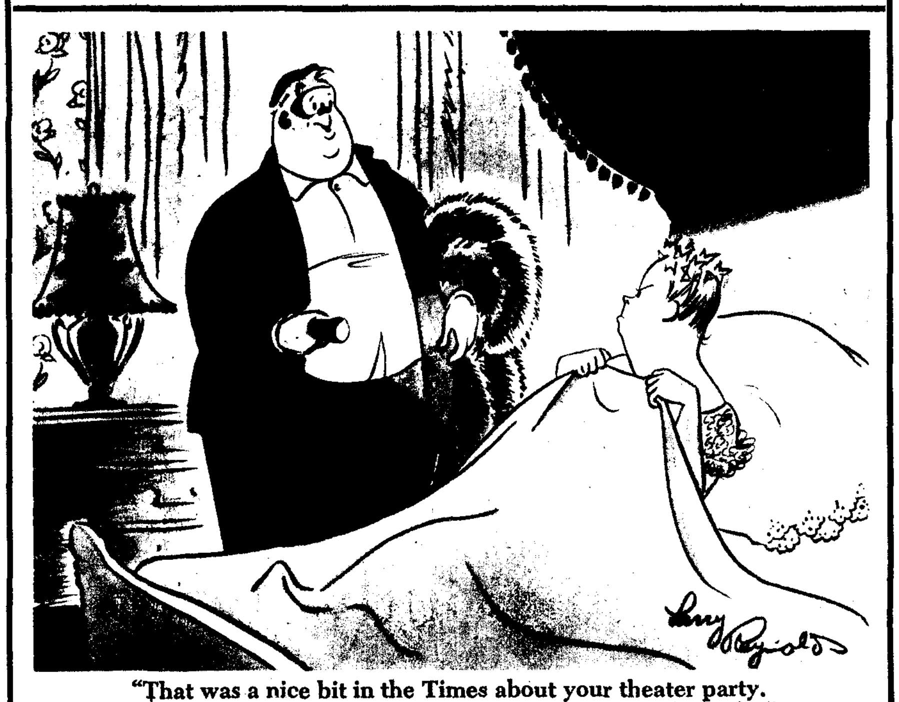
Lavalley suggested we look at the new housing and the public market, for this was a Saturday, traditionally the day farmers came into Saint-Lô to sell their produce. We went out into the hard, sullen rain and passed a half-dozen German prisoners of war walking unconcernedly across the square without a guard.

"We have about two hundred of them clearing the mess they brought on us but they all will be gone by the end of the year," Lavalley said curtly. "They work hard, they mind their business and the people leave them alone."

It was predicted by Americans in 1944 that Saint-Lô never would be rebuilt on the same site. Why waste time and energy, it was argued, on a mess from which nothing could be salvaged? We put the question to Lavalley.

"Many Frenchmen said the same thing," he answered with a wan smile. "They forgot the peasant's affection for his land. It is strange, too, how people feel the need for companionship in time of trouble. You would think they'd scatter in the country where the food is. But no. They huddle together in their common misery. Eight thousand of our

BUTCH by **LARRY REYNOLDS**



"That was a nice bit in the Times about your theater party. I was fascinated by th' description of your blue fox"

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After all, it's natural for you to wonder how to be SURE of pre-war quality whiskey. If so, your wondering days are over. Just be SURE to ask for 7 Crown . . . Seagram's finest American whiskey.

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STORES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES GOOD DEALERS EVERYWHERE

13,000 people already have returned and *the population is rising daily.*"

How long was it estimated the job of rebuilding would take?

He shrugged. "I say ten years and I'm called an optimistic fool. Maybe twenty-five years is a better guess."

The natives converging on the market place trudged through the mud talking in low monosyllables, as though animation would be obscene in the presence of so much desolation. The clouds of gray, acrid dust that rises when debris is moved seemed to have settled on their faces and spirits.

In the market, in a score of rough, wooden stalls covered with tarpaulins, there were chickens, cheeses, vegetables, clothes and household goods on display. Customers gravely examined the merchandise, asked the price, then moved on. The stall that drew the largest knot of folks just looking was selling pastry. It was made without sugar and one cookie cost 18 cents.

Lavalley offered to buy a drink and we went into one of the barracks the government has erected. The place was jammed, but there was no change from the temperature outside. A large pool table in the room was ignored by the patrons who were drinking ersatz coffee, wine or Calvados, the local version of applejack with creosote added for body and flavor.

Normandy always was the great dairy farm of France; in the old days a man couldn't lift all the butter he could buy for a dollar. But in a café at lunch, the waitress informed us butter was rationed and served only at dinner. It was a good lunch—thick soup, a piece of beef close enough to steak to warrant the billing on the menu, fried potatoes and black bread. The cost was 200 francs—about $1.70 at the official rate of exchange or 65 cents at the "business" rate.

The only American relief agency now operating on the Cotentin Peninsula is American Aid to France, Incorporated, which has set up a medical and social center at Coutances, a few miles south of Saint-Lô. Coutances is memorable as the locale of one of the most bizarre sights in the war—the Cow that Tried to Jump Over the Moon. The cow apparently had been grazing on a steep embankment along the highway that carried Patton's tanks to Avranches and into Brittany, when it stepped on a land mine. It was blown into the air and, by a fantastic freak, was caught by the head in the crotch of a tree fully 50 feet above the road. The cow hung there for weeks and anyone with half a functioning nose unerringly detected the offense to same.

Coutances now smells and looks better, particularly in the American Aid to France center. In addition to dispensing free medical supplies and a cup of milk a day to deficient children, the center is doing the best it can with limited funds to lift the morale of the people by occupying their spare time. A workroom with sewing machines for women and tools for men is provided along with a library and one movie a week. It's wonderful what Betty Grable can do for sagging spirits.

It took the 1st Army forty-two days to get from Omaha Beach to Saint-Lô, but the path can be retraced today in less than forty-two minutes. The fields have been reclaimed by cattle at Saint-Mère-Église, where parachuting pathfinders prepared the drop areas for the airborne troops seven hours before the assault from the sea was made. The only lingering trace that a great army marched through Carentan is the Bailey bridge the engineers built—and rebuilt a dozen times under direct shellfire.

At Isigny, where the infantry stood in awed appreciation of the Navy's fire power, the square block that was pulverized by a tremendous barrage of 16-inch shells now is a neat plaza commanded, rather incongruously, by a quick-lunch joint.

The hedgerows are still there, of course, those masses of shrubbery and tough trees growing out of embankments the Normans have been using for centuries as boundaries for their fields and which the doughfoots hated more than the Germans. The Krauts could be conquered, but never the hedgerows. An aerial reconnaissance photo taken before D-Day showed more than 3,900 such natural barriers in an area less than eight square miles, and every one had to be attacked as a separate defensive position. A general office described the hedgerow fighting with a passion rare in official Army documents:

"I doubt if anyone who ever ducked bullets and shells in the hedgerows, waded through the mud on foot, and scrambled over the hedgerows never knowing when he might find himself looking into the muzzle of a German tank gun, will look back on those days with any remembered feeling other than of the deadly, unrelenting fatigue and danger. Except when the Germans counterattacked, there was so little result to show for so much suffering; just a few hedgerows gained, each one just like those already behind and those still to take."

[redacted]

And then there are the cemeteries and Omaha Beach. Graves Registration units were disinterring at all American cemeteries in Normandy during the winter. Canvas curtains and signs forbidding entry shielded their tragic work. We tried to render a small measure of homage at the first, and most isolated, cemetery in France, where those who fell on Omaha Beach were buried. A barrier across a rutted dirt road halted us, and a corporal wearing the flash of the 82d Airborne on his right shoulder and four battle stars on his ETO service ribbon came out of a sentry box. "I could let you in," he said, "but do yourself a favor. It's not a pretty sight. Go on down to the beach and wonder how anybody who hit it on D-Day came out alive."

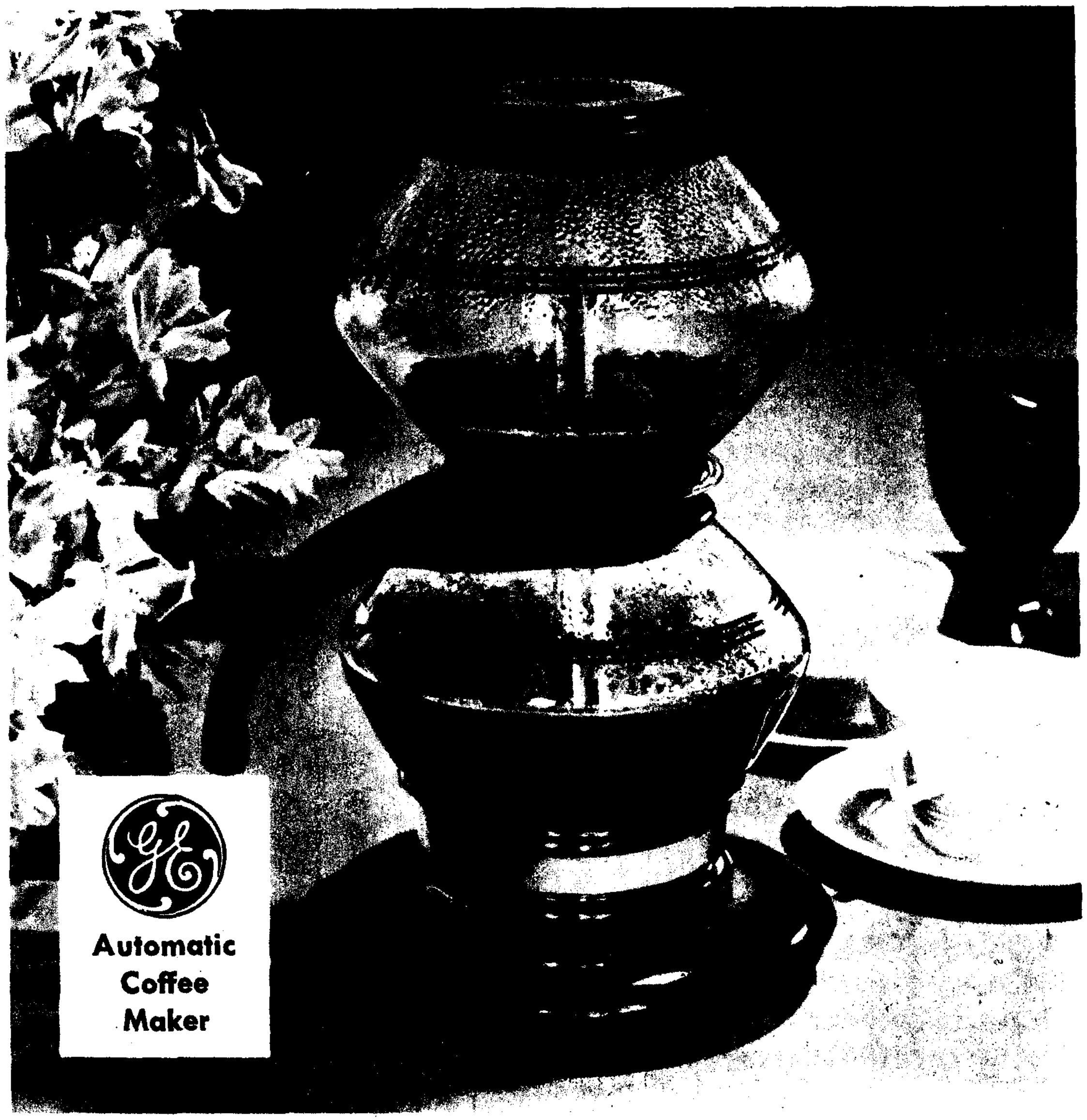
The tide and the dusk were racing across the breakwater of ships that were sunk offshore for the artificial harbor. Mists shrouded the hills, but on the beach the rusting hulks of two landing barges and German barbed wire and shattered gun emplacements still stood as monuments to courage. It should have been an inspiring sight, but the rain and the approaching night could not obliterate the face and smell of death from this strip of sand that wasn't worth one American life and cost 3,000 casualties on the morning and afternoon of D-Day.

We drove up the road to Vierville, a hamlet of six houses clustered around a general store. A weather-beaten sign over the store must have been a macabre joke; it couldn't possibly mean what it proclaimed. And yet it was there, 200 yards from the spot that marked the high tide of American valor and agony. The sign, so help us all, read:

J. STALLIN
Café Épicerie

THE END

It's wonderful! Heavenly coffee... Just by pushing a button!



What a beautiful and useful gift for June brides . . . this marvelous, 2- to 8-cup G-E All-Automatic Tastegard Coffee Maker!

It's such a sparkling, beautiful thing!

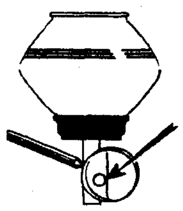
Made of crystal-clear Pyrex,* it will be a proud companion-piece for gleaming new silverware, carefully chosen china.

The big, BIG advantage is that this coffee maker is *completely automatic.* Just add coffee and water, and press the button. That's all you do.

The water goes up *automatically.* Coffee—rich and mellow—comes down *automatically.* And this heavenly coffee keeps hot *automatically.*

With a G-E Tastegard Coffee Maker, you'll need no other coffee maker in the house! For with any model, you can brew as few as two cups—or as many as eight cups—and have *every cup perfect, every time.*

*Trade-mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

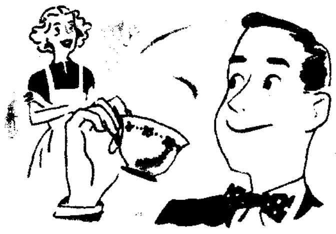


Here's why:

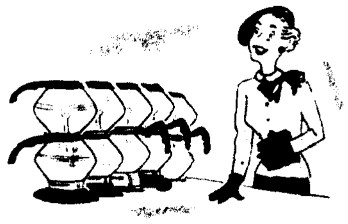
Look at any General Electric Coffee Maker. In the stem of the upper bowl, you'll find a tiny but important hole . . . the Tastegard . . . precisely located to control the temperature at which the coffee brews.

Four pictures of good news about General Electric Coffee Makers

1. With a G-E Tastegard Coffee Maker, you don't have to have different size coffee makers. You can make two cups or eight—or any amount in between—and have every cup *flavor-perfect, every time.*



3. There are five of these wonderful G-E Tastegard Coffee Makers—including automatic and semiautomatic models—at prices to suit your purse. See them at your General Electric retailer's.



2. All G-E Tastegard Coffee Makers have wide-mouth bowls for easy cleaning. And cup measurements are marked right on the bowls for easy measuring.

4. No matter which model you pick, you are sure to get General Electric quality and reliability. And all have the exclusive G-E Tastegard. *General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Conn.*

Every G-E Tastegard Coffee Maker brews 2 to 8 cups . . . every cup perfect, every time!

GENERAL ELECTRIC

You saw something exciting!

Longer, lower, wider—with a poised, graceful silhouette. It was not a "new model" looking pretty much like last year's with its face lifted.

You saw the *all-new* Mercury in a choice of superb body styles—including the new *Six*-passenger Coupe and *Six*-passenger Convertible.

You had to listen hard

to hear the mellow, fine-car purr of that heavenly, *made-for-Mercury* motor. You had to hear it to believe that *this* 8-cylinder, V-type motor was not in a car far beyond Mercury's price class.

You sat on a flying easy chair

with a luxurious "comfort zone" seat cushioning you. You made your own "weather" inside the car —with something they called "Fingertip Weather Control." A controlled flow of fresh, filtered air —no fog on the windshield—no opening to drip water on your stockings. That was comfort you'd dreamed about.

You were happily married to the steering wheel!

You felt so *safe*, so *secure* because Mercury didn't "wind-wander." Mercury didn't "over-steer." Mercury took the curves with ease. Its perfect balance, the way it hugged the road, and its fat new super-balloon tires gave you a ride that was smooth as satin.

You tiptoed into a new world of driving pleasure!

You knew thrills that—until this year—came only to the owners of the costliest cars. You learned about big, new brakes that bring you to a swift, sure, yet *gentle* stop . . . about all-new beauty, comfort, performance . . . about how really *new* a car can be! That's Mercury, 1949 Mercury, the ALL-NEW Mercury!

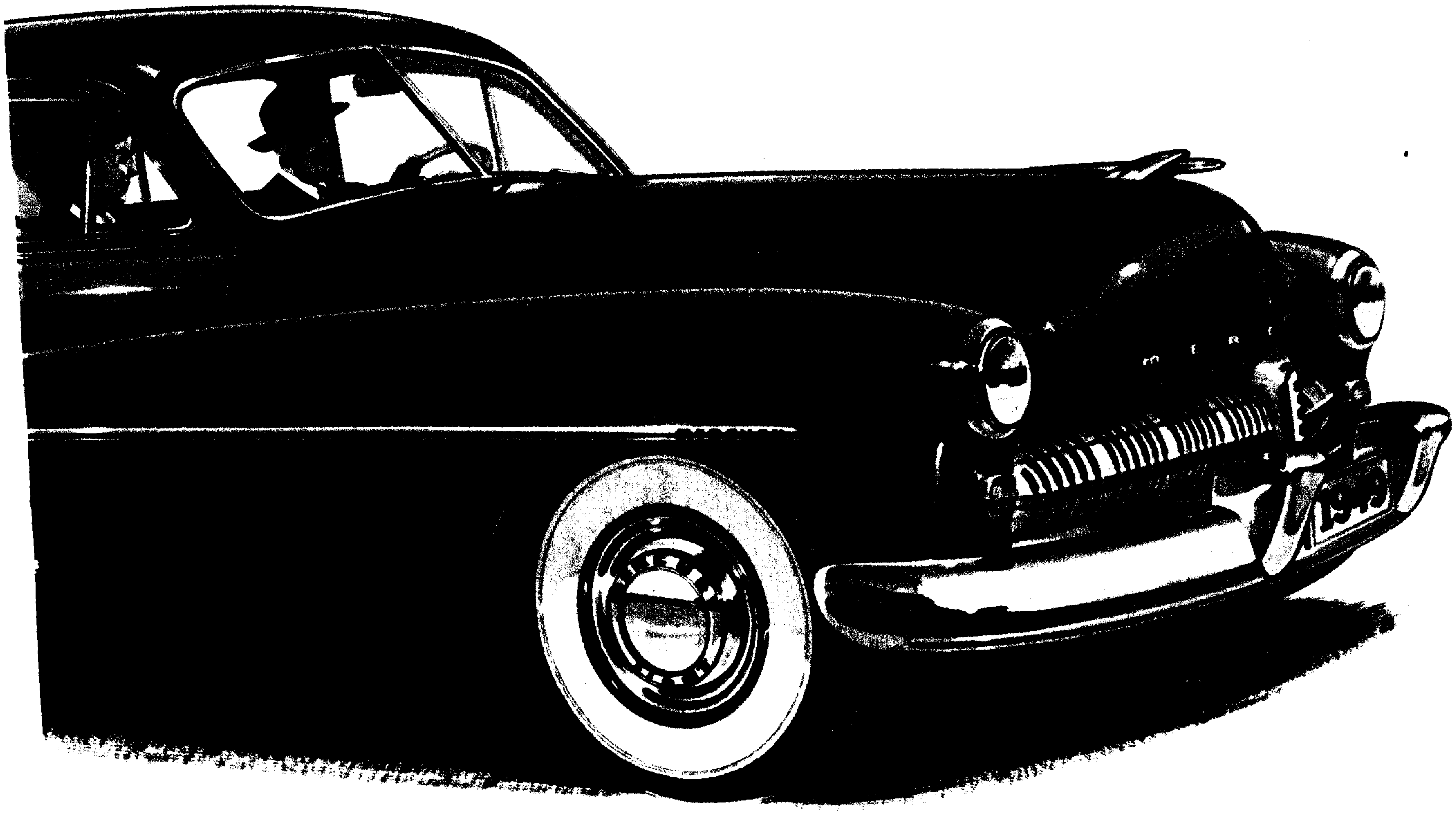
Now you know how new a car can be

The All-New 1949 Mercury

Not a "new model"... it's the

All-New

MERCURY



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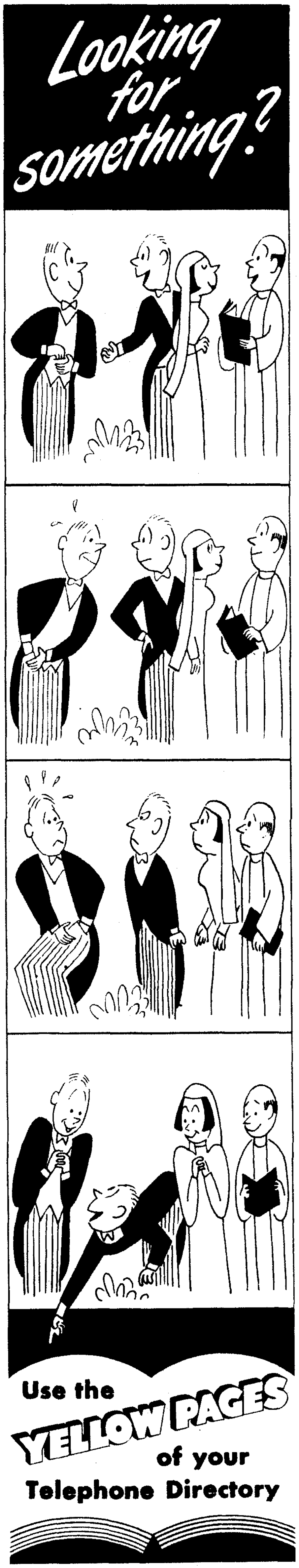

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ONCE TO EVERY WOMAN

Continued from page 25

From behind her came a hard, dry sound, suspiciously like a slap, and her mouth popped open in outraged surprise. A moment later Grant's head appeared beside hers. He was smiling that slow, bland smile of his that always infuriated her, and his left arm was tight around her as she struggled to return his salute.

"Temper, temper," he said, and made a sound like a setting hen. He looked down at her mother, still burdened with the heterogeneous offal from the cabin, and gave her his special smile. There was a close bond between the two, a combination of respect for each other's determination to see things through, and a kind of mutual commiseration for the burdens Ruth imposed upon them.

"Hello, beautiful," he said.

"Hello, yourself," said Daisy, grinning back at him, and thinking what a handsome pair they made. Grant with his lean, blond good looks, and Ruth with her pert little heart-shaped face, her soft young mouth, and her dark, shining hair.

All this time Ruth was struggling to get free. Suddenly she gave a quick, convulsive twist and slipped out of his embrace, and Grant was alone in the window, looking, with that smile on his lips and his straw-colored hair falling over his eyes, like an amiable sheep dog. As usual, when he worked around the place, he was stripped to the waist, and his muscles were like cables under the bronzed skin. His eyes, when you could see them, were gray and calm and widely spaced, and when he smiled, which was often, they crinkled into gleaming slits. He was quite a piece of man. For the thousandth time since she had hired him, a short two months ago, Daisy wondered how she had managed all this with only Ruth to help; and she thought again, with a little stir of panic, what would happen if Grant ever took it into his head to leave. He was foot-loose, she knew; he had told her when he started that he never held a job for more than six months. It was, he said, a matter of principle—he wanted to see the world before he settled down. Only Ruth could make him stay, but she was unpredictable, too; most of the time she went around with stars in her eyes, stumbling over the furniture, but when the mood possessed her she was more difficult than a spoiled child.

"Daisy."

"Yes?"

"Think she loves me?"

"You know she does."

"See you later."

Abruptly the window closed. Sighing, Daisy entered the door directly below to dispose of the bed linen and the bottles and boxes.

TUCKING his shirttails inside his levis, Grant came from the apartment into the lunchroom. Two men were at the counter, gulping a short order of coffee and doughnuts. He waited for them to leave. While he was doing this, his roving eye rested on the copy of Cinema News that Ruth had been reading, and he picked it up and flipped the pages, stopping now and then to utter an enthusiastic cluck at a cutie in a two-piece bathing suit or a harem outfit that did little to conceal her assets. His enjoyment was not lost on Ruth, who betrayed her apparent indifference by pursing her lips in a hard, thin line, and finally by spilling coffee all over the electric plate.

At last the men left. Grant went around to the front of the counter and plopped the magazine down. Ruth meanwhile gathered the plates and dumped them in the hot water, and took a wet cloth and started on the counter. When she came to where Grant sat, apparently submerged in the article on Gloria Cartwright, he looked up, grinned, and raised the magazine high enough for her to wipe off the crumbs.

"It says here," he proclaimed, "that Gloria Cartwright keeps in shape by rolling around on the lawn in the early-morning dew. It says this gives her blood a jolt that makes her skin beautiful. Also, for girls with undeveloped busts," and he made a vulgar, smacking sound, "there's nothing like it. She says it put two inches on hers. Well," he added, looking at Ruth in a detached, analytical sort of way, "I guess you'll never have to roll on any lawn, baby," and reaching over, he pinched her cheek.

Ruth recoiled as if she had brushed against a fiery furnace. Her face, normally a golden tan that Gloria Cartwright would have traded her back teeth for, was suddenly white, and the freckles on her cheekbones stood out like ink spots. There were tears in her eyes as she turned at last and looked at him.

"Besides being beautiful," she said in a thin, trembling voice, "Gloria Cartwright is a wonderful actress. She's probably the greatest actress in the world, that's all. She can say more by raising her eyebrows than most others can by talking ten minutes, with gestures. Of course," she went on, "there are always those who prefer burlesque," and she gave Grant a certain kind of look.

"What's wrong with burlesque?" he demanded, resting his elbows on the counter. "Lots of our very best actresses got their start hiding behind a fan."

"You just wouldn't understand," said Ruth, brushing her tears away. "Trouble with you is you're lopsided. Anything you don't see just doesn't exist. You take me for a ride in that so-called car of yours, and there's just one thing in your mind. All you want to do is park along some dark road and neck. Well, kissing's fun, and I guess I'd be an awful liar if I said I didn't like kissing you, but, my gosh, there are other things, too. I don't know, maybe I'm extra sensitive, but for my money the man who treats a person with even *that much* respect," and she pinched her thumb and forefinger together to show how little was required, "he's the one that rings the bell."

"You know," Grant said, "every time you see that Gloria Cartwright babe it's days before you get back to normal. Wait a minute," he said, seeing she was about to protest. "You've got the same fault a lot of other people have—you believe only what you want to believe. You never realize what those movie people are really like. This Jeremy Baird, for instance—I seem to remember a little unpleasantness about him, a couple of years ago. Something about a narcotics charge, as I recall. Of course, he was acquitted, but I wonder if it'd been me, say, whether I'd have got off with just a rap on the knuckles."

"He never—"

SLAPPING the magazine with the back of his hand, Grant continued, "Then there's Gloria herself. Sure, she's a good actress—she ought to be, after all these years—but what's she like when you peel the paint and the gowns away? I mean, what's she like *inside?* Just a babe, that's all. Ten years ago she was wowing the sailors in a joint on Scollay Square, in Boston. She had another name then. She was known as Vivienne Vaughan, and she wore an outfit consisting of three pompons—"

"Sure," said Ruth, tossing her head, "and before that she worked in a flea circus, and before *that* she was a hostess in a taxi dance hall. I know, I've heard them all, and they're all lies. The fact is she was brought up in very strict surroundings. Her folks wanted her to be a nun, and when she finally made up her mind to study under Madame Danilovna, her mother actually pined away and died."

"Nuts," said Grant, running his fingers through his hair, "we're talking in circles. I don't care if she went to Vassar—what I'm trying to say is the Cartwright you see on the screen is a heck of a lot different from the flesh-and-blood Cartwright that once in a while comes down with an old-fashioned bellyache, or an ingrown toenail, just like the rest of us."

"That may be so," Ruth answered, "but even the real Cartwright would get sore if a man called her names and slapped her on the—if he treated her like a kid sister. Last night, for instance, when you—"

"Would you like it better if I gave you

B TOBEY
COLLIER'S
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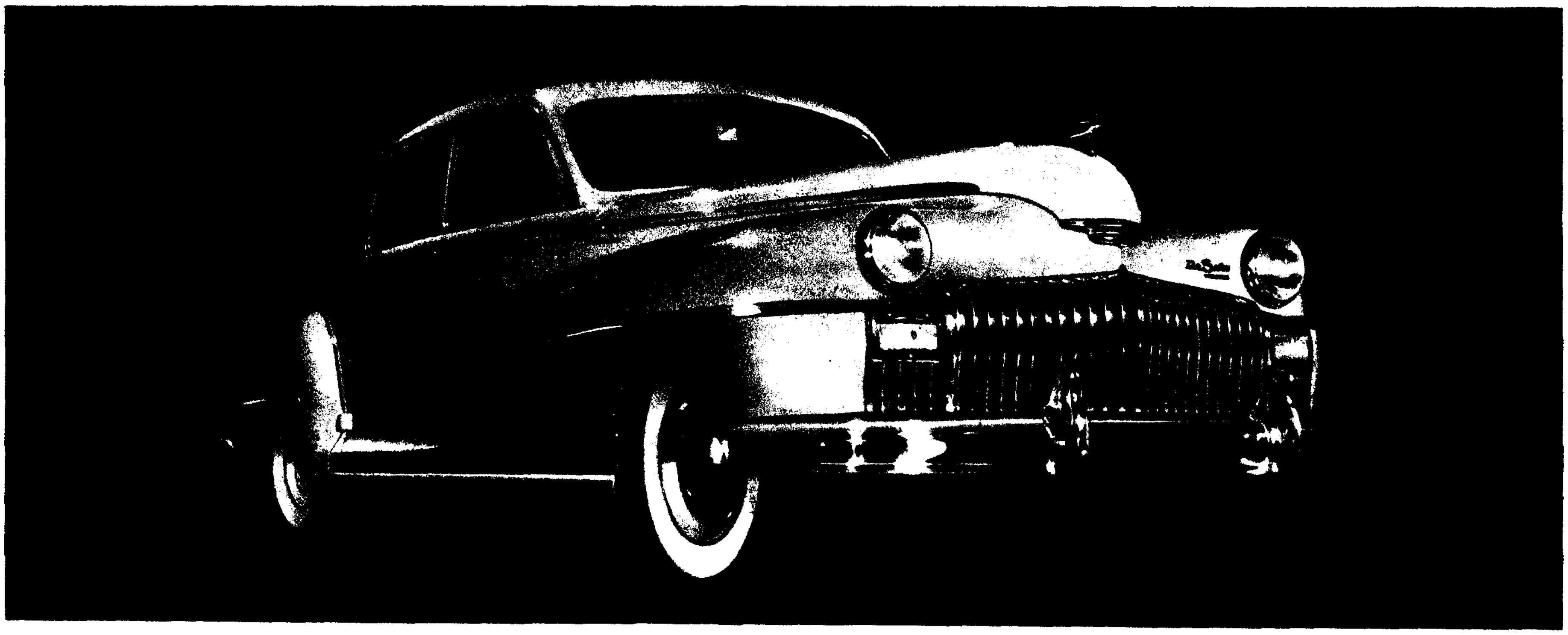
Just as a **DESOTO** owner would never go back to an ordinary car after *driving without shifting*... neither would he ride on ordinary tires once he has felt the incredible smoothness of the new Super-Cushion tires with which DeSoto is now equipped.



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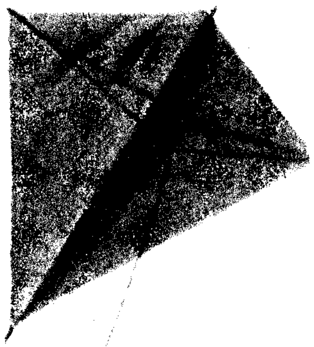
see what's in the wind for father...



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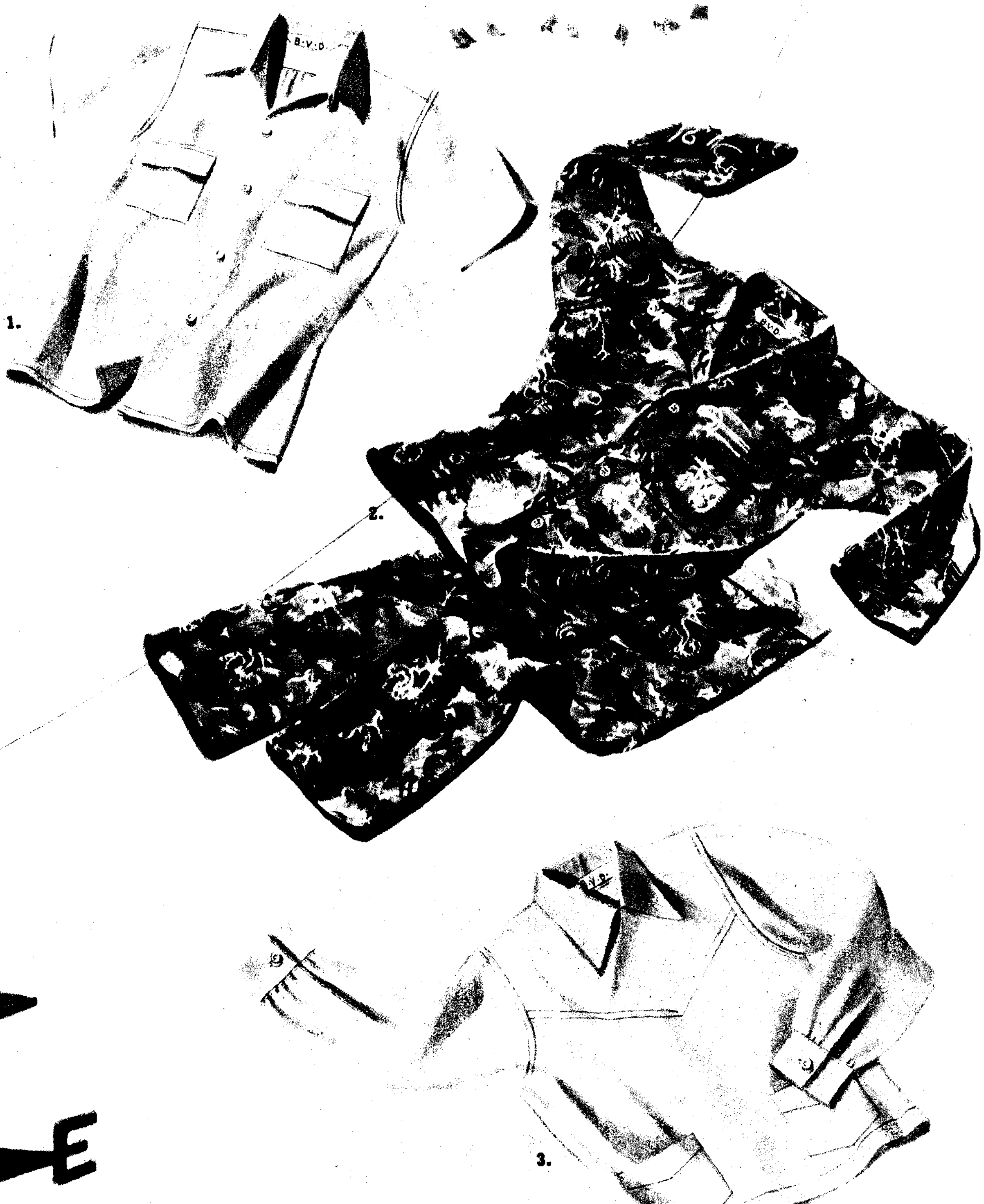
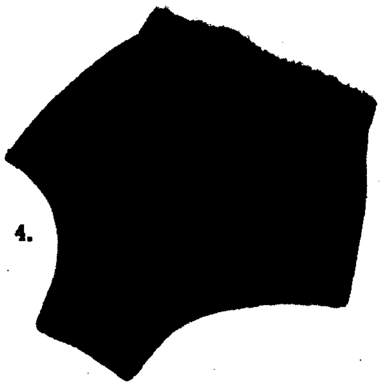
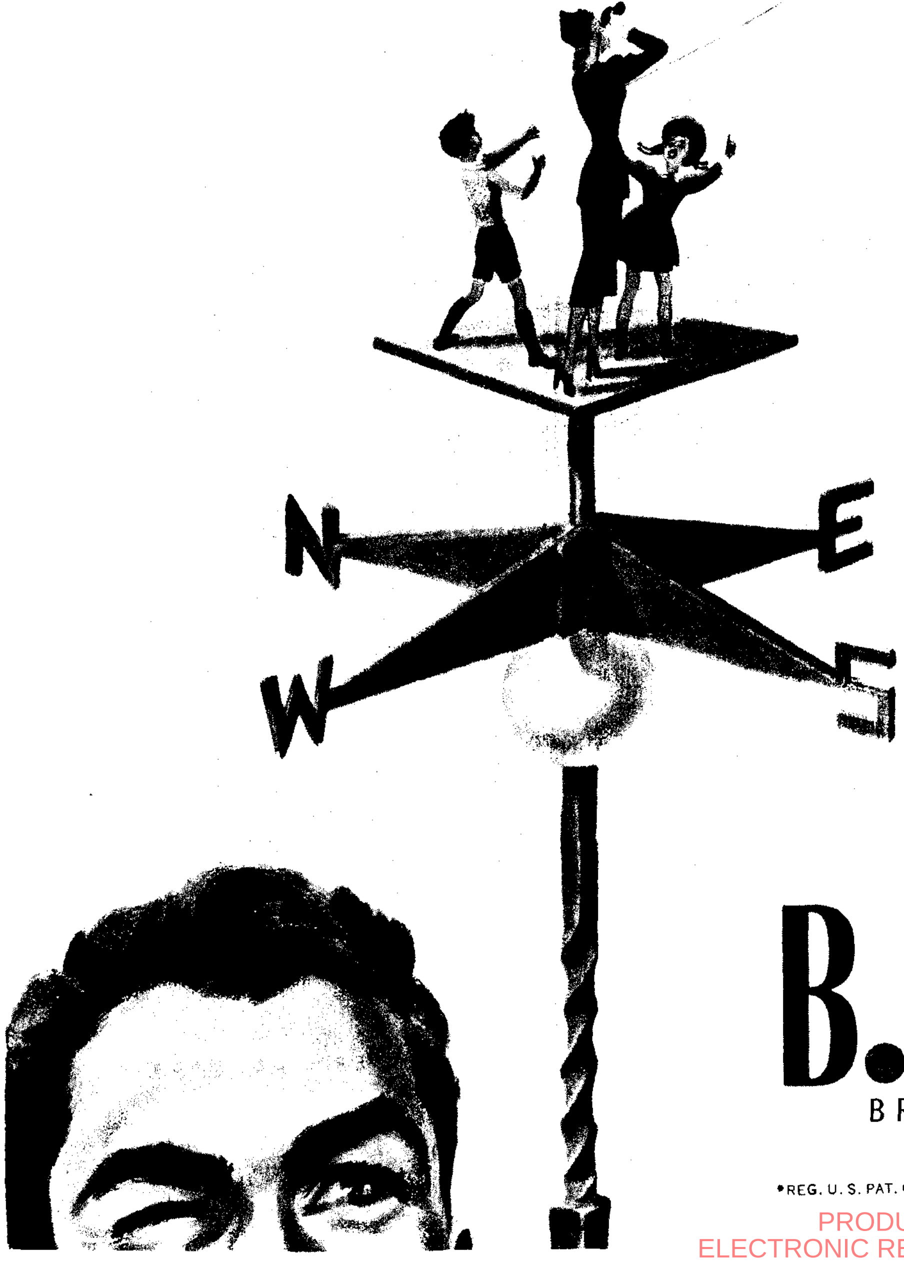
4. Dad shows good form in sleek, smooth B.V.D. swim trunks, snug-fitting, colorful, action-free.







B.V.D.
BRAND

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

"Next to myself I like 'B.V.D.' best!"

FATHER'S DAY IS JUNE 20th

the oil?" demanded Grant. His voice had dropped an octave and become the soft, unguent voice of Jeremy Baird. "Darling," he whispered, "come with me. What's done is done—there are just two of us now—two against the world—we'll go somewhere, anywhere, make a new start—" His voice returned to normal. "Would you like that better?"

"Grant, you just don't understand."

"I understand," he said, and his eyes grew hard. "What you're trying to say is you'd rather listen to a lot of hot air from a jerk with the morals of a hyena than the things I have to say—one of them being that I happen to be nuts about you." He paused. "Maybe I don't say it like a poet," he went on, "and maybe I don't spend *all* my time in white tie and tails, but at least you know when I say something I mean it." He waited for the sounds of a passing truck to subside, and then went on: "If you're so gone about that Baird baboon, why don't you go up and see him? The paper said he was spending a couple of days at Tahoe, along with your dream girl and a lot of other glamorpusses. It's only twenty-eight miles," he said, getting up and ramming his hands into his pockets.

The silence was so deep that Ruth could hear the rush of blood in her ears, and she could not speak. She knew what she wanted to say, but all she could do was stand with her hands clenched at her sides.

"Well," Grant said in a tight voice, opening the door, "I'm on my way to Placerville. Is there anything you want?" He was pale, and his mouth was set in a thin, unhappy line.

Fear twisted her heart suddenly.

"What are you going to Placerville for?" she asked, in a voice that seemed to come from someone else.

"Well," said Grant, "I suppose pal Jeremy could find a more romantic way to say it, but me, I'm just going to pick up a couple of toilet bowls."

AFTER the luncheon rush was over, Ruth went to the apartment and stood looking at herself in the full-length mirror on the door. Working over the stove and running from table to table had heightened her color, so that she gave the illusion of health; but peering into the depths of her dark eyes she shook her head with the sad and secret knowledge that from now on, it could only be a matter of time. In her mind she saw herself stretched out, cold and beautiful, in a vast room with heavy drapes drawn over the windows and four great candles, one at each corner of her bier, shedding their soft radiance over all that remained of the young *contessa*. A darker shadow detached itself from the shadows in the corner, and her heart contracted with love and pain, for it was Jeremy Baird, here at last from far-off America, to say goodby. In the diffused light his hair gleamed like spun gold, and his wide shoulders shook as he tried to stifle a sob. His gray eyes—

Something was wrong. If this was Jeremy, what was he doing with blond hair and gray eyes—and shoulders as broad as a sofa? On the other hand, if it was Grant, how come he was whispering in that low, intimate way, each sentence ending on a rising note, like a question? Suddenly agitated at the somehow indecent idea of one man's psyche in another man's body, of Jeremy's tender, fierce, romantic soul rattling loosely around in Grant's colossal hulk, her mind swung from the chapel where she lay, glamorous in death, back to the little living room. Her mother was standing in the doorway, watching her with a familiar expression on her face, the sort of expression she wore in earlier days when she caught Ruth sacking the cakebox. Her face came slowly into focus.

"Hello, Daisy."

"May I come in?"

"Of course, darling. I was just getting ready to go back."

Daisy came right to the point.

"What's the matter with Grant? What was it this time?"

"Oh, I don't know. Nothing. Tell me, Daisy, how was it with you and Dad before you were married? I mean—well, for instance, what were some of the names he called you?"

"Names?" said Daisy, sitting down and turning her glance inward—"Well, once in a while, if he was feeling extra good, he'd call me—Petunia." She blushed. "Sometimes, when he wanted to tease me, he'd call me Little Pipsqueak. Also Dumpling and Pumpkin and—uh—Patootie."

"Bet he never called you Monkey Face," said Ruth bitterly, "or Stinky."

"Is that what's bothering you? Baby, you've got an awful lot to learn."

"Maybe I have, but how'd *you* like it

TRANSPOSAGRAM

BY ALAN MURRAY

The villagers had known Mary from childhood, and now that she had come home in uniform with a secret government assignment they watched her every move. Somehow every telegram she sent or received got to be public property, but because most of her messages were in code, they didn't learn much. When Lieutenant Wilgus came to see her, they assumed it was on official business, so they didn't pay much attention when Mary sent the lieutenant, with a big smile, this transposagram:

●

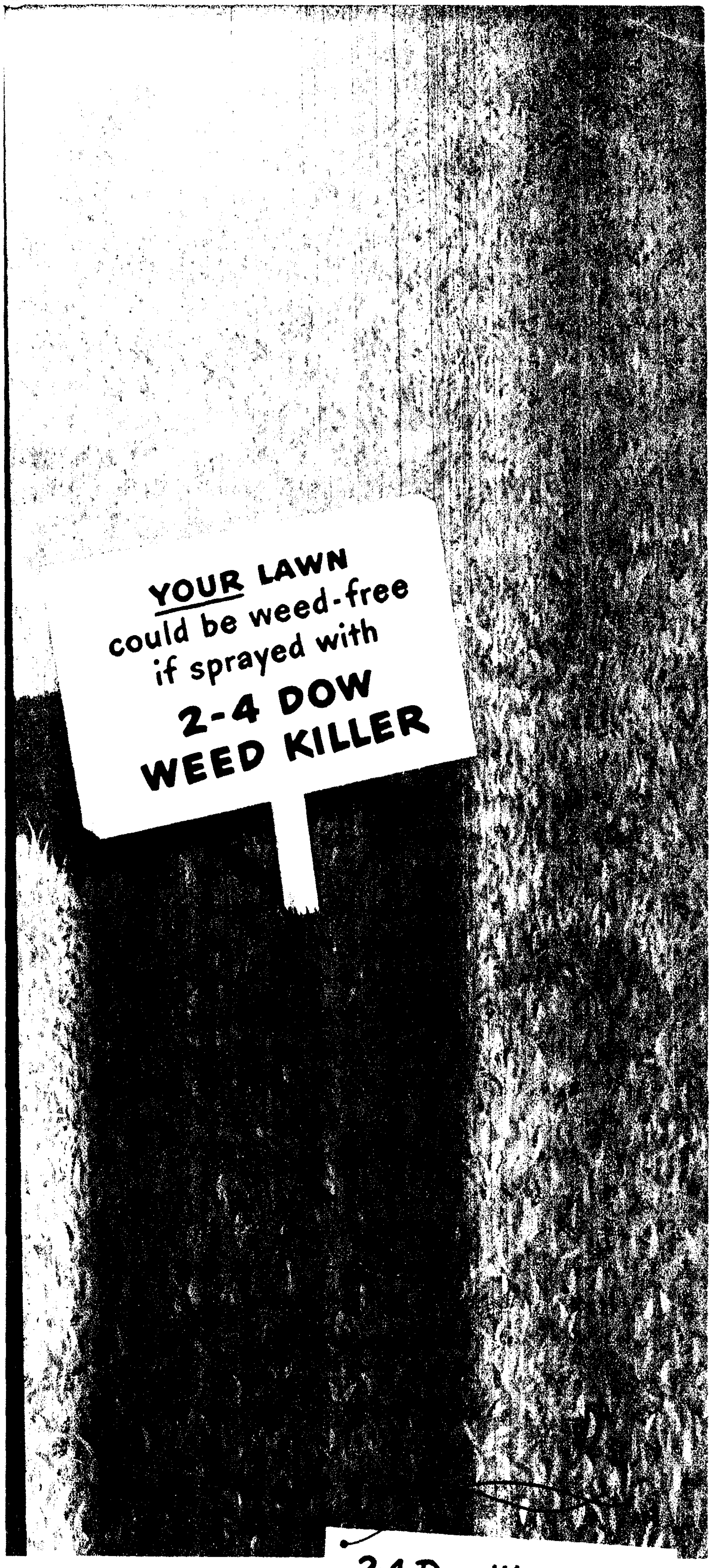
WEATHER RAINS WRECK ENEMY

□□■CAN■□□□□□.

□□■□□R□□■WEEKS

Instructions: When transposed, the letters of the transposagram above form a message in one complete sentence. Change the order of the letters and insert them in the empty boxes to form the sentence. A number of letters have already been inserted in their correct boxes. The empty spaces show the length of the words in the message.

(Solution to Transposagram on page 82)



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It's the modern, *chemical* way to kill ugly weeds without killing grass. Just spray 'em away with 2-4 DOW. Your lawn, free of weeds, is easily encouraged to achieve green-velvet beauty. Dow research—out to "get" the weed *everywhere*—has provided a variety of weed-killing sprays for many purposes.

2-4 Dow Weed Killer

DOW

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Cory Buffet Queen for extra guest occasions. Brews 6 to 16 cups, $27.75

Cory Coffee Service with Rubberless Brewer. Complete, only $13.95

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Cory Electric Coffee Grinder gives ground-to-order flavor freshness every time. $19.95

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HE'LL LOVE HER COFFEE AND SHE'LL LOVE THE NEW CORY RUBBERLESS BREWER

She'll brew the most delicious coffee ever—with the new Cory Rubberless Coffee Brewer. The flavor is fuller, richer. There's no rubber, no metal to impart foreign taste or odor. And without rubber, there's no twisting, no tugging, less accidental breakage. All this—and Cory Flame-Tested glass, too! 3 sizes, $4.95 up

FLAME-TESTED *for quality*

CORY

the only All-Glass coffee brewer

© 1948, Cory Corporation, Chicago 1, Ill.

if your boy friend smacked your fanny every time you got into his car? And pinched your cheeks, as if you were twelve years old? How'd you like—"

"Darling," said Daisy, getting up and putting her hands on her daughter's shoulders, "if Grant calls you those horrible names, it's just because he loves you."

"Love," said Ruth, making a face. "How can a man love a girl he doesn't respect? Why can't he at least *act* like a gentleman? Last night, for instance, right in the middle of the picture, when Gloria Cartwright was saying goodby to Jeremy Baird, and she knew she'd never see him again because the doctors said she was hopeless; well, right where Jeremy took her in his arms and was telling her how he loved her, this Grant creature slumps down in his seat and *yawns.* You could hear it all over the theater."

"Grant's a realist," said Daisy. "It was probably getting a little thick for him."

"It wasn't thick, it was beautiful."

"Well, maybe he saw those two for what they really were—just a couple of ordinary people dressed up and rehearsed to say things they'd never dream of saying in real life."

"That's not so," said Ruth, her voice beginning to break. "Can you imagine Jeremy Baird being anything but a perfect gentleman? A man with eyes like that—eyes that tell a woman she's the most important thing in the world? Or Gloria being anything but a lady? No, Daisy, they're just not made that way."

"Well, honey," said her mother, starting for the back steps, "all I can say is, if you really love Grant, and want to keep him, you'd better mend your ways." Halfway down she stopped, and for a moment they stared at each other like strangers meeting on a path. "His kind doesn't grow on trees," she said, and went on down.

OUT of the line of traffic coming from Lake Tahoe swung a long, glittering convertible with enough chromium-plated accessories to stock a store. It sped across the gravel and stopped in front of the lunchroom with a sound like the tearing of fabric, and the front end dipped as if in reverence. Standing inside the screen door, Ruth watched a man and a woman get out. Like the car, they were lean and decorative, the man in gabardine slacks and a hound's-tooth jacket, the woman in a blue linen dress, simple and trim, the deceptively casual kind that none but the rich can afford. They were both short, no more than five feet four, and tanned the color of old leather. Shielding their eyes were the kind of sunglasses pilots wear, with a plastic bar over the nose. The man's black hair shone like painted metal, and he walked with small, fussy, impatient steps, swinging his arms like a clever toy.

He ran up ahead of the woman and seeing Ruth at the door, said, "Can we get a steak here?" His voice was deep, disproportionate to the slim body, and somehow familiar.

"Yes," said Ruth, and suddenly, as the door opened, she recognized them. They were Gloria Cartwright and Jeremy Baird. It was almost more than she could stand. Numbly she followed them to the counter, her feet moving through no apparent will of her own, her hands like weights at her sides. Slowly, with the careful co-ordination of a sleepwalker, she laid the silverware before them, filled two glasses with water, set them down without spilling, and waited for the sound of his voice.

"New York cut," he said. "Make it rare. *Very* rare. *Blood* rare. Hashed-brown potatoes. Sliced tomatoes. Milk."

With what was left of her powers of observation, Ruth noted that even in so prosaic a matter as giving an order, his voice was like music, and that his speech ended, as it always did, on a rising note. Fascinated, she watched as he flipped back his sleeve and looked at his watch, a small, circular masterpiece with diamonds for numerals, and a flexible gold band. "Well," he said finally, staring straight at Ruth but obviously addressing his companion, "what are *you* having?"

"Oh," said Gloria, taking a lipstick out of her bag to define the contours of her celebrated mouth, "I'm not very hungry. Cottage-cheese sandwich, I guess, on whole wheat, and a cup of coffee, please."

FOR a while, as she hovered over the toast and sliced the tomatoes, Ruth was beyond range of their voices. In the refrigerator she found an enormous steak, thick, dark, and succulent, that she had stashed away for the next double order. She arranged the potatoes in an almost perfect circle beside the meat, and she filled a glass with half-and-half instead of ordinary milk. Down at the other end she saw Gloria make a familiar gesture—hands out, palms up, in an attitude of supplication—that reminded her of that wonderful scene in Demented where she lay on the couch in the doctor's office and tried to explain what was happening to her.

Ruth spread the toast with real butter, not the melted margarine she usually applied with a brush; and though she had a practically new package of cottage cheese in the front of the refrigerator, she got a fresh one from the back. In her imagination she saw Gloria back in Hollywood, telling her friends of this perfectly wonderful little spot she and Jeremy had discovered on their way back from Tahoe. She saw a steadily increasing stream of actors and producers drop in and recommend it to other actors and producers, till it became so popular they had to phone for reservations.

Or, better yet, she saw Jeremy in a huddle with some big producer, telling him for Pete's sake to hurry up to Pine Grove Haven and get this kid's name on a contract before someone beat him to it, because—

"—because she's a natural. I mean she's got *everything*—beauty, voice, brains and a smile like a klieg light. You know, the wholesome type. Man, if you don't catch the first plane up, you'd better have your head examined—"

It could happen.

"Is there anything else?"

The dark glasses swung at her, and for a startled moment she remembered an illustration she had seen years ago in an old biology text, of a head-on photograph of an ordinary fly, magnified to incredible proportions; the eyes, the black, shining eyes that covered almost all its face, were like windows in the sun.

"That'll be all," said Jeremy, and turned to Gloria. Something was wrong. Her mouth was twisted, and her long, thin fingers were spread on the edge of the counter like the spokes of a wheel. There was a long silence, and then Jeremy said something to Gloria in a low, voice, and very slowly the hands and the mouth relaxed.

"That'll be all," he said, aiming his glasses at Ruth. His voice was no longer low and melodious; it had come up an octave and it was edged; it jarred on her teeth like a drill. She went to the far end and pretended to be *filling* the sugar bowls; but the eyes behind the glasses kept boring into her with the sharp insistence of an awl, and after a while she turned and went down the corridor to the apartment.

Then she did a shameful thing. She opened the door, waited for the time it would take to go through, and slammed it, hard. As far as the two at the counter were concerned, she was in the next room; but she was not, she was only around the corner, pressed flat against the wall like an ordinary sneak.

For a long while the thump of her heart was all she heard, but finally she heard Jeremy say: "—have to louse things up, after Grossman had it all arranged. It was a natural, too—"

"I keep telling you," said Gloria in a voice like a poor recording, "I was sick. I could hardly hold my head up. Migraine—I wouldn't wish it on my worst enemy. My God, Jerry, you know how much sleep I got last night. Did you want me to pass out right there on the platform?"

"Nuts," said Jeremy. "All you had to do was sit there while those babes walked past. Hell, I was the one on the spot, trying to pick a beauty queen from a crowd of damned heifers."

There was a long pause punctuated by the sounds of eating—silverware against china, and the clink of glass set down —and then he said, "You know, I think you're jealous. You probably figured I've been getting too much advertising and when Grossman came along with this two-judge deal—the most romantic team in Hollywood, and isn't that a laugh—you saw a chance to spike my wagon. Well, baby, let me set you straight—as far as I'm concerned, you've had it."

"Darling, you don't understand—" Gloria began.

"The hell I don't. I understand a lot of things I never even thought about a year ago. I understand the only thing you live for is good old Cartwright. I understand now why people are always so damned anxious to have you at their parties. They figure as long as you're around, at least they won't get stabbed in the back—"

"Shut up!"

"Don't tell *me* to shut up," said Jeremy, in a voice not even remotely like his own. "One more crack out of you and you'll walk home." A thin, metallic ringing echoed in the room. "Where's that girl?" he asked, banging on the glass. "Waitress!" he yelled.

Slowly, with the delicate precision of the very old, Ruth crept back to the door, opened it, waited a moment, and shut it again, remembering, in the midst of holocaust, to complete the poor illusion. Her hands as they took the bill were cold and rigid, and her eyes so blurred she could not make change.

"Skip it," said Jeremy as she stood gaping helplessly into the register. From far away came the sound of the door, and a moment later the whine of a starter. The great engine roared, coughed, spat, roared again, and settled down to a kind of rhythmic purr. Ruth turned toward what was left of her dream. Gloria was closing her bag. For a moment they looked at each other, Gloria with the brief, impersonal glance of a stranger in a public place, Ruth with her whole soul crowded into her eyes.

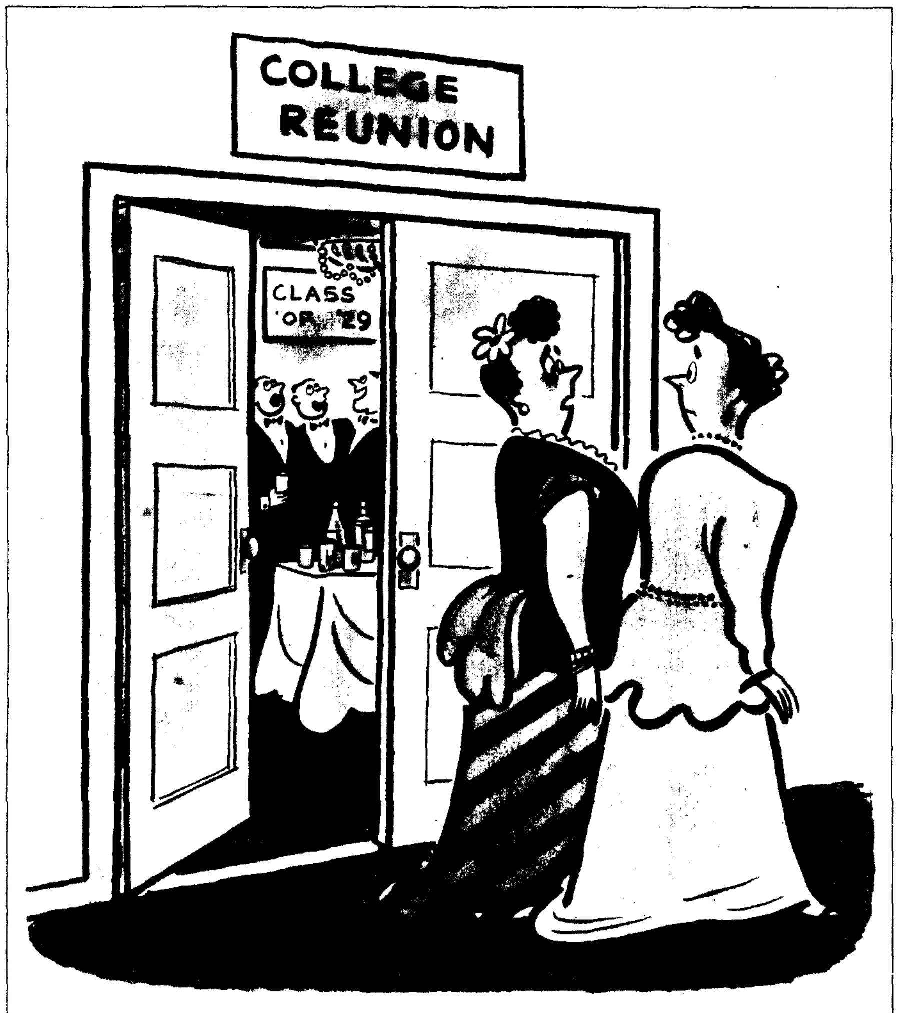
Outside, the engine roared again, and the horn blared twice. Gloria tucked the bag under her arm, turned a smile on and off like a light in a dark room and went out. The car was already moving, and she had to trot beside it like a dog on a leash until she reached the door. The moment she was in, even before the door slammed shut, the car lurched ahead.

MECHANICALLY, Ruth washed silverware and plates and glasses, and put them back where they belonged. She wiped the counter. She scraped the grill and polished the mirror and went over the refrigerator with a soft cloth and cleansing powder.

Desperately she seized a broom and started sweeping. When the sweeping was done she looked around for something else to keep her busy. There was nothing. For a moment she stood leaning against the broom, then the broom dropped and she was sitting at the counter with her head on her arms, crying in long, shuddering sobs.

That was the way Grant found her, five minutes later, on his return from Placerville with a contrite heart, and a five-pound box of candy. Some things a man will never know, not if he lives to be a thousand. Grant would never know what it really was that made Ruth act as if she could not get enough of him, holding him so close he could feel the beat of her heart, kissing him until it hurt. He thought it was the candy.

THE END



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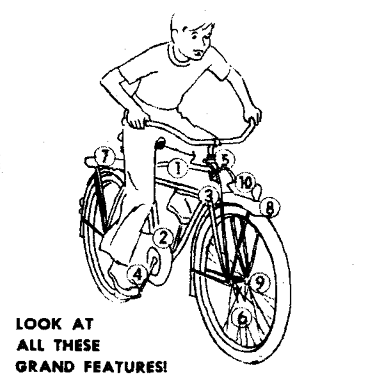

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Select a Kaywoodie for him
for Father's Day

OUT OF THIS WORLD

Continued from page 17

hundred years ago, a small glass established certain facts—but what did these facts mean? As the years passed, each larger instrument turned up more and more facts—but still left the main questions unsolved. Judging by the past, the Palomar eye will produce still more facts to baffle the astrophysicists.

We climb out of the capsule to the traveling bridge, which has come crawling up the inside of the dome. The tiny platform carries us down to the base of the dome, and from there a conventional elevator takes us farther down to the main floor. Here, to one side, glinting under hooded lamps, is the main control board. On its level surface are dials and switches and lettered buttons.

At the back are two clocks; one shows Pacific standard time, the other keeps sidereal time. This is nearly (but not quite) "star time"—and is found usually only in an astronomer's observatory. A sidereal clock runs faster than an ordinary clock by about four minutes a day. So it wouldn't be of any use for civil purposes, because its noon may occur at various times of day or night throughout the year. But it is valuable to an astronomer. For example, with the sidereal time and the known position of an invisible star, comet, etc., the observer can point the telescope onto the object, and then by a little checking with star charts he can pick up and center this otherwise invisible object.

Meet the Man at the Controls

Bruce Rule, in heavy sweaters and stocking cap against the chill, stands at the controls. He started with the Big Eye years ago, halted briefly for Naval Reserve service and is now back, engineering the telescope. He and others designed and supervised the building of most of the complicated electrical mechanism. At his finger tips is one of the most intricate and sensitive machines on earth. Its job is to find any known star within a period of seconds and swing 140 tons of steel and glass dead onto this star in a few seconds more. So delicately is the telescope balanced that a one-twelfth horsepower motor moves it.

"Could be one-fiftieth horsepower for that matter," says Bruce. "We're overpowered."

The squawk box at his elbow groans. Dr. Bowen has gone back up into the capsule and is calling down for another star. "Give me any star."

Bruce hauls out a star catalogue, a thick volume that is one of a set of five. In this catalogue are listed the characteristics and data of about 33,000 stars.

"Plenty more stars but that's all the catalogue carries," says Bruce, running a finger down the column. "Here's one for Doc. Gamma Leonis—the third brightest star in Leo. It's a binary—double star . . . Ready, Dr. Bowen?"

The squawk box growls again. Bruce pushes buttons, twirls levers, flips switches. The great dome rumbles around in the blackness above; the telescope tilts and swings, and Bruce, watching the dials, cuts the power. Silently, the instrument drifts slowly to a stop.

"Right on," says the voice from above, approvingly. Gamma Leonis is centered on the crosslines on the glass far above, his twin stars shining brightly.

Gamma Leonis is a giant yellow sun twenty times the diameter of our own sun. It is 150 light-years away—and if you want to work that out in miles, multiply 186,000 by 60 by 60 again by 24 by 365¼ by 150. The tiny pinheads of light on the glass at Palomar started from Gamma 150 years ago—hardly a human mind can imagine the distance they traveled.

You still don't know how far away Gamma Leonis is? Okay; it's about 880,000,000,000,000 miles away give or take a million miles. And Pollux, that suburban star, is around 176,000,000,000,000 miles out there.

We stand by the opening in the dome and the country below starts to revolve slowly around us. It is really the dome revolving—but try to make your brain believe that. To the south and west and north are tumbled hills and green valleys, all etched in black and white now. Far to the southwest a dim glow marks San Diego. Away to the east the grim snow-capped rampart of the Santa Rosa Range shines coldly white in the moonlight.

The mists are drifting up over the dome and prowling into the observatory through the opening. The flip of a switch closes the leafed diaphragm that protects the mirror. Dr. Bowen comes down the elevator, the curtain lifts to close the aperture against the damp fog, and we all go downstairs to the hot room. It's tucked away carefully, where none of its heat can escape and rise to alter the temperature of the telescope. A few degrees difference at the mirror can throw everything off and spoil the seeing for hours.

Over hot coffee and sandwiches and cookies, the talk turns to Palomar Mountain and its history.

Byron Hill says: "Earthquake-racked southern California might seem the last place on which to mount the world's largest telescope—but Palomar is a safety island of solid granite, not much affected by the heavings and slippings of the near-by terrain, laced with geologic faults. From its top, covering about eight square miles, you can see over much of southern California, and past San Diego to the Coronado Islands. The highest point on the mountain is 6,126 feet above the Pacific; the observatory is a few feet lower, in a shallow valley on the north side."

Many tourists think Palomar is a suburb of Los Angeles—but it's seventy miles from the nearest city, San Diego, and twice that far from Los Angeles. Like all observatories, it is as far as it can get from city lights—there isn't a place to sleep or eat within several miles.

Palomar sometimes has sixty inches of rain a year, and not only is the climate different: It's a different world. Gone are the palms and cacti; the hot desert sands; the waterless brown hills. Up here it is like the Pacific Northwest. Oak, cedar, fir and larch grow tall and the forest floor in the spring is gay with wild azalea, lupines and tiger lilies. Gray squirrels play in the keen mountain air.

The original Indians called the mountain Paauw, which was their word for mountain. The padres named it Sierra del Palomar—Mountain of the Doves. That name was discarded for Smith Mountain for years, but in 1901 the present name was restored. The band-tailed pigeons that gave the name to the place are still around.

Accommodation for Spectators

"We get hundreds of tourists up here during a week," says Byron Hill. "In the observatory there is a glassed-in room from which anyone may see the telescope—but of course it does not operate during daylight."

"If that mirror ever saw the sun I hate to think what would happen," says Dr. Bowen, munching a cookie. . . . "It would heat up, for one thing, so that we couldn't use it for a long time, and it costs about $100 an hour to operate it."

"Mirror's pretty flexible," adds Bruce Rule. "We have all sorts of adjusters on it, so that if it gets out of shape, we can squeeze it or pull it or push it back to a perfect parabola—that is, within a few millionths of an inch."

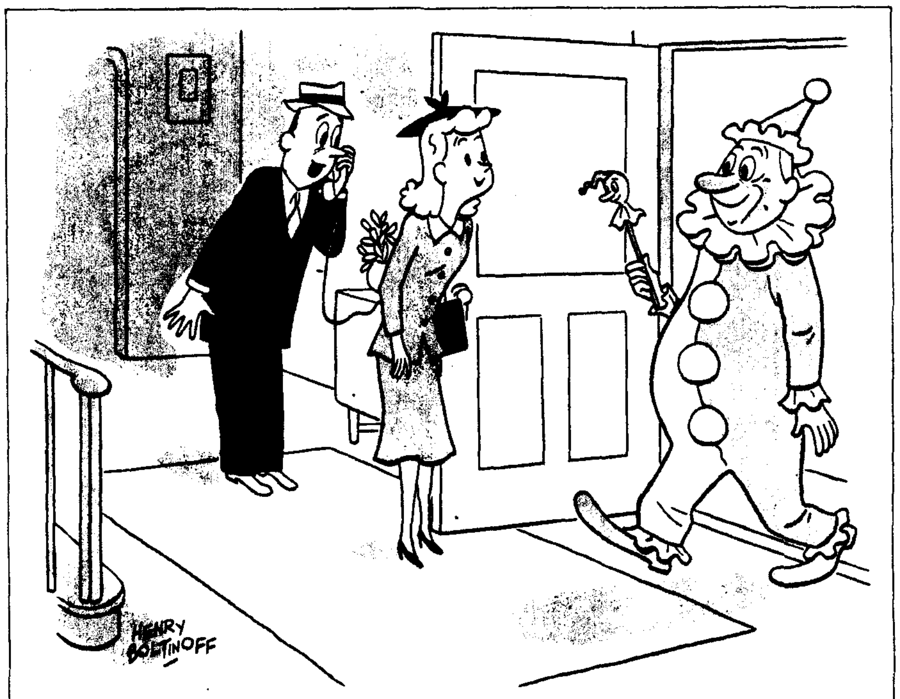
"A parabola? What's that?"

"It's the curve you get if you spin a panful of water fast enough," explains Dr. Bowen. "There's a mathematical formula for it. It's the only curve that will reflect starlight the way we have to have it."

While the cold mists swirl around the great white dome outside, the talk turns to astronomy—a science that still is comparatively young and still is in the fact-collecting stage—and perhaps not very far along at that. From the facts painfully and patiently learned up to now, a few theories have been thought up.

"Slow work," says Dr. Bowen. "It took fifty years just to find out what sun-spots are—and it may take another fifty to find out why."

Humanity's notion about its little world has gone through several phases already. At first, anyone who thought about it figured it was just a flat place, and didn't bother to account for sun,



"We'll be over, Al. We lined up a terrific baby-sitter"

COLLIER'S HENRY BOLTINOFF

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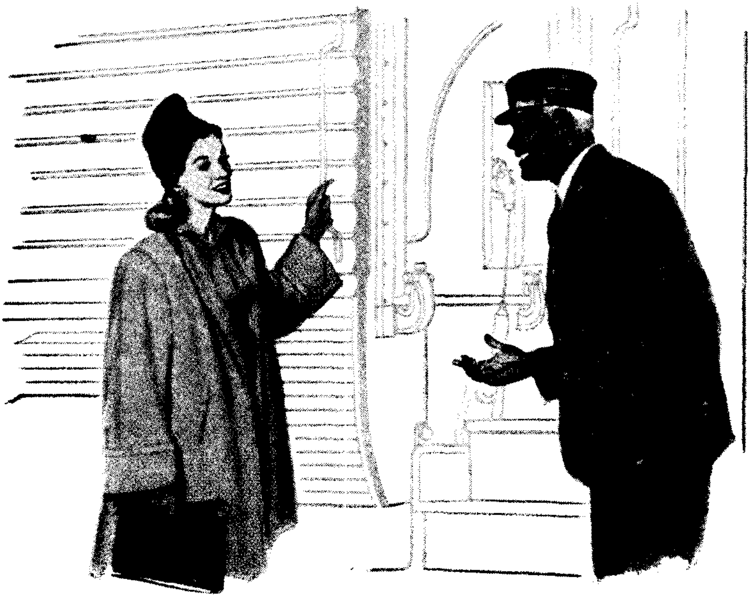
Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester 4, N. Y.

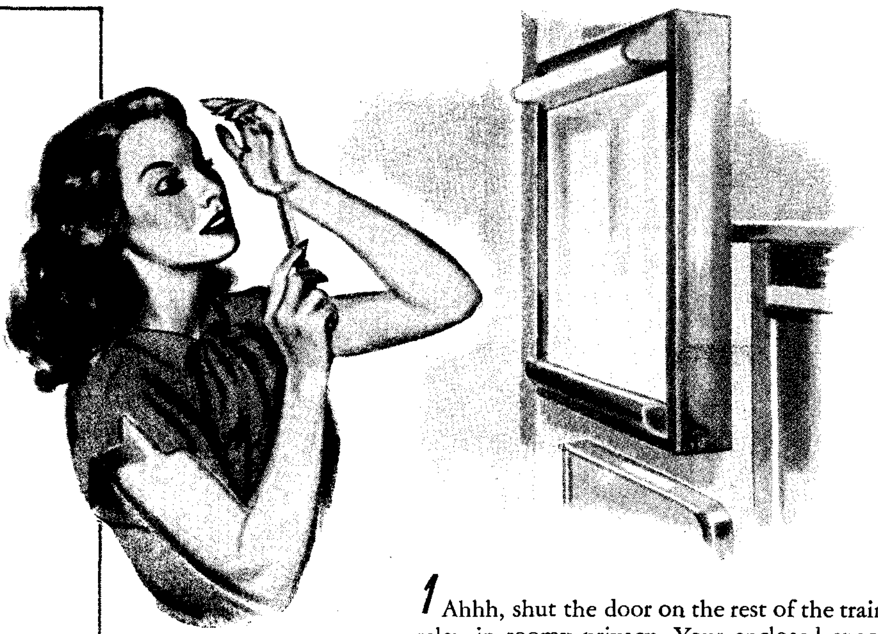
Only Eastman makes Kodak Film...the film in the familiar yellow box

"KODAK" IS A TRADE-MARK

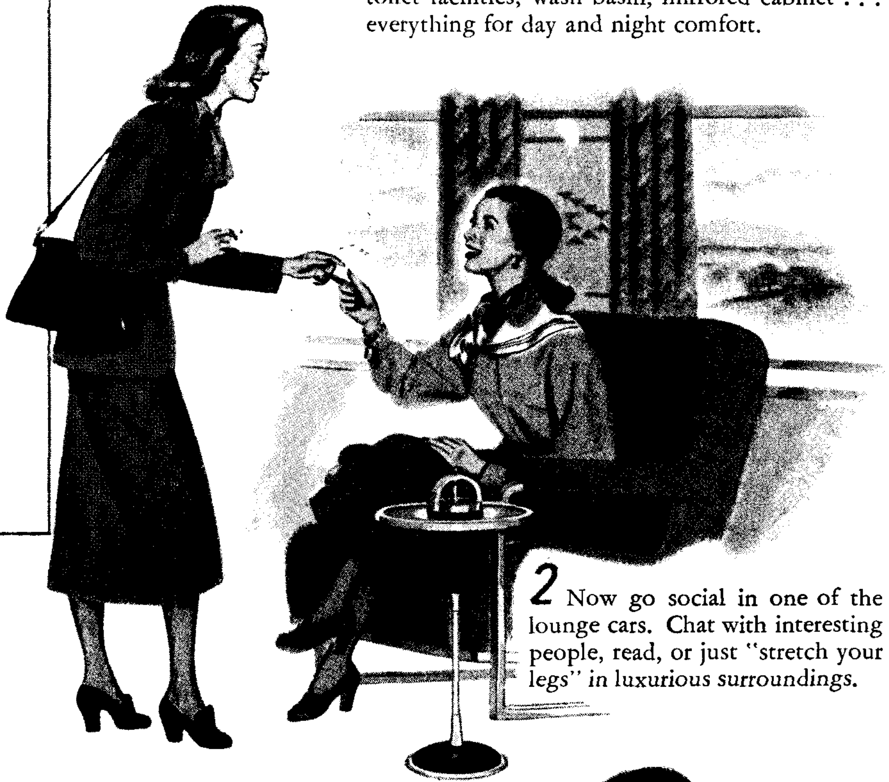
The Lady Takes a Trip on the Santa Fe



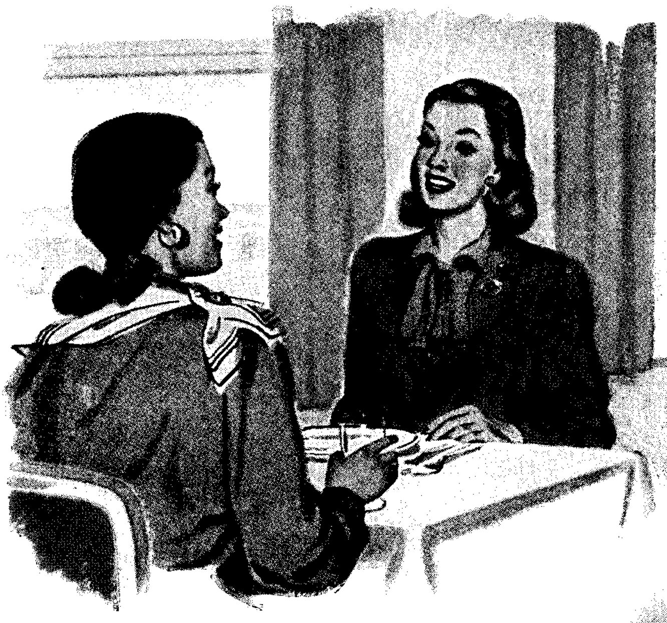
This could be you . . . off to the West or Southwest on a fine Santa Fe train. Your first impressions will be the gleaming freshness, friendly service, colorful luxurious interiors.



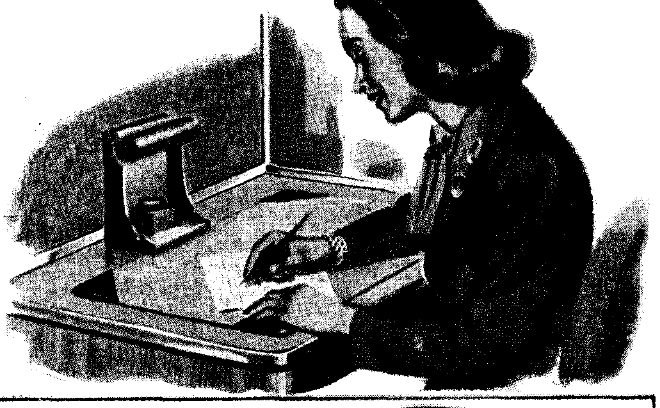
1 Ahhh, shut the door on the rest of the train and relax in roomy privacy. Your enclosed space has toilet facilities, wash basin, mirrored cabinet . . . everything for day and night comfort.



2 Now go social in one of the lounge cars. Chat with interesting people, read, or just "stretch your legs" in luxurious surroundings.

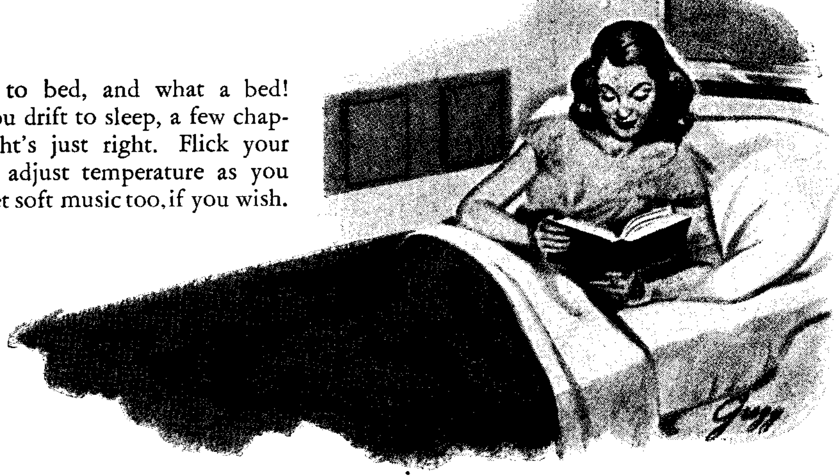


3 Time to eat in a beautiful dining room on wheels. Famous Fred Harvey cuisine is food at its best, carefully served in gracious surroundings and appointments to do you proud.



4 You sit in the observation car while time and the fabulous scenery of the Santa Fe country whiz by. Isn't all this something to write home about?

5 Now to bed, and what a bed! Before you drift to sleep, a few chapters. Light's just right. Flick your finger to adjust temperature as you like it; get soft music too, if you wish.



Yes, ma'am, Santa Fe service is really something these days! And when you go Santa Fe all the way, anywhere West or Southwest, your comfort, going and coming, is a memorable part of the trip. We hope you'll ride with us soon.

Santa Fe

SANTA FE SYSTEM LINES . . . Serving the West and Southwest

T. B. Gallaher, General Passenger Traffic Manager, Chicago 4 moon and stars. Further along, the earth was known to be a ball with everything else revolving around it. Then this changed into the idea that the sun was the center of the universe, with everything spinning around *it*. Later, it was discovered that our solar system is just one of millions making up what every school kid knows as the Milky Way and which anyone can see with the naked eye. Astronomers have even figured out that the Milky Way—a galaxy—is roughly wheel-shaped and that our tiny solar system is out to one side.

Now astronomers have gone on to discover millions of island universes. These, again, may just be small component parts of some superuniverse; and this superuniverse may again be one of millions. . . .

At this point, as the old books used to say, "the mind reels."

When we see a star, what we see is the arrival of a beam of light that left a star many years ago. Where the star actually is today can be worked out—but not proved. The star may have exploded; it may have collided with another star many years ago, and the catastrophe that wiped it out of existence may not be known to the man operating the telescope for many more years. . . .

Showing the Big Eye at Work

It's three o'clock in the morning and Bruce, who has been keeping track of the weather, comes in to say it's clear above now, moon nearly down and some good seeing available. Dr. Bowen zips up his fleece-lined jacket and we go up to the main floor again. The Big Eye hangs eerily in the semidarkness. A push of a button and the curtain drops slowly down the curve of the dome and the stars appear, with Orion and his three-star belt and his sword shining in the clear, cold reaches up there—far away and as he was long, long ago.

Dr. Bowen climbs to the inner rim of the dome, mounts the bridge and goes crawling up the great curve of the inside, like a man rising inside the dome of St. Peter's in Rome or St. Paul's in London. He steps down into the steel capsule and his voice comes metallic from the squawk box on the control desk.

"Give me a star, Bruce!"

Bruce picks one out of the catalogue—No. 11,897. It's invisible to the naked eye, many light-years away. For almost endless time a light ray has been speeding toward the earth at incredible speed, but no one has seen it except a few astronomers using giant lenses and reflectors.

Dials spin and motors hum and then: "Right on the line, Bruce. Hold her, will you?"

Another switch is flipped and the computers, digesting distance and course and speed of No. 11,897, feed the order into the guiding machinery. The star's tiny point of light will stay centered on the glass for hours, now, as the mirror, moving slowly and relentlessly far below, traps the ray and shoots it with unerring accuracy back to the watcher in the turret.

You watch the great telescope work, and think how little it cost, and how valuable to humanity it may be. America spent more in twenty-five minutes of the last war than Palomar cost. The war destroyed; the Big Eye will create.

Tonight it's just a test run. It will be months before the instrument really gets to work with its two assistants, the 48- and 18-inch Schmidt cameras whose domes you can see from the main observatory.

These Schmidts will act as finders for the 200-inch mirror. They can see, at one look, many times the amount of sky reflected in the main glass.

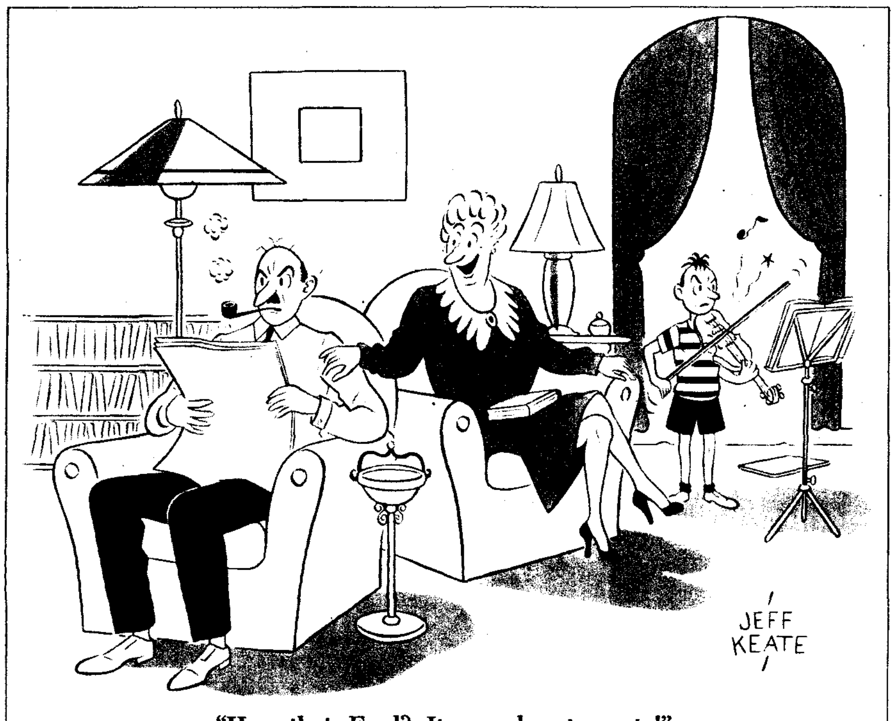
But when all three instruments are working, what they find out, patiently translated by astrophysicists, may solve the puzzle of the universe. "May" is right. Because, to a reporter sitting up there in the darkness watching a tiny dot of brilliance drift slowly across a glass plate, the idea of a man trying to understand what's going on farther out in space than any human mind can imagine is comparable to an ant trying to understand the solar system.

But someday a few human minds, reading what the telescope tells them, will be able to put enough facts into a pattern that will make sense. . . .

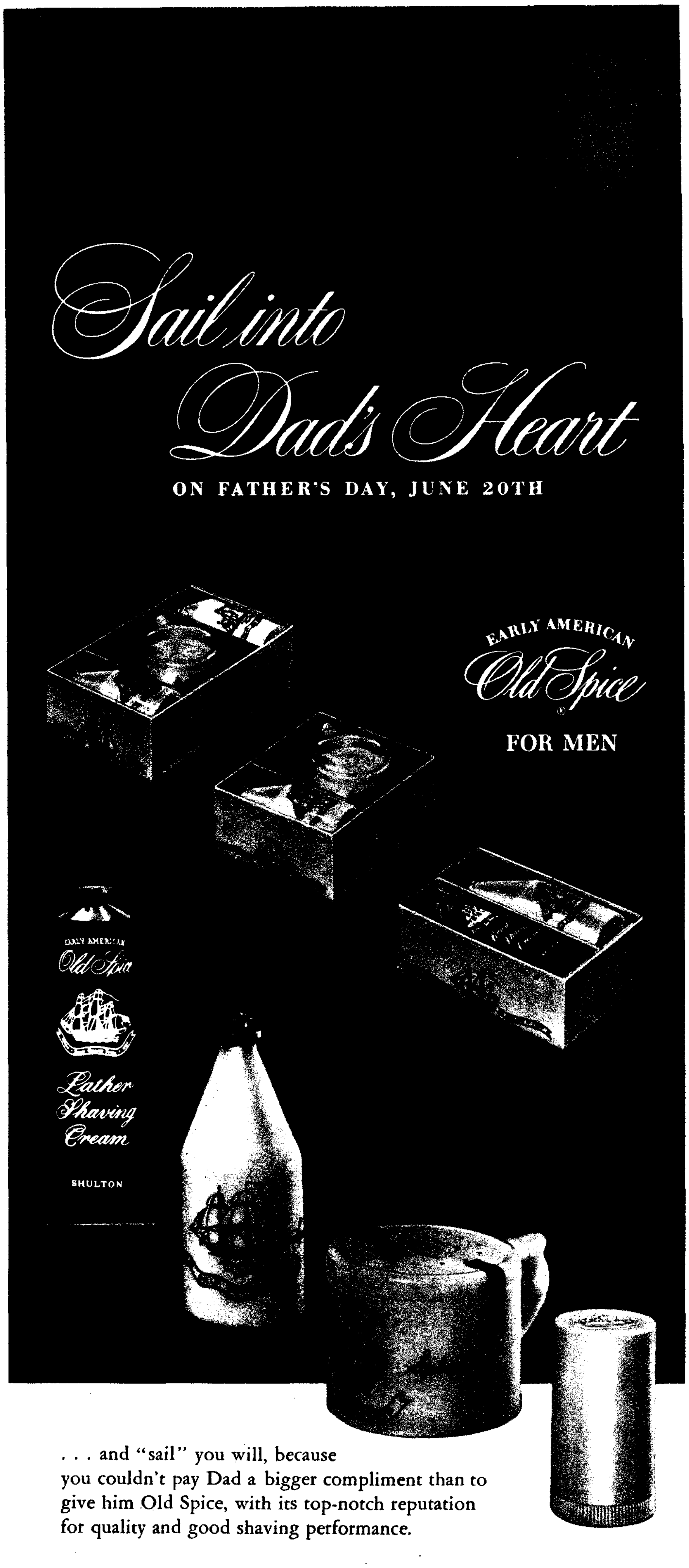
The false dawn comes and then, standing on the catwalk outside the dome, you watch the sun rise through a pink haze over the snowy saw-tooth range of the Santa Rosas. Behind you the curtain lifts and shuts in the mirror, protecting it against its enemy: heat. The white dome reflects the changing colors of the dawn and down the mountain the mists swirl gray again.

"Hello, Sol!" you say to the eastward. "Hello, you little junior ball of fire in a tiny solar system in an obscure part of a minor galaxy. How come we ever thought you were important and far away? You're right next door, you puny little runt, and you don't amount to a hill of beans. . . . Boy! We've been wa-a-ay out there in the real spaces with the big ones!"

THE END



COLLIER'S "Hear that, Fred? It was almost a note!" JEFF KEATE



Sail into Dad's Heart

ON FATHER'S DAY, JUNE 20TH

EARLY AMERICAN
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FOR MEN

. . . and "sail" you will, because you couldn't pay Dad a bigger compliment than to give him Old Spice, with its top-notch reputation for quality and good shaving performance.

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SINGLE ITEMS ... *Lather or Brushless Cream .60*
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I tasted it...

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Now I know why Schlitz is...

The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous!"

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DEAR MISS PHILLIPS

Continued from page 21

discussion, because it is perfectly evident that he has no pride either in the way his pianos are made, or in the way his children are brought up. Your talk with Mr. Thornquist makes it plain to me that your service manager has you intimidated, and that you probably turn pale green any time he says, "Boo!"

I have called several piano men in my attempt to have the defective instrument repaired, but none of them is available before my brother's graduation date. Obviously they are all working on new Cantrell pianos. I can only add that, as you seem to possess absolutely no moral responsibility for your product, I am now compelled to ride six miles on a crowded bus each evening in order to practice on the piano at the college where my father is a professor of physics. This piano isn't anything to boast about, but it has one outstanding virtue: It's not a Cantrell.

Yours truly,
(Miss) Helen Phillips

Dear Miss Phillips:

In spite of what you said in your letter of June 8th Cantrell pianos have a great tradition behind them. De Pachmann took a Cantrell with him wherever he went. Nowhere in our files can I find a complaint from any of the famous musicians who use our instruments saying they ever sounded like an elephant with a hacking cough. Of course, they were merely pianists and not witty daughters of small-town professors.

It is our habit to presume that the customer is always right. But not when you take the liberty of attacking the integrity of my family. My grandfather, Mr. Ansel R. Jones, went to England in 1889 for the sole purpose of recushioning the piano of Queen Victoria. Our latest information is that this piano is still used by the royal family. Among piano workers, the name of Jones is always mentioned with respect. I point out these facts only for the purpose of assuring you that when my father says he never heard any piano produce sounds like squushy shoes or sick elephants, then neither has anyone else.

I am bound to let pass your remarks concerning my relation to our service manager, Mr. C. V. Thornquist. Mr. Thornquist has been with Cantrell & Company for fifty-eight years. I know that he is a cantankerous old fuss-budget, but there is nothing we can do about that. Although you have cast slurs on everybody connected with Cantrell, I took the liberty of asking Father if he would call Thornquist and see if he would make an exception about a mechanic to examine your piano. The matter is now in the lap of the gods. Personally, I hope this is the last I hear of your squushy shoes, Miss Phillips, because my work is piling up and I would like to get back to it.

Cordially yours,
Ansel L. Jones, 3d

Dear Mr. Jones:

Early this evening I had a call from somebody in your service department named Harrison or Acheson or something. He wanted to know what was the matter with our Cantrell. I told him it made peculiar noises. He asked me to play it while he listened on the telephone. Like a fool, I did. I did some squushy shoes for him, then some elephant coughs, and also some Chinese gongs. These you haven't heard about, as they developed after my last letter to you. Mr. Harrison or Acheson or whatever his name is listened intently to your celebrated piano. After a good deal of deliberation, he said that he would come and examine it on June 24th.

Now, I am an even-tempered person, as anyone who has lived with a high-spirited younger brother for fourteen years is bound to be. But I must tell you frankly that I have never been quite so aggravated in my life. A month ago I imagined that the preparation of a piano composition to be played at my brother's graduation ceremony would be the simplest thing in the world. This, of course, was before I made the acquaintance of the Jones family, father and son. You know I would love to come and see your factory, Mr. Jones. What probably happens is that someone takes a lot of parts, and glue, and tosses them into a heap. Maybe it turns out to be a piano, maybe it doesn't. "It's all in the lap of the gods," as one member of the firm puts it.

Last evening, on the bus, some ruffian stepped on my foot and it is now almost impossible for me to walk. Today is June 11th. I have looked carefully at the bill of sale that came with our Cantrell, but not even in the fine print does it state that anybody in the firm is a gentleman. So I suppose I can just forget about my commitment of the 26th.

Yours,
(Miss) Helen Phillips

Dear Miss Phillips:

I am sorry to hear that you have a sore foot. When I told you in my previous letter that we regretted the inconvenience caused by the noises coming from your piano, we were perfectly sincere. However, we cannot feel responsible for what happens to our customers when they are riding on busses. Right here I want to inform you that I have put aside all my other duties in an effort to settle this matter once and for all. To begin with, I had a long-distance talk with our Mr. Carrington (not Harrison or Acheson). His opinion seems to be that Chopin's Polonaise may be over your head, and suggests that you play something simpler at your brother's graduation. Rachmaninoff's Prelude in C-Sharp Minor is his choice. He tells me this is an old standby that can be managed by anyone with five fingers on the left hand.

I also had another talk with our Mr. C. V. Thornquist. Mr. Thornquist seems to be convinced that my efforts on your behalf indicate an interest far beyond those of simple routine duty. Indeed, he implied that you must either be a relative of mine or my fiancée. Naturally I was indignant. I am afraid I said certain things to Mr. Thornquist that a person does not say to his elders.

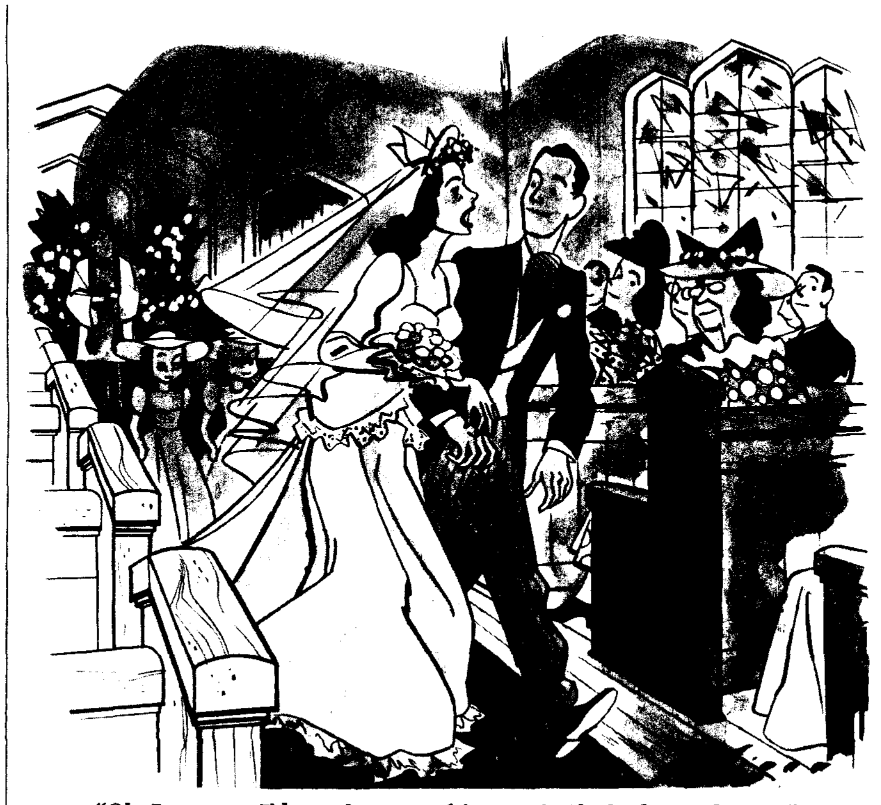
During dinner I went over the whole matter again with Father. Mother was annoyed, asking why we have to talk "shop" day and night. There was a good deal of argument about this pro and con. Mother finally became quite roused, saying that if she had it to do all over again she would certainly never marry another piano maker. My brother Charles, who is sixteen, asked Father if the new Cantrells with the Chinese gongs in them were proving popular. That was finally too much for Father. He told me he would issue an order in the morning to our city showroom instructing them to deliver to your address a thoroughly tested new instrument, and to return to the factory, for dismantling and study, the one of which you complain. He also said that if, on dismantling, this piano showed no defect in construction or workmanship he would deduct the cost of it from my salary week by week.

Dear Miss Phillips, I hope you have your new piano soon. I hope your brother graduates with honors. I hope your foot gets better. I hope you will appreciate the trouble you have put me to. For a moment there I too wished that Mother had married anybody but a piano maker.

Cordially yours,
Ansel L. Jones, 3d

Dear Mr. Jones:

The new piano came this morning. The men dropped the harp on the living-room table and dented it (the table). But that was all right. I played a few chromatic scales on it and it seemed fine. I plunged into the Polonaise with great delight, since I still had ten days to master its difficulties. The men forced me to sign a paper saying that when they left, this piano made no sounds other than those normally to be expected. My father, who was somewhat opposed to our buying a new piano in the first place, agreed that the tone was satisfactory. In spite of your last letter, I had decided

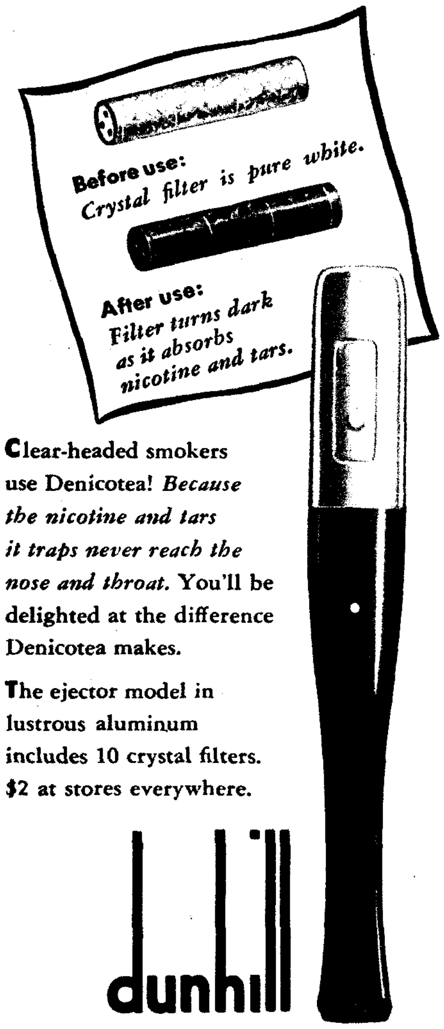


"Oh, I suppose I'd say the same thing again if I had it to do over"

COLLIER'S JOHN MILLIGAN

to smokers with sinus trouble

Many doctors recommend this crystal filter cigarette holder to reduce nose and throat irritation


Before use: Crystal filter is pure white.
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Clear-headed smokers use Denicotea! *Because the nicotine and tars it traps never reach the nose and throat.* You'll be delighted at the difference Denicotea makes.

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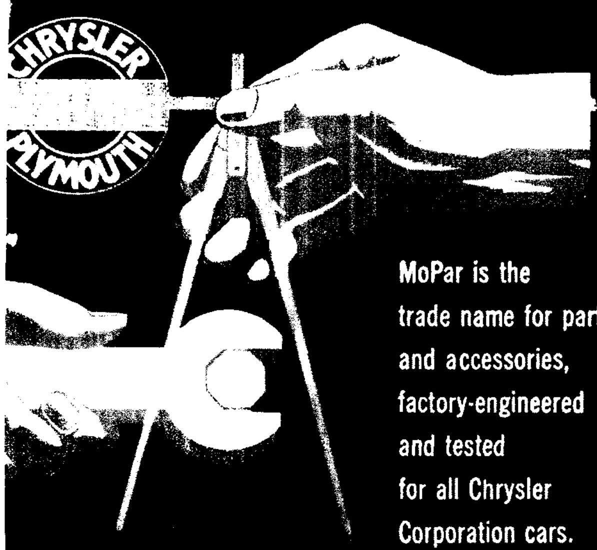
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to sit down and write you a note of thanks—a mistake which now I am happy to say I did not make. For what I have to tell you is that I think you and Cantrell & Company are unqualified frauds. No sooner had I finished my lunch and returned to practicing the Polonaise than an altogether impossible sound began coming from this piano. Something inside apparently worked loose with a few vibrations—the nuts became undone, or something, I don't know just what. But in any case, this new instrument *echoes.* It acts just as an echo does when you shout, "Hello." Only instead of hollering "Hello" back, the piano keeps repeating the last bar of music played.

I am the daughter of a simple college professor, and my limited experience has not taught me how to deal with such obvious cheats and frauds as Cantrell & Company employs. So please consider our correspondence closed. I would rather hear a piano talk back to me than continue to exasperate myself in fruitless arguments with you. You probably mean well enough, but like everyone else connected with Cantrell, you are not quite bright. Neither do I need your advice in musical matters. If I wanted to play Rachmaninoff, I wouldn't be practicing Chopin. So Mr. Thornquist thinks I am your fiancée. Just now I am not considering marrying anybody. And if I were, I would break the engagement for fear the young man might take a notion to go into the piano business. Please give my regards to your good mother, and tell her I understand exactly how she feels. And thank you for your concern about my foot. It will heal in time. But I'll never forget this experience with the scion of a noble piano family. Goodby, Mr. Ansel L. Jones, 3d. If I come across some real good glue, I'll send you the recipe.

Regretfully yours,
(Miss) Helen Phillips

Dear Miss Phillips:

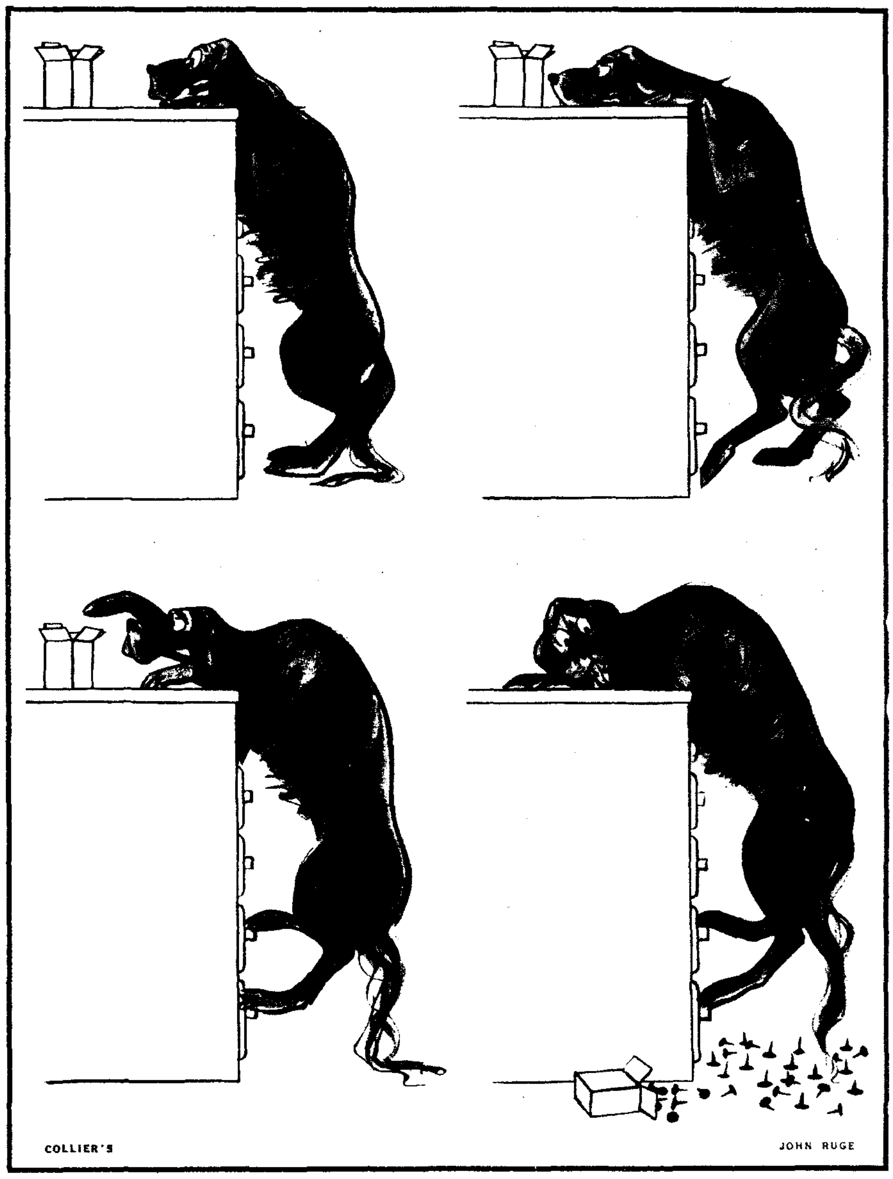
It is not quite that simple. I told you that Father threatened to deduct the cost of your piano from my salary if it turned out to be in good condition. And Father never jokes. The piano was returned to us, tested for "voice" by our Mr. Hubermann, and Father himself personally examined the action. A memo has just been signed by Father charging me not only with this piano, but express and delivery expenses on the other.

You have been very free, Miss Phillips, with accusations of fraud. You have said I was not quite bright, and attacked the integrity of Cantrell & Company. I can only suppose that you are suffering from some type of persecution mania. Auditory hallucinations often accompany this illness. The victim is convinced that he or she is hearing strange noises. They could easily be the sound of squushy shoes or the ringing of Chinese gongs, or even a piano talking back. I wouldn't presume to make a diagnosis from the evidence in your letters, as I'm *not* a physician. But I do think that your father ought to send you to a competent neurologist. If these things are caught in time, they can be cured.

Cordially yours,
Ansel L. Jones, 3d

Dear Mr. Jones:

Your letter of June 15th has been received by me. Ordinarily it would not be worthy of a reply. By a mere coincidence last evening a colleague of my father's, Dr. E. C. Broadcamp, visited our home with his wife. Dr. Broadcamp is an experimental neurologist at the college. I happened to be trying to practice the Polonaise when they arrived, as my foot is still sore. I might say that Dr. Broadcamp, like your father, is not distinguished for his sense of humor. When he heard our piano, he asked why we were torturing innocent little cats inside it. I proudly said, "Oh, no. That's really the



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Oil transporters, producers, refiners and distributors are exerting every effort in the face of today's record demand. In all, 34,000 individual firms work to supply the oil products needed by more cars, trucks, oil burners and farm machines than we've ever had . . . by our trains, planes and factories . . . and by our Army and Navy.

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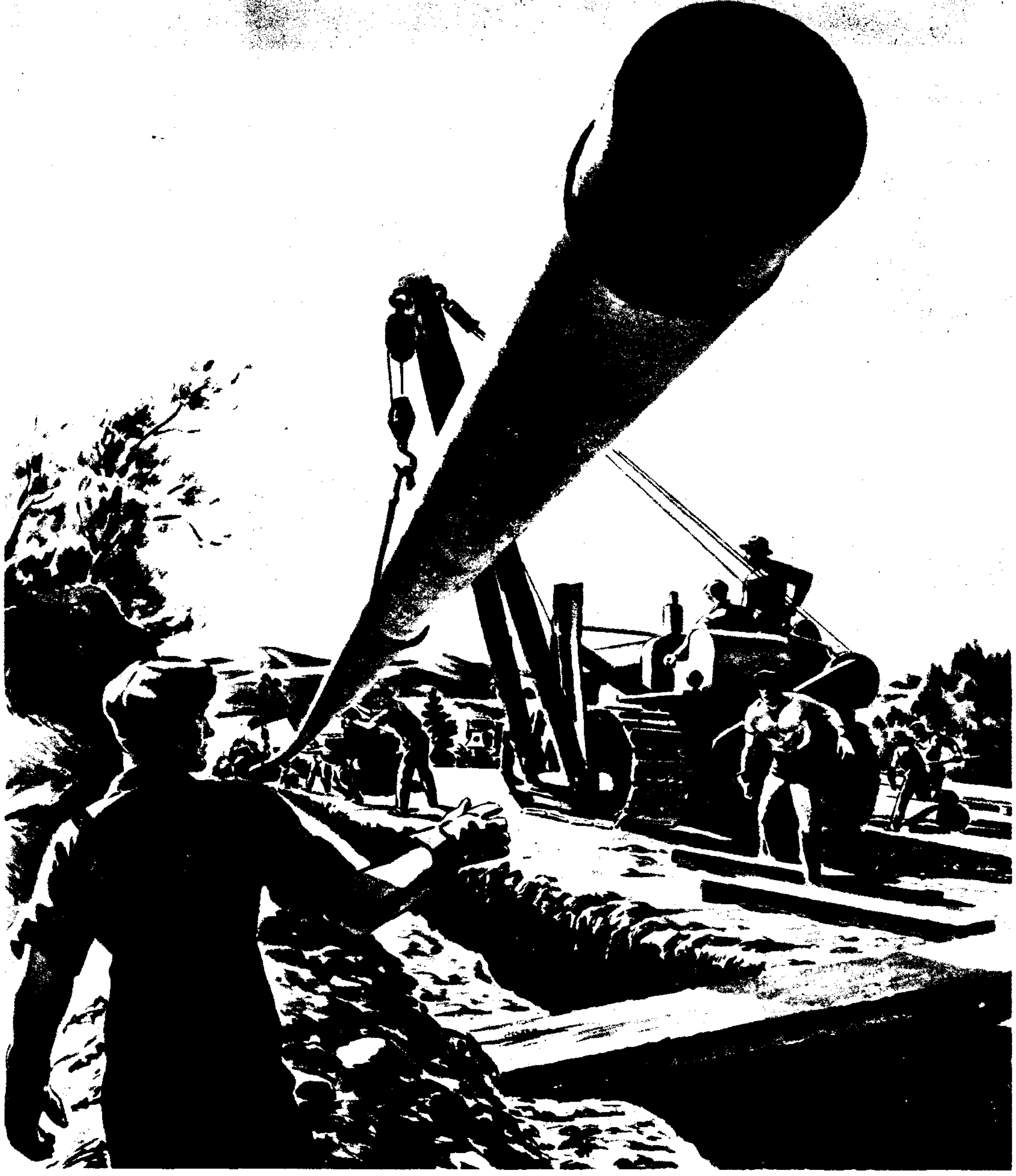
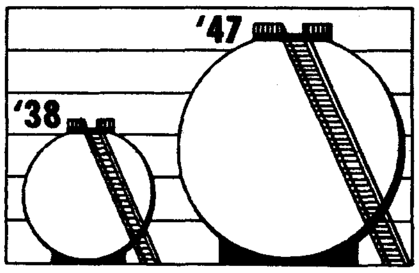
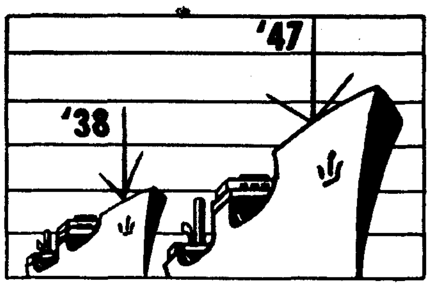


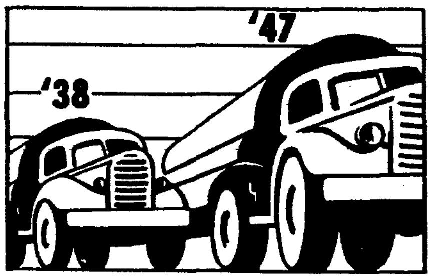
Over 147,000 miles of oil pipeline in the U. S. A. . . . a 24% increase over 1938 in this means of transporting oil to you.



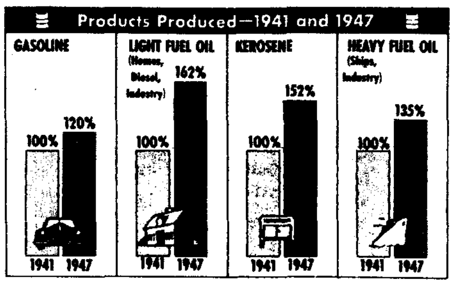
Refining: Oil refineries handled 77 billion gallons of crude oil last year—with facilities expanding, refineries will soon top this mark . . . deliver even more oil products to you.



Today, there are over twice as many oil tankers in service as in 1938. Night and day they ply the lakes and oceans—help speed more oil to you.



Giant trucks supply service stations, farms, home owners', industry. Today there are over 200,000 trucks in the oil industry—60,000 more than 1938.



This comparison of 1941 production with 1947 illustrates the records set by the oil industry in its work to keep you and your neighbors supplied.

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Play Dan'l Boone to your heart's content in New York State's great forests. Swim and fish in crystal-clear mountain lakes. Or loaf—at luxurious resorts, cozy inns, cottages and camps. Take your camera!

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way a Cantrell sounds." Now you will probably suggest that Dr. Broadcamp should be sent to a neurologist.

I have given up hope of playing at my brother's graduation, which is nine days away. But, I confess that I sympathize with you about the deduction that is being made from your salary. It seems unjust to visit the sins of the father onto the son. It really isn't your fault that Cantrell hasn't the slightest notion of how to make pianos.

Yours,
(Miss) Helen Phillips

Dear Miss Phillips:

Let me assure you that what I am about to say is written without any desire to inject my own personality into the matter. I do not know what you do for a living, but you know nothing of the craftsmanship which the manufacture of pianos entails. May I enlighten you? At eighteen I started a regular course at college, in addition to working nights in the Cantrell & Company factory. For four years I did menial labor in every department. On graduation, I was sent to Paris, where I studied in the factories of Movais et Cie. On my return, I took my place here at the bottom of the ladder. Before I was permitted to touch a piano in construction, I was required to describe the function of the seven thousand parts that go into its manufacture. For a year I was given the task of rebuilding instruments which had been discarded as worthless by the turn-in department. It is possible for me now to make an entire piano blindfolded.

The suggestion I have decided to make is the result of a variety of motives. I don't like to pay for pianos out of my salary. I don't like to be called a fraud and a cheat. I don't like Cantrells to be made fun of. My curiosity is aroused by the trouble you are having. Something is happening that just doesn't happen. You may believe me or not, but I am as anxious that you play the Polonaise at your brother's graduation as you are. We think the Rachmaninoff would be a more practical choice, but then, as you say, if you wanted to play Rachmaninoff, you wouldn't be practicing Chopin. The suggestion I have to make is this: The twentieth is Sunday. I will take the train down to Howardsburg Saturday evening. I had planned to play some tennis on Sunday, but I will sacrifice my recreation to learn exactly what is the matter with the instruments we have been delivering to you. Please let me know if it will be convenient for me to call at your home at 11 A.M. Sunday, June 20th.

Cordially yours,
Ansel L. Jones, 3d

Dear Mr. Jones:

Nothing would delight me more than to receive you at the time specified. It shouldn't make any difference to you what I do for a living, but for the sake of your curiosity, I am an English teacher at the Howardsburg High School. I never studied in Paris, of course. I am just a small-town girl, and I have no illusions about my musical talents. It is simply that in our community what talents we possess must be used to their best advantage.

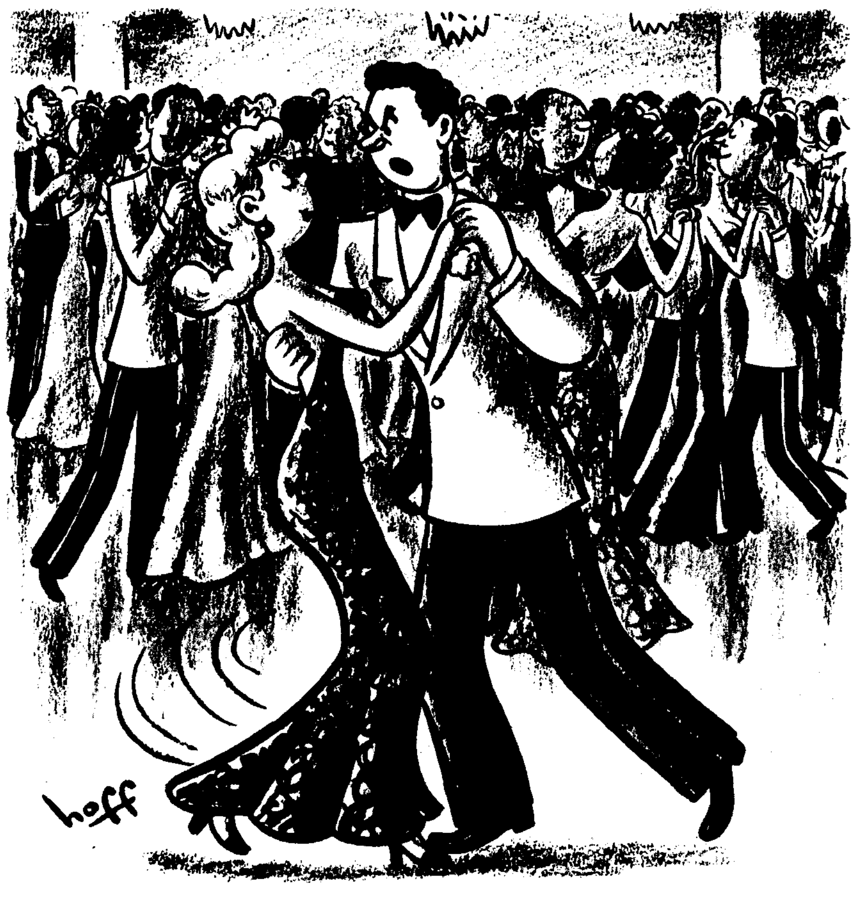
I am looking forward to your arrival on Sunday. I have only one comment to make before I see you then. In your last letter you said that you could build a piano blindfolded. If this is the way Cantrells are made, I think you should state such facts in your advertising.

Sincerely,
(Miss) Helen Phillips

Dear Ansel Jones:

I hope you arrived back at the factory without too much discomfort. I am writing this because there were a few things which I did not get to tell you Sunday. Father has not yet decided what he intends to do about Harold. My father is a very beautiful person. His thoughts are extremely abstract. He wants only to teach and to make everybody happy. But whenever he is faced with a problem like the one that came up Sunday, he doesn't know what to do. Mother is soft-hearted too. She has mildly suggested that we deprive Harold of his allowance for the next year. It was my feeling that he should spend the next year in a reformatory.

Naturally we had no time to ask him why he did it when you were here, but



"We used to dance beautifully together. Why did you have to go and learn how?"

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BUSINESSMAN? Did he earn his own way through college . . . and still graduate with honors? You'll help him make his way in the world when you give him a fine, trustworthy Hamilton Watch like the GILBERT (below).

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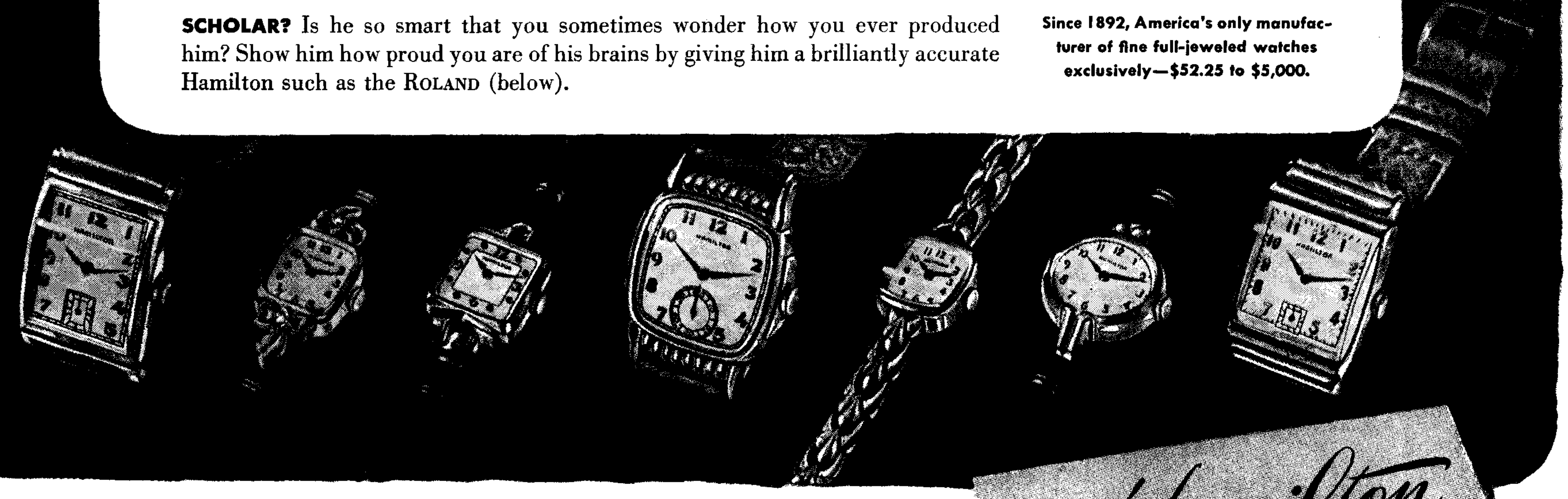

LEFT TO RIGHT: GILBERT—19 jewels, 14K natural gold case, *Medallion** movement: **$120;** C-2—17 jewels, 14K natural or white gold case: **$120** (other distinctive diamond-set watches in gold and platinum); EMILY—17 jewels, 14K natural gold case: **$71.50;** ROLAND—17 jewels, 10K gold-filled case: **$52.25;** FL-18—17 jewels, 14K natural gold case and stunning link bracelet, *Medallion** movement: **$175;** SHIRLEY—17 jewels, 10K natural or white gold-filled case: **$52.25;** HAYDEN—19 jewels, 14K gold-filled case: **$71.50.** At better jewelers everywhere. *All prices include Fed. Tax.* Hamilton's experience making railroad watches assures greatest accuracy in every grade. Send for FREE folder and revealing booklet "What Makes a Fine Watch Fine?" Hamilton Watch Company, Dept. D-4, Lancaster, Penna. **The "Medallion" mark stands for Hamilton's finest watch movement.*

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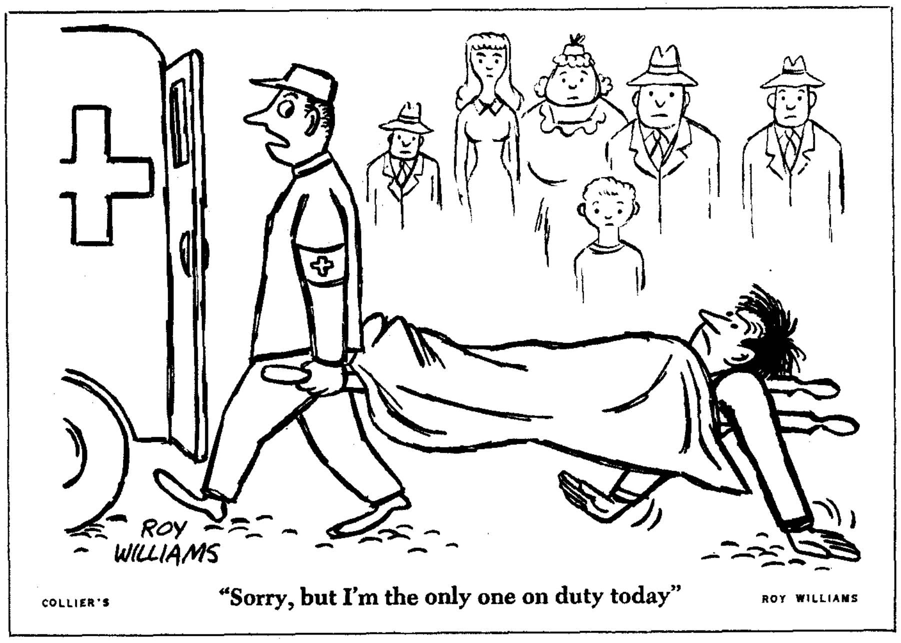


COLLIER'S "Sorry, but I'm the only one on duty today" ROY WILLIAMS

afterward I took him aside and asked a few questions of my own. First, however, I grasped his shoulders and shook him until his teeth rattled. When I asked why he had sneaked rubber shoes and the dinner-table bell and a couple of dozen clamshells into the sounding board of the piano, he finally confessed it was to prevent me from playing at his graduation. It still isn't quite clear to me why he did not want me to play. All he would say, was, "Aw, Sis, the gang'll never quit kiddin' me if you get up and play that corny music." Why the gang would kid him if I played the Polonaise is a complete puzzle to me.

I am less embarrassed by my ignorance of the folk-ways of young boys than I am at the trouble you have had in the last several weeks. I have been trying for some time to write an apology that would sound adequate, but humility, as my letters have probably indicated, is not one of my outstanding traits. Instead of trying to assume it, I would much rather express my admiration for the manner in which you took our piano apart. I was watching your face closely, and the light that shone in your eyes when your pincers extracted one of Harold's rubber shoes was like that of a surgeon triumphantly extracting a bullet from the body of a dying person.

When a decision has been made about Harold, I will write and let you know, as I imagine you will be interested. Meanwhile, I am sorry my foot was still sore so that I couldn't take a walk with you after supper as you suggested. There were so many things to talk about. I haven't had time to practice the Polonaise, but I am hoping that in the few days that remain I will master it, now that we have a "silent Cantrell."

Ever yours,
(Miss) Helen Phillips

Dear Helen:

May I call you Helen? It seems as though I had known you all my life. I am sorry to hear that what to do about Harold has become a problem in your household. Maybe if you just went ahead and played the Polonaise at his graduation, that would be punishment enough. When I told Father what had really happened he chuckled. Work almost came to a standstill at the plant. A polisher who has been with us for eleven years told me afterward that it was the first time he had ever heard Ansel Senior laugh during business hours.

Thank you for your compliment about my work. It is a tradition with us Joneses. As I told you, our name is mentioned with respect wherever piano men gather.

I felt bad, too, that we had so little opportunity to talk last Sunday. Another time?

Cordially,
Ansel L. Jones, 3d

Dear Ansel Jones:

I think you are the most conceited man I have ever known. A little compliment, and your chest bulges out like an overblown balloon. Just what do you mean when you say that my playing at Harold's graduation will be enough punishment for the trouble he has caused? I thought I had experienced the last of your insults when our piano was fixed. When I met you, you seemed to be a sensible young man. I can only conclude that you have a streak of arrogance which you find impossible to control. Please don't write to me any more. All my time is taken up practicing the Polonaise.

Yours,
(Miss) Helen Phillips

Dear Mr. Ansel Jones, Dear Sir:

It will probably come as a surprise that you get this letter from me. You better come down here right away. My sister is pretty upset. It is getting so that I am sorry I ever started putting stuff in that piano. I didn't want the guys all kidding me about it afterward that my sister is such a terrible paino player, after all a guy that expects to go out for the football team has to be pretty careful of his reputation, etc. But also at the same time I never figure she would be so upset like she is. She stays up in her room and cries, and when I knocked on the door a little while ago she says: "Get away, you inhuman monster. If it wasn't for you, I would of never heard of that stubborn pighead named Jones." It is her that calls you the name of pighead, not me. I am only quoting her words verbattum.

Personally, people that get in love are crazy as far as I'm concerned. On the other hand, since it was me who had the idea of putting stuff in the piano, I guess it is only right that I write and tell you I think Helen is head over heels in love with you. She sits around all day and mops, and at night she cries, and anybody that goes near her, she snaps at like a snaping turtle. I guess nothing can be done to stop her from playing the paino at my graduation, but at least I figure if you came down here and made her feel better by marrying her or something, maybe that would be the solution.

Yours very truly,
Harold Phillips
(Helen's Brother)

HAROLD PHILLIPS
HOWARDSBURG
THANKS FOR KIND INVITATION TO ATTEND GRADUATION STOP AM TAKING MIDNIGHT TRAIN STOP WILL GIVE CAREFUL CONSIDERATION TO SOLUTION SUGGESTED IN YOUR LETTER
ANSEL JONES

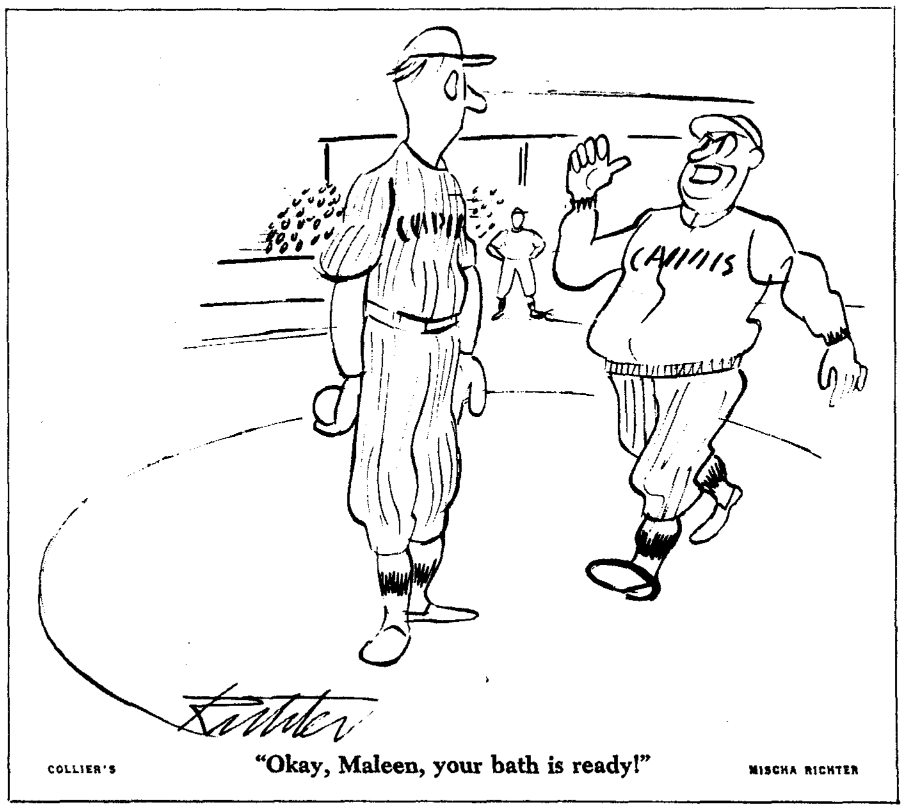
My dearest Helen:

My head is in the clouds. I will never forget your brother's graduation. He is a typical American boy. After hearing you play Rachmaninoff's Prelude in C-Sharp Minor at the exercises, I was positive you should have stuck to the Polonaise. All this is as nothing, however, to what happened between us on our walk home from school. It was when you said you considered the Cantrell to be the finest piano in the world that my head rose into the clouds. Helen dearest, I've known you too short a time to ask you to be mine. But if you care for me even the least bit, would you consent to visit our factory? It would be sheer bliss to acquaint you with the approximately seven thousand parts that go into a Cantrell. Say you will. A yes from you will make me the happiest man in the world.

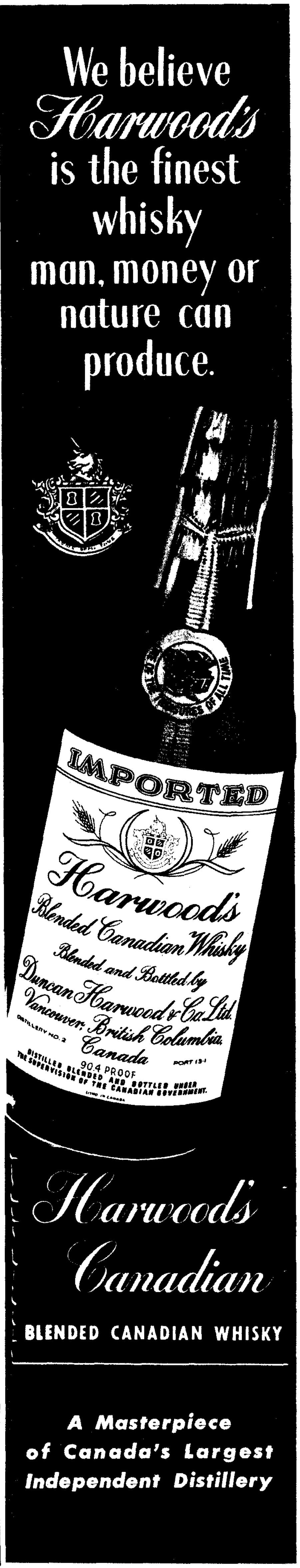
Devotedly,
Ansel

ANSEL JONES 3D
CANTRELL AND COMPANY
DON'T YOU EVER THINK OF ANYTHING BUT PIANOS STOP YES I WOULD LOVE TO COME STOP IF YOUR MOTHER GOT USED TO IT THEN SO CAN I STOP LOVE
HELEN

THE END



COLLIER'S "Okay, Maleen, your bath is ready!" MISCHA RICHTER



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THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

Continued from page 27

"Which particular papers do you want, Mr. President?"

"Oh, it doesn't matter," said Roosevelt, "just give me a handful to strew around on my desk so that I will look very busy when Willkie comes in."

When Churchill was informed that Harry Hopkins was coming to visit him, his first question was, *"Who?"* When told who his curious guest really was, he ordered the unrolling of any red carpets that might have survived the blitz.

Hopkins was five days en route, traveling the last leg, Lisbon to Poole on the south coast of England, in a British Overseas Airways Clipper. Churchill sent Brendan Bracken, his Parliamentary private secretary, to Poole to meet the airplane, but when the passengers debarked Hopkins was not among them.

Exhausted After Clipper Trip

Bracken got aboard and found Hopkins still sitting, looking sick and shrunken and too tired even to unfasten his safety belt. He had to rest for a long time before he felt well enough to take the train journey to London. But then he began to perk up. As the train moved through the countryside, which seemed as tranquil and untroubled as ever, Hopkins said to Bracken, "Are you going to let Hitler take these fields away from you?" That was his first leading question about British intentions.

Bracken answered, with authority, and with unaccustomed brevity, "No."

Hopkins was not at first favorably impressed with Foreign Minister Anthony Eden, though they later became very good friends. In his report to Roosevelt in longhand on Claridge's stationery and dispatched by courier, Hopkins wrote:

Number 10 Downing Street is a bit down at the heels because the Treasury next door has been bombed more than a bit. The Prime Minister is no longer permitted to sleep here and I understand sleeps across the street. He told me they are building a real shelter for him so that he can sleep in peace near by. Everyone tells me that he works fifteen hours a day and I can well believe it. . . .

Bracken led me to a little dining room in the basement, poured me some sherry and left me to wait for the Prime Minister. A rotund, smiling, red-faced gentleman appeared, extended a fat but nonetheless convincing hand and wished me welcome to England. A short black coat, striped trousers, a clear eye and a mushy voice was the impression of England's leader as he showed me with obvious pride the photographs of his beautiful daughter-in-law and grandchild.

I told him the President was anxious to see him in April; he expressed regret that Bermuda would not be the place—*the climate was nice*, he would bring a small staff, go on a cruiser and by accident meet the President at the appointed place, and discuss our problems at leisure.

I told him there was a feeling in some quarters that he, Churchill, did not like America, Americans or Roosevelt. This set him off on a bitter though fairly constrained attack on Ambassador Kennedy who he believes is responsible for this impression. He denied it vigorously.

I told of my mission. He seemed pleased, and several times assured me that he would make every detail of information and opinion available to me and hoped that I would not leave England until I was fully satisfied of the exact state of England's need and the urgent necessity of the exact material assistance Britain requires to win the war. . .

He thinks Hitler may use poison gas but if they do England will reply in kind, killing man for man—"for we too have the deadliest gases in the world"—but under no circumstances will they be used unless the Germans release gas first. He said he believed Hitler would not strike at Spain now because the population is starving and Hitler does not want sullen people around his armies—he has enough of that already; but the spring might tell a different story; he left me the impression that Spain would be overrun in the spring. . . .

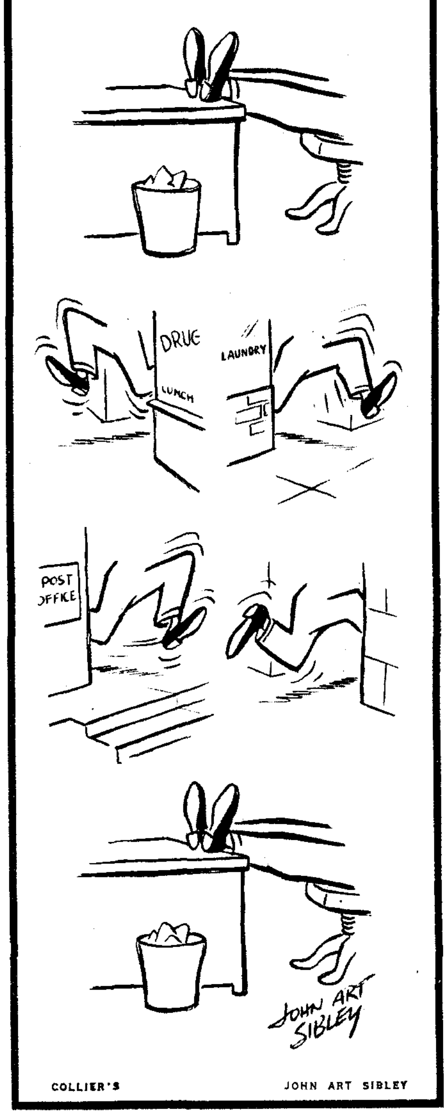
He looks forward with our help to mastery in the air and then Germany *with all her armies* will be finished. He believes that this war will never see great forces massed against one another. . . .

The sentence, *"He believes that this war will never see great forces massed against one another,"* should be noted as a suggestion of the strategic thinking which later led Churchill into so many arguments over the second front.

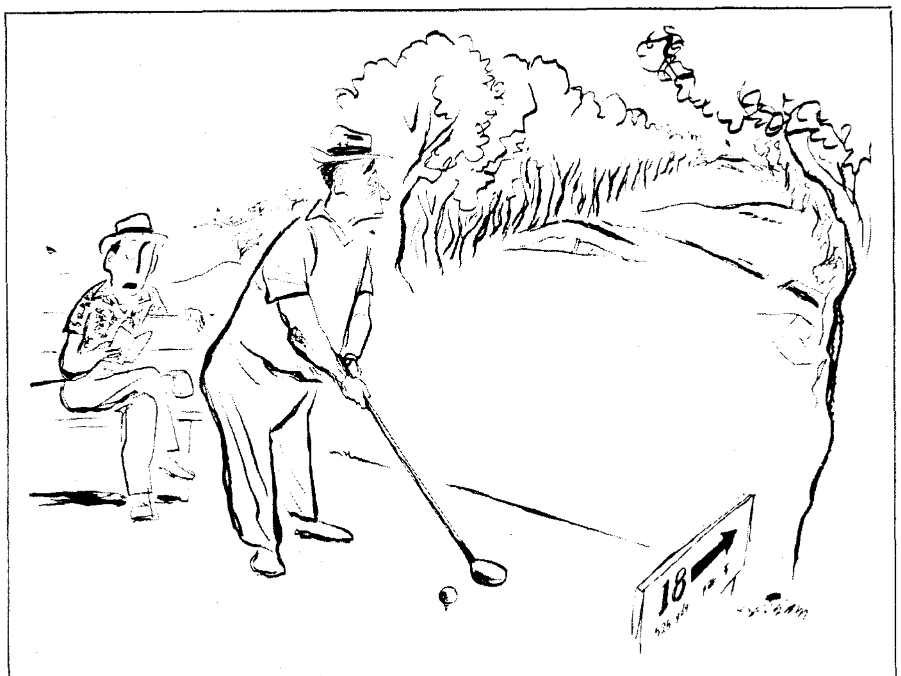
Hopkins traveled with Churchill in his private train to Scotland where Lord Halifax was about to embark on the new battleship, King George V, for his journey to the United States. The final stage of the trip to Scapa Flow had to be made on a destroyer which was boarded under utmost difficulties, while pitching badly. Churchill was talking rapidly at the time about the African campaign. He scrambled aboard the destroyer eas-

FEET FIRST

Noon Hour



COLLIER'S JOHN ART SIBLEY



COLLIER'S "You need a two here for a 99" HANK KETCHAM

ily, but Hopkins, being no old salt (nor even a young one), missed his footing and was narrowly saved from falling into the sea. He was dragged aboard by the scruff of his neck while Churchill went right on talking.

On board the destroyer, off the north coast of Scotland in January, Hopkins was horribly cold, tired and generally miserable. He borrowed General Ismay's flying boots to keep his feet warm and sat down to rest on some object on the deck, but was promptly hauled off it by a chief petty officer who said, apologetically, "Excuse me, sir, but I don't think you should sit just there, sir; that, sir, is a depth charge."

At Lunch with King and Queen

Although Hopkins had paid his respects at Buckingham Palace shortly after his arrival in London, he did not have an opportunity for a real talk with the king and queen until two weeks later.

I had lunch today with Their Majesties the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace today. . . .

[He wrote on January 30th].

If ever two people realized that Britain is fighting for its life it is these two. They realize fully that this conflict is different from the other conflicts in Britain's history and that if Hitler wins they and the British people will be enslaved for years to come.

The queen told an amusing story about going to church with Mrs. Roosevelt, Sr., and the President. It appears that the old lady dropped her prayer book over and over again and the queen had to pick it up. This was no sooner done than she would drop her handkerchief. Eventually the prayer book went over the bench and there was nothing further that could be done. The queen had been amused at the fact that the rector of the church had urged the parishioners to come to church even when such distinguished visitors were not present. . . .

The air-raid alarm had gone off just as we sat down to lunch, and as we reached coffee and port the bell rang in the palace and the king said, "That means we have got to go to the air-raid shelter," so we immediately walked down two or three flights of stairs, through a dark hallway, led by a guard, through several doors and finally landed in a small lighted room with a table and chairs.

The king told me the story of Queen Wilhelmina's escape from Holland. It seems she had, after some urging, asked for fighter planes, which could not be sent, but the British government instead sent a destroyer. She was refusing to leave Holland and took the destroyer in order to get to Flushing. The commander of the destroyer could not get to Flushing and told the queen there was nothing to do but go to a British port, which she did. She got to Buckingham Palace at 5:00 o'clock in the afternoon wearing a tin hat given her by the commander of the destroyer. The queen said she was a fine, courageous woman, and it was perfectly clear from this conversation that she arrived in England entirely by accident and not by intent on her own part. . . .

The king expressed a good deal of sympathy with the king of the Belgians. It was perfectly clear that he felt that the king had had two responsibilities—one as commander in chief of the Belgian army and the other his job as king, and that he had got the two jobs mixed up. He apparently had little or no criticism of him as commander in chief of the army, but as king he thought he should have left the country and established his government elsewhere.

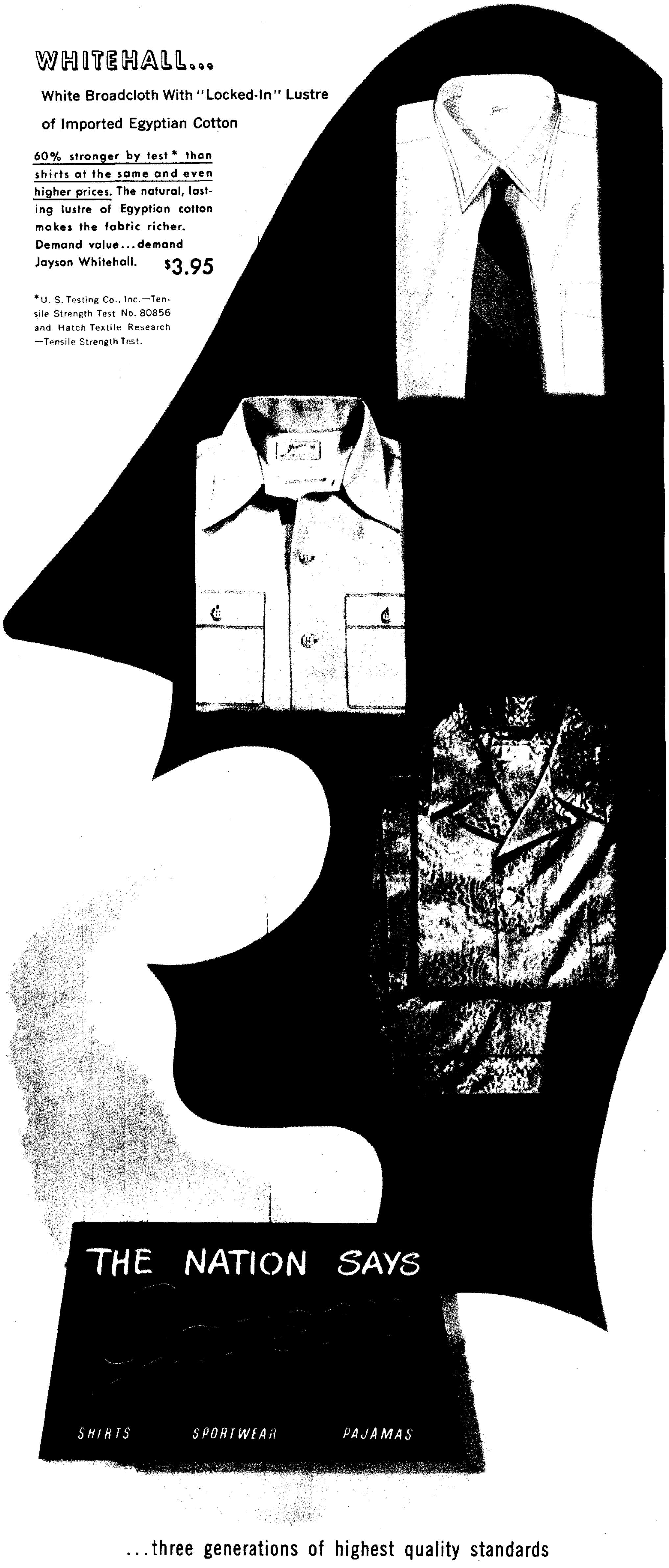
The queen said she felt Hitler and the German people were a pretty cruel lot and realized they would have no mercy on them; that she liked the fact that the British people did not seem to have much hatred in their hearts but rather determination to resist to the end. . . .

When I emphasized the President's great determination to defeat Hitler, his deep conviction that Britain and America had a mutuality of interest in this respect, and that they could depend upon aid from America, they were both very deeply moved.

I have made some deliberate deletions in the foregoing document relating largely to the British political scene. None of the material deleted was concerned with President Roosevelt or U.S. government policy or problems.

The only real hardship that Hopkins experienced in living conditions in England was at Chequers, the official country seat of Prime Ministers. Hopkins voted that the coldest house in the world. Although Churchill seemed to thrive there, Hopkins seldom took his overcoat off. His favorite haunt was the downstairs bathroom, the only room where the "central heating" was detectible. He would go there and sit reading newspapers and dispatches; but he wore his overcoat even there.

In letters and cables to the President, Hopkins stated Britain's specific requirements and made his recommendations for meeting them. When Herschel Johnson read these cables as they passed over



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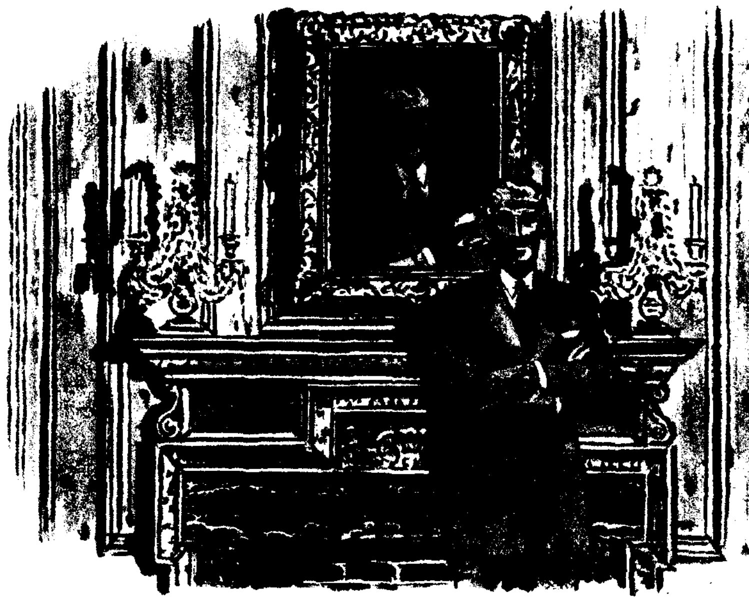

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his desk in the embassy, he was amazed by the accuracy of Hopkins' reports and even more by his disregard for the taboo of isolationism. Many of the messages discussed broad questions of policy.

One quoted Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden:

> **According to Eden the Japanese believe that the presence of our fleet at Hawaii is purely a routine matter and he, Eden, is very anxious that we find a way to accent our determination to prevent Japan from making further encroachments. Japan might pause before they move on Hong Kong if we took a positive line, Eden believes.**
>
> **I want to emphasize in your mind that the British believe that under the influence of Germany, Japan is considering making in the near future a positive move against England. . . . Eden asked me repeatedly what our country would do if Japan attacked Singapore or the Dutch East Indies, saying it was essential to their policy to know.**

Just before he ended his mission, Hopkins summed up in another cable to Roosevelt:

> **Let me point out that I believe my telegrams have in no ways overstated the need. . . . I hesitate to urge upon you matters about which I know you are already convinced, or to assume to advise one who has seen the needs here far clearer than anyone in America. I would not do it now but for the compelling conviction which the military men of England have impressed upon me. The difference between victory and defeat may depend on decisive action now.**

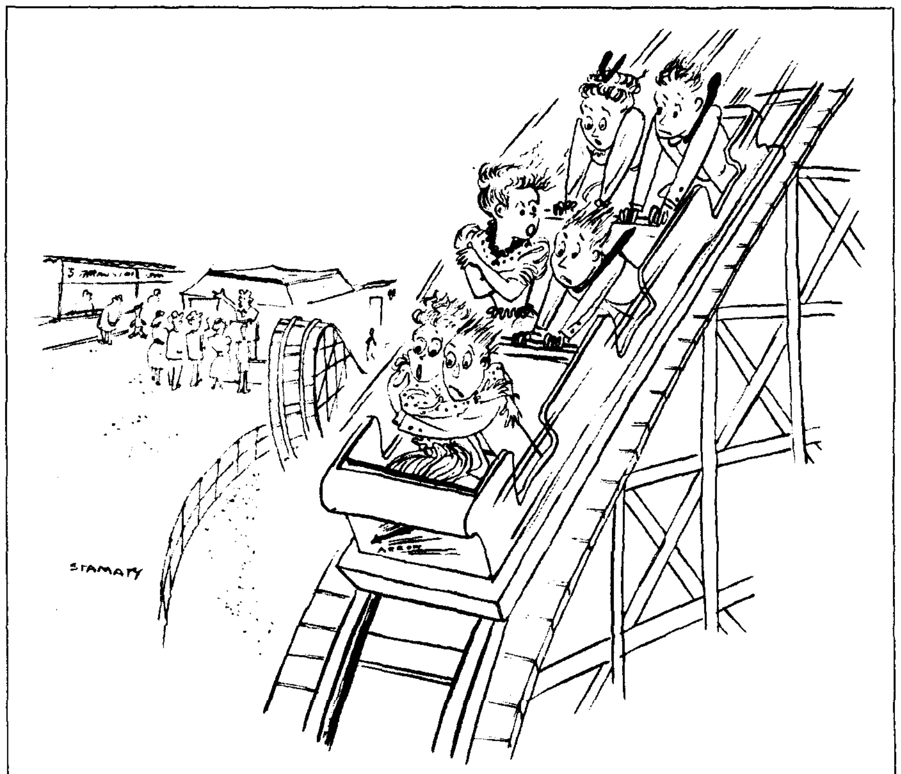
Prime Minister's Pills Analyzed

When he returned to Washington, Hopkins brought forth among his souvenirs a bottle of pills Churchill had given him with the assurance that he himself took them frequently and found them very bracing. Roosevelt asked what was in them, and when Hopkins said he hadn't the faintest idea, ordered that some of them be given to Dr. McIntire for analysis. The analysis was duly sent to Hopkins from the Naval Medical Center, and he noted, "I am told by the Navy that the whole prescription is a conglomeration of everything that couldn't do anybody much harm. It couldn't possibly do them very much good, either."

Debate over the Lend-Lease Bill created considerable uproar for two months. The Administration leaders in the Senate, of whom James F. Byrnes was the most vigorous and the shrewdest strategist, waged the battle on the President's lines, and on Saturday night, March 8th, the bill finally passed the upper house by a vote of 60 to 31. This was a historic victory for Roosevelt. Hopkins immediately picked up the telephone and put through a call to Chequers. One of the secretaries said the Prime Minister was asleep and should he be awakened? Hopkins said never mind—to give *him* the report of the Senate vote in the morning. When he got it, Churchill immediately cabled Hopkins: "Thank God for your news. The strain is serious. Kindest regards."

The day after Roosevelt signed the Lend-Lease Bill, he was preparing a speech for the dinner of the White House Correspondents' Association. He said to me, "I'm going to get really tough in this one. There have been so many lies going around about this bill and so many deliberate attempts to scare the people that they have got the main issue all confused. I couldn't answer all these lies while the bill was still being debated. But now I'm really going to hand it to them."

He then started to dictate, referring to clippings, dragging out one after another of the vicious charges that had been flung about so recklessly in the Congress and in the press. It was one of the most scathing, most vindictive speeches I have ever heard. After an hour or so, he grew weary of it and I said good night and went to talk to Hopkins, to confess that the speech made me feel very depressed. I thought it was a terrible mistake for the President to take that petulant tone, in the hour of his great triumph. Hopkins said, sharply, "You ought to know that he has no intention of using all that irritable stuff you say he dictated. He's just getting it off his chest. It has been rankling all this time and now he's rid of it. He probably feels a lot better for it and he'll have a fine sleep." Hopkins then spoke in a way that was very unusual for him: "You and I are for Roosevelt because he's a great spiritual figure, because he's an idealist, like Wilson, and he's got the guts to drive through against any opposition to realize those ideals. Oh—he sometimes tries to appear tough and cynical and flippant, but that's an act he likes to put on, especially at press conferences. He wants to make the boys think he's hard-boiled. Maybe he fools some of them, now and then—but don't ever let him fool you, or you won't be any use to



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him. It's your job and it's mine—as long as we're around here—to keep reminding him that he's unlimited, and that's the way he's got to talk because that's the way he's going to act. Maybe we'll make ourselves unpopular now and then—but not in the long run, because he knows what he really is, even if he doesn't like to admit it to you or me or anybody."

I don't think that the President ever referred again to the draft he had dictated that evening.

Administrator Without a Title

Roosevelt designated Hopkins to "advise and assist" him on Lend-Lease, but never gave him formally the title of administrator of that enormous program. This brought Hopkins out of the shadows in which he had dwelt as a mysterious confidant and made him, in one huge area of authority, the *de facto* deputy President.

Hopkins' position became more violently controversial than ever, for his activities cut across many lines of authority in Washington. It was obvious that Lend-Lease should become the most vital element in the relations between the United States and all the Allied combatant nations and many neutrals as well, with the result that more and more foreign missions in Washington were conducting, or attempting to conduct, their most important business directly with Hopkins, thus by-passing the State Department. This was a development which, quite understandably, did not set well with Cordell Hull. The predicament was best demonstrated by the appointment of W. Averell Harriman as "expediter" of Lend-Lease, with the rank of minister, in London. It was evident that Harriman was Hopkins' man and thus provided an easy, direct and secure pipe line of communication between London and the White House.

The security authorities required that certain messages must pass through military channels, the State Department codes being considered vulnerable. This applied to many of Ambassador Winant's messages as well as Harriman's, and the ambassador himself communicated more and more with Hopkins through Navy or Army or sometimes even British channels. Here again the State Department was by-passed, and it provided inadequate balm to Hull's pride to receive occasional polite notes from Hopkins enclosing copies of cables "for your information."

It was all irregular, but so was the fundamental situation in which the United States government found itself at that time.

The Webster's Dictionary definition of "common-law marriage" is "an agreement between a man and a woman to enter into the marriage relation without ecclesiastical or civil ceremony, such agreement being provable by the writings, declarations, or conduct of the parties. In many jurisdictions, it is not recognized."

That definition would seem to apply perfectly to the alliance which existed between the United States and Great Britain following the passage of Lend-Lease. It was certainly "not recognized" in such "jurisdictions" as the Congress, and if the isolationists had known the full extent of it their demands for the impeachment of President Roosevelt would have been a great deal louder. But it was a fact of incalculable importance in the whole process of American preparedness for war. By the spring of 1941, six months before the United States entered the war, the following developments, among others, were in progress:

The exchange of scientific information—on all manner of subjects, including atomic energy and radar. The pooling of military intelligence had started. A steady stream of American military and civilian specialists, mostly technical, had started to England. The U.S. Atlantic Fleet was constantly being strengthened, with some new ships and some transferred from the Pacific, for the purpose of guarding the sea lanes in the western Atlantic and thereby relieving the British navy of a large area of responsibility.

Plans were drawn up for the occupation by U.S. forces of Greenland, Iceland, the Azores and Martinique.

Most important of all—the first American-British staff talks had been instituted as early as the summer of 1940, while the Battle of Britain was being fought, for the formation of joint Grand Strategy in the event of American entry into the war. Their principal function was to gain the fullest possible information as to Britain's strength and prospects, as well as estimates of German strength and intentions. In the midst of these London talks, on September 27th, came the announcement of the signing of the Tri-partite Treaty in Berlin, whereby Japan recognized German and Italian leadership in creating the "New Order" in Europe, and Germany and Italy recognized Japan's leadership in organizing the "Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere." That presented so obvious a challenge to the United States that many of Roosevelt's advisers, among them Cordell Hull, urged that the staff talks assume a more formal and constructive character.

An Admiral's Realistic Memo

In mid-November, Admiral Stark prepared a memorandum for Secretary Knox in which he stated, as our major national objectives: defense of the Western Hemisphere and "prevention of the disruption of the British Empire, with all that such a consummation implies." He believed that it would ultimately be necessary for America "to send large air and land forces to Europe or Africa, or both, and to participate strongly in this land offensive." In these tremendous matters, Stark's thinking closely paralleled Marshall's, but it was by no means typical of the Pacific-minded Navy point of view.

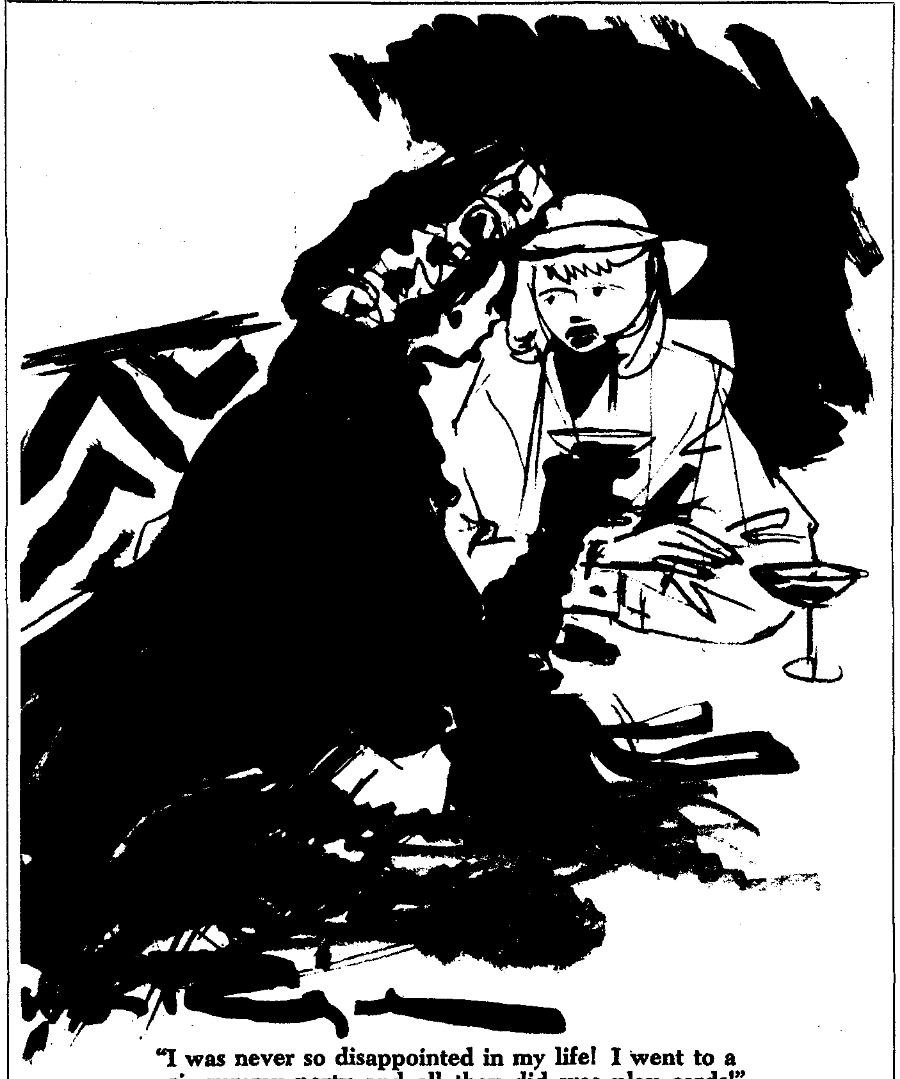
The real American-British staff talks began in Washington the end of January, 1941. The members of the British delegation wore civilian clothes and disguised themselves as "technical advisers to the British Purchasing Commission."

The staff talks continued until March 29th and produced a plan, known as A.B.C.—1, which suggested the Grand Strategy for the war. The basic point was that in the event of Anglo-American involvement in war with both Germany and Japan, the concentration of force should be on *Germany first*, while a containing war of attrition was to be waged against Japan pending Germany's defeat. (This was precisely in line with the conclusions reached by Marshall and Stark months previously.)

These staff talks, and the complete interchange of expert opinions as well as facts that they produced, provided the highest degree of *strategic preparedness* that the United States or probably any other nonaggressor nation has ever had before entry into war.

Although the common-law alliance involved the United States in no undercover commitments and required no violations of the Constitution, the very existence of any American-British joint plans, however tentative, had to be kept utterly secret. It is an ironic fact that in all probability no great damage would have been done had the details of these plans fallen into the hands of the Germans and the Japanese; whereas, had they fallen into the hands of the Congress and the press, American preparation for war might have been well-nigh wrecked and ruined as, indeed, it came perilously close to being when the House of Representatives voted on the extension of Selective Service.

(Next Week: Joseph Stalin speaks to Hopkins of morals, good faith and machine guns.)



"I was never so disappointed in my life! I went to a gin-rummy party and all they did was play cards!"

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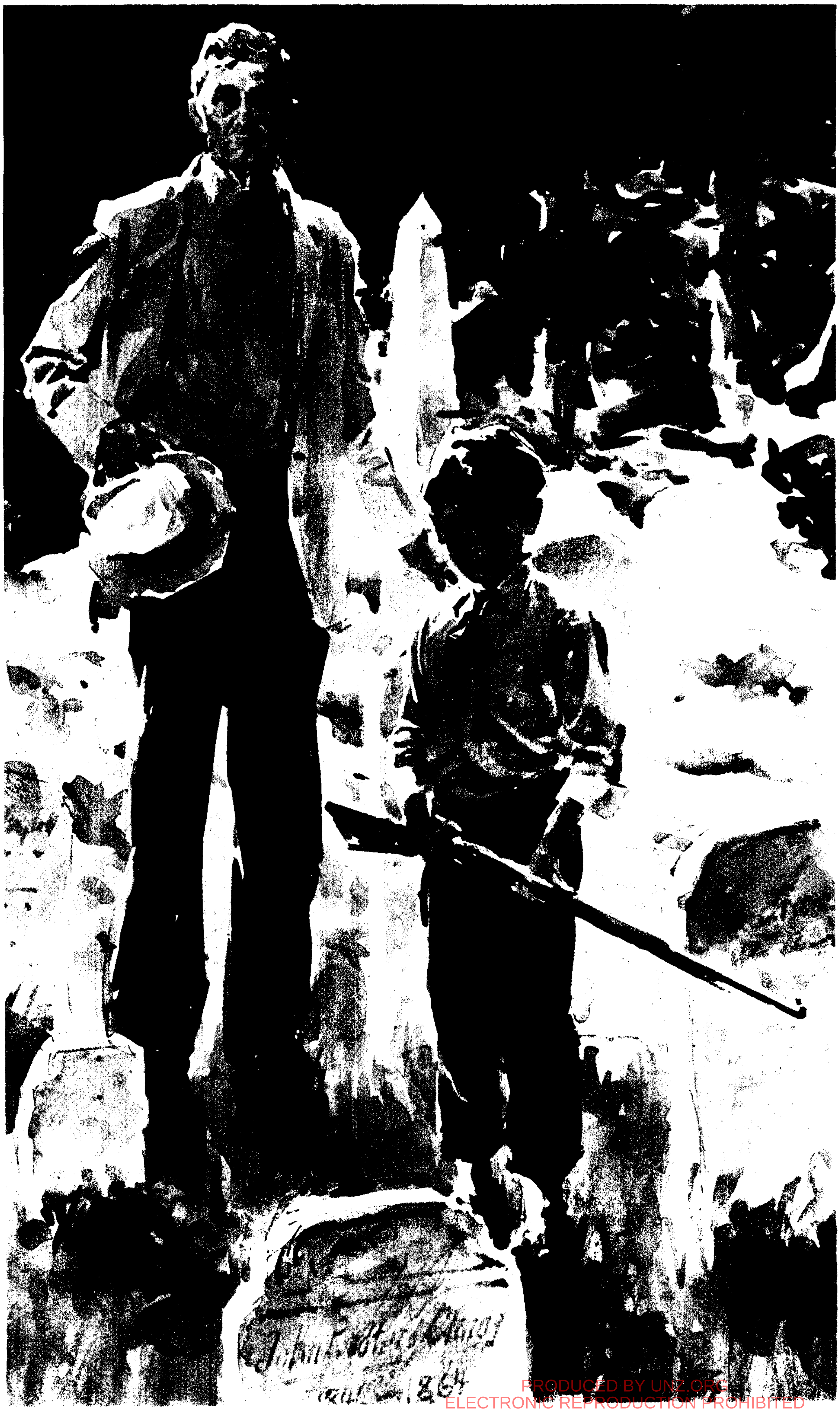
IMPORTANT TO A MAN

BY NICK BODDIE WILLIAMS

The problem was not how to use the gun—but when



"It shows no disrespect to walk among the dead," Emory said. "They don't mind company. They're General Forrest's boys, some of them kin to you"

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

THE haze had lifted a little. It was going to be hot, but not yet a while, for the first smoke of morning was coming from old Walter's cabin far back by the hickory grove. We were walking in single file, Brother Emory and I, our boots making a punching sound on the earth. I was in front and dared not look behind, but I could sense the tautness of his great, gaunt body as he followed me.

"Go west," he said.

I turned that way, moving obliquely by the slave-made limestone fence, away from Brother Emory's ramshackle house. The green smells of Kentucky's summer—honeysuckle, thistle, tobacco—seemed ranker for the powdered dust our boots kicked up. My palms felt moist against the rifle's walnut stock.

"Don't tighten up," said Brother Emory. "Go slow—go slow."

I tried. I kept on thinking how he'd walk if he was out in front, the rifle resting easy in his hand, the one that had no thumb to it, only the scar where long ago he'd sheared it off with a tobacco knife. But it was hard to do. For this might be the morning that he let me have the rifle for my own. He'd promised me. "The time will come," he'd said when I first came to visit him. "You'll learn."

I thought of that as we moved past the creek, and then ahead of us I saw the gravestones of the little cemetery on the rise of ground. I slowed uncertainly.

"Go on," said Brother Emory.

"Between the graves?" I asked.

His gray eyes, deep beneath his thick, gray brows, seemed cold, appraising. "You leery, boy?"

"No, sir," I said. "Except—"

"It shows no disrespect to walk among the dead," said Brother Emory. "They don't mind company. *Might be pleasing to these boys to hear a gun again.* They're General Forrest's boys, some of them kin to you. Go on."

I didn't like it but I went ahead. We moved between the graves upon the softer grass, until we reached the limestone fence again and followed that, down past the cattails of the creek until I saw the low-pitched eaves of Brother Emory's house. Then as we trudged into the waist-high corn, I heard him whisper, "Now!"

The rabbit jumped. I raised the rifle and took aim and fired and hit him as I should have done. He leaped high in the air and plunged into the harrowed dirt, kicked and lay still.

I turned excitedly. Somewhere, far off from us, a guinea gave its silly, piercing cry.

"We'll go back now," said Brother Emory, "fo' Walter burns the hoecakes up. You're spindlin', boy—you've got to do a lot of growin' in the next three years."

That hurt, and he must have known it, for he had seen my face when I turned around. His hand came down upon my shoulder.

"Look here, boy—"

"Yes, sir."

"That was a dandy shot." He said it in that harsh, strong voice of his, the way that men can build a fire in boys' hearts, never talking down. "That was a beauty, boy—but you're not ready for the gun. There's more than aimin' straight to bein' ready for a gun."

"Yes, sir, but when—?"

"The time will come," he said. "You'll learn. You'll know."

And in that moment someone turned in at the gate. It was a buggy driven very fast, careening in the dust that spewed up after it. At first it was so far away that I could not be sure of who it was, and Brother Emory's admiring whistle startled me.

"Hattie!" he cried. He held his thumbless hand above his eyes, his mouth fixed in a smile that had no merriment. And then: "My God! Look at that horse."

The horse was rearing in the buggy shafts. There was a twisting, slashing malice in the pawing of its hoofs, striking like knives into the air and down at something in the lane. It must have been the cantankerous yelping of the hounds, awakened from their napping in the dust, for all at once old Walter burst out of Brother Emory's house and we could hear his voice, angry and hoarse, shouting at

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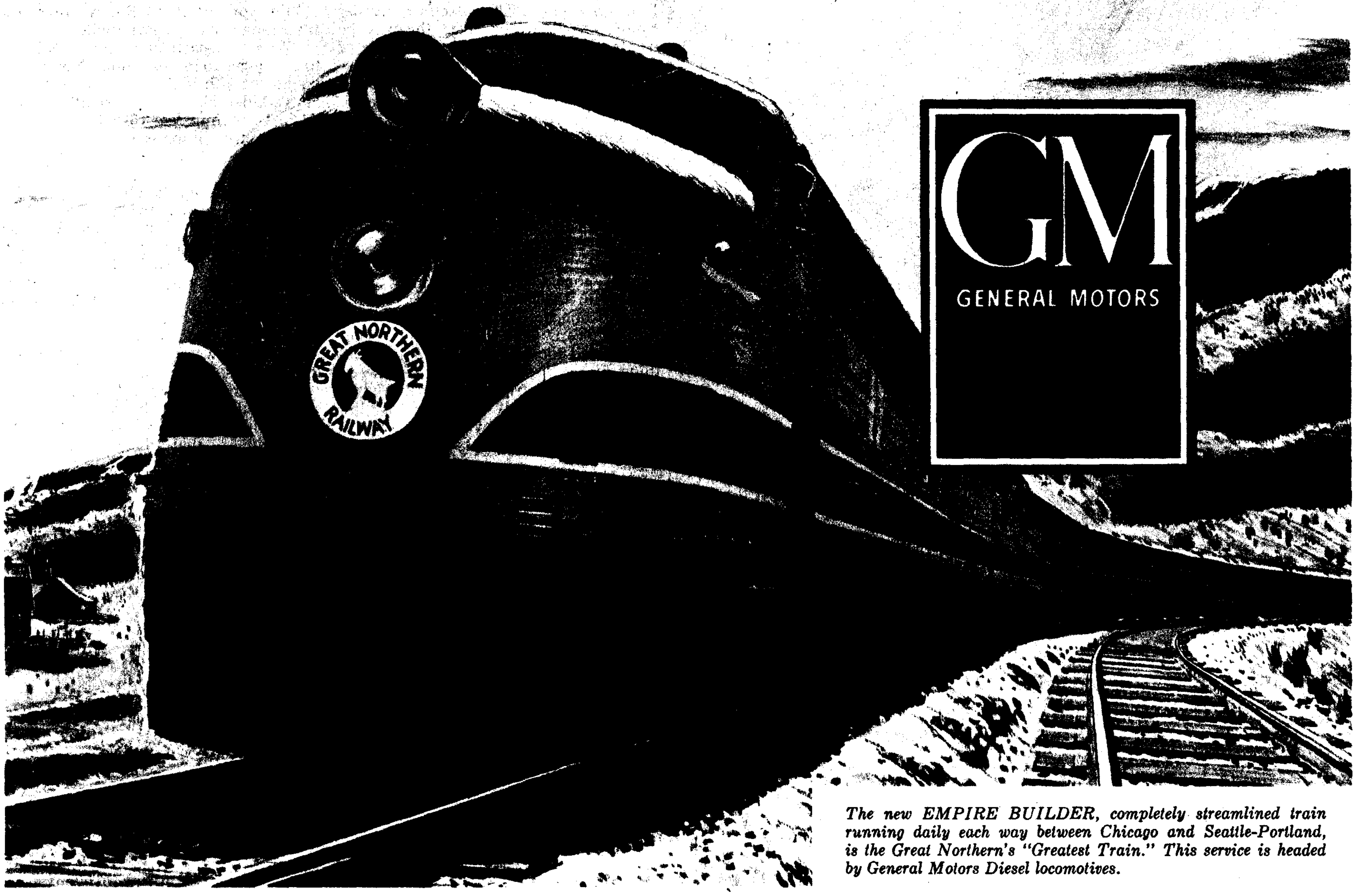

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them as he ran furiously toward the plunging horse.

"You Fred! You Mike! You Sam! Get out of from dere!"

The buggy's reins went tight. The horse stood in a rigid arc, held there, its ears laid back, compact with violence. Then Walter grabbed its bridle and yanked down.

"That Hattie!" Brother Emory groaned. "You better come on, boy—yo' grandma's here."

He went off with that country gait of his, long-legged, moving fast. I followed him, watching old Walter lead the jerking horse along.

GRANDMOTHER sat there in the driver's seat, the reins taut in her tiny hands, and suddenly it came to me why she was here.

"Your Brother Emory," she'd said that spring when she was sending me to him, "wants you to come. It is his right. But, son, don't mold yourself on Brother Emory. He's always lived the way he wanted to, alone out there, and some of it has got the devil in it. Like the time—why, when he killed that lawyer back in Hopkinsville. Course it was self-defense, but Brother Emory might have argued out of it. Trouble is, he's quick with guns and everybody knows it and that's why some men try—well, men can't seem to help it when they think they're good with guns. But there's no good in guns. No good at all."

It all came back to me as we approached the house. Grandmother had already gone inside. Old Walter stood there with the horse, holding it warily, his eyes bugged out.

"Sho mean," he said, and Brother Emory nodded silently, but there was something in the look that passed between them, something frightening, the way two men look cautiously on danger. "Miss Hattie say she wait in where it cool."

"Yes, Walter. Thanks. Step lively, boy."

I said, "The gun?"

"The gun?" he asked, as if astonished. Then: "You'll carry that, of course. Come on."

Grandmother stood beside the reading table in the living room. One corner of her white shawl was clenched in her hand. Her small black hat sat primly on her silver hair. She waited until we were well within the room.

"I've come," she said, "to take my grandson home with me."

"Why, mornin', Hattie. Mornin'," Brother Emory said. Gravely he took her in his arms, then stooped and kissed her forehead. "Hattie, you're lookin' mighty sweet."

"You're kind," she said stiffly.

"Oh, Hattie! No sense in actin' up because you got a scare."

She shook her head. "No horse can scare me, Brother Emory. But what I've heard about you and my grandson, walking with a gun—"

"Just huntin' cottontails," Brother Emory explained.

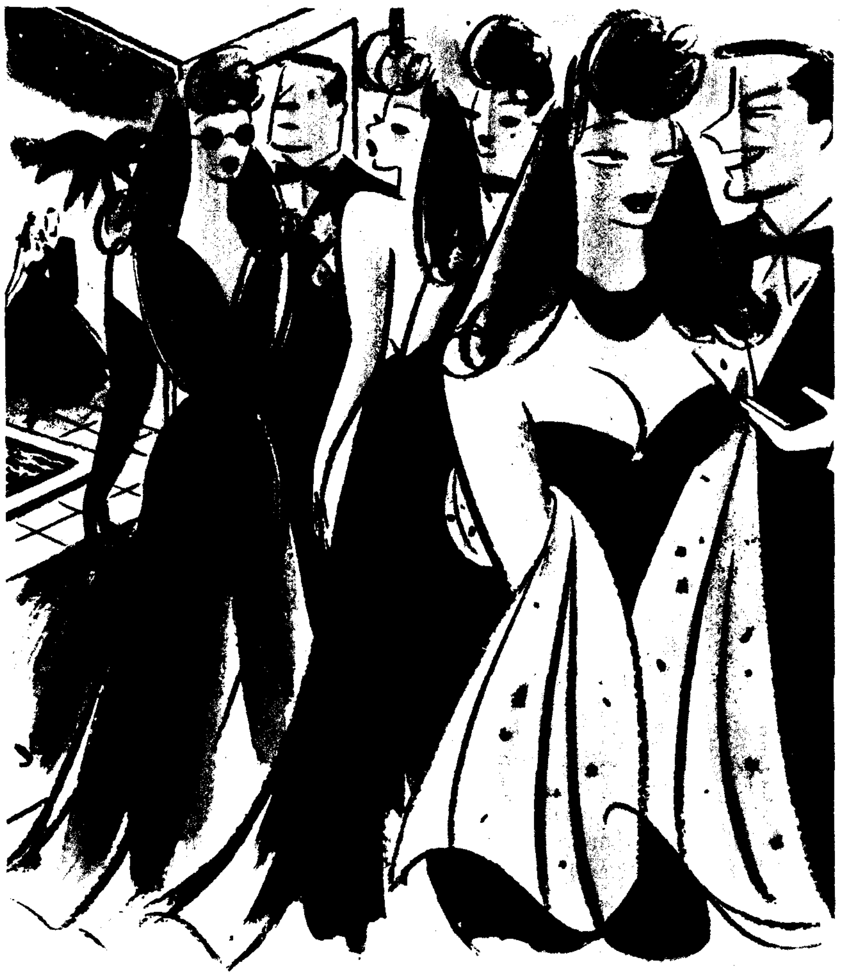
"I'm sure of that. But we must go. It's a long drive to Clarksville."

"With that particular horse, it's liable to be longer than you think. You've got no business drivin' any horse like that. He's a killer, Hattie—a born killer. Why, when I saw him rear on you, flailin' his forefeet at my hounds—"

"Nonsense! I'll gentle him. I always do."

Brother Emory laughed, shaking his head. "You always try," he said. "But this time you've got more than you can gentle. No, I'll drive you back. Walter can follow in the rig." He smiled disarmingly. "Course not right now. Walter's got work to do. Take off yo' hat—take off yo' hat—breakfast is almost ready. It's a gracious plenty for us all." He strode toward the porch. "Walter! Put up Miss Hattie's horse."

"Just a minute, Brother Emory." Her voice, as always, had that small clarity of silver bells, seeming so feminine, but with a steadiness that meant unswerving strength. "We shan't have time to stay." She turned to me. "Go pack your bag, son. Summer's over. Soon you'll be



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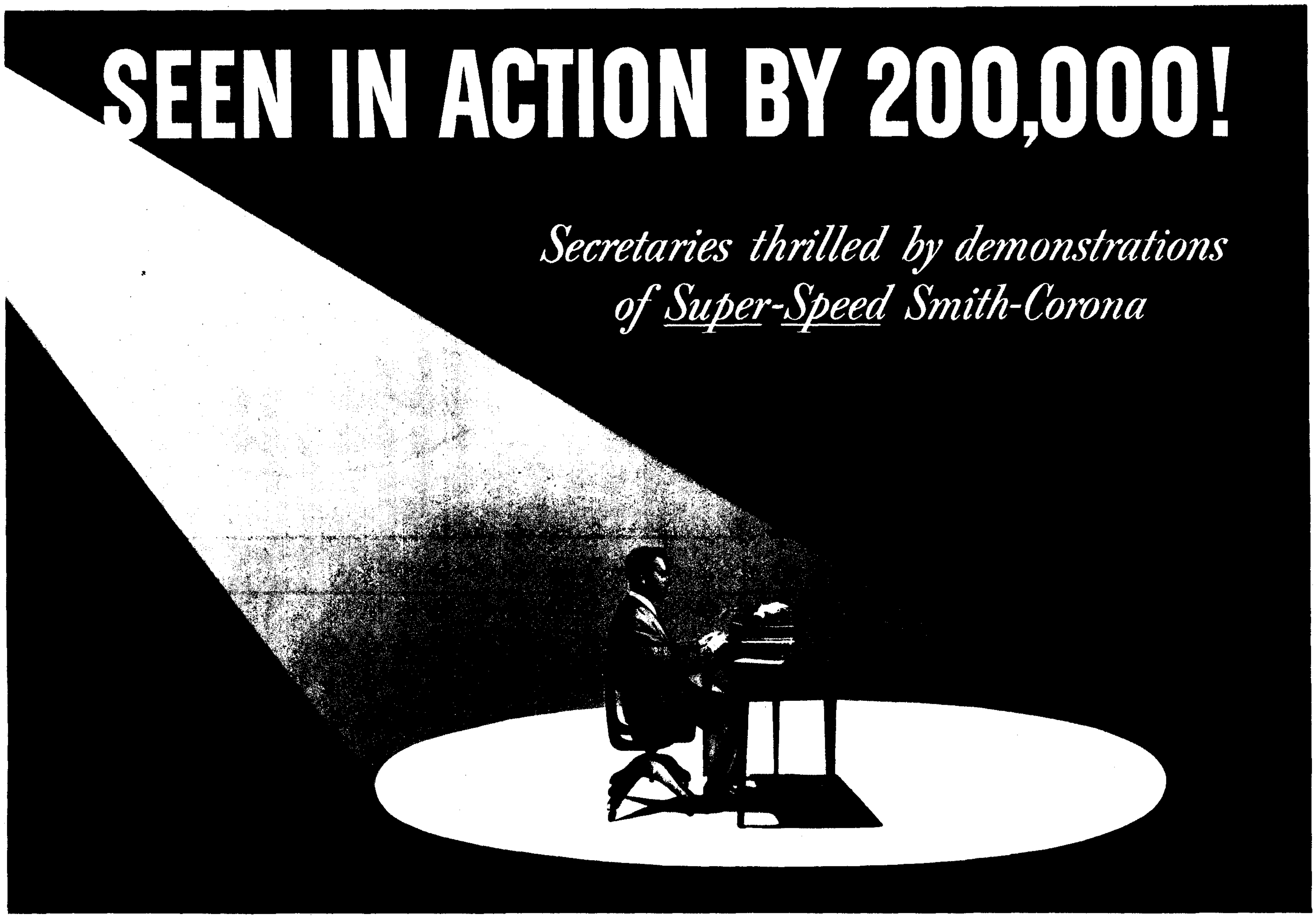

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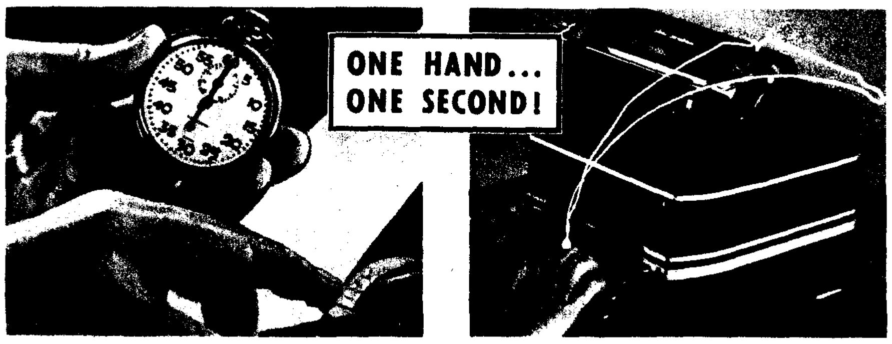

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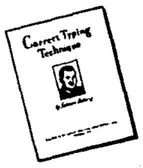

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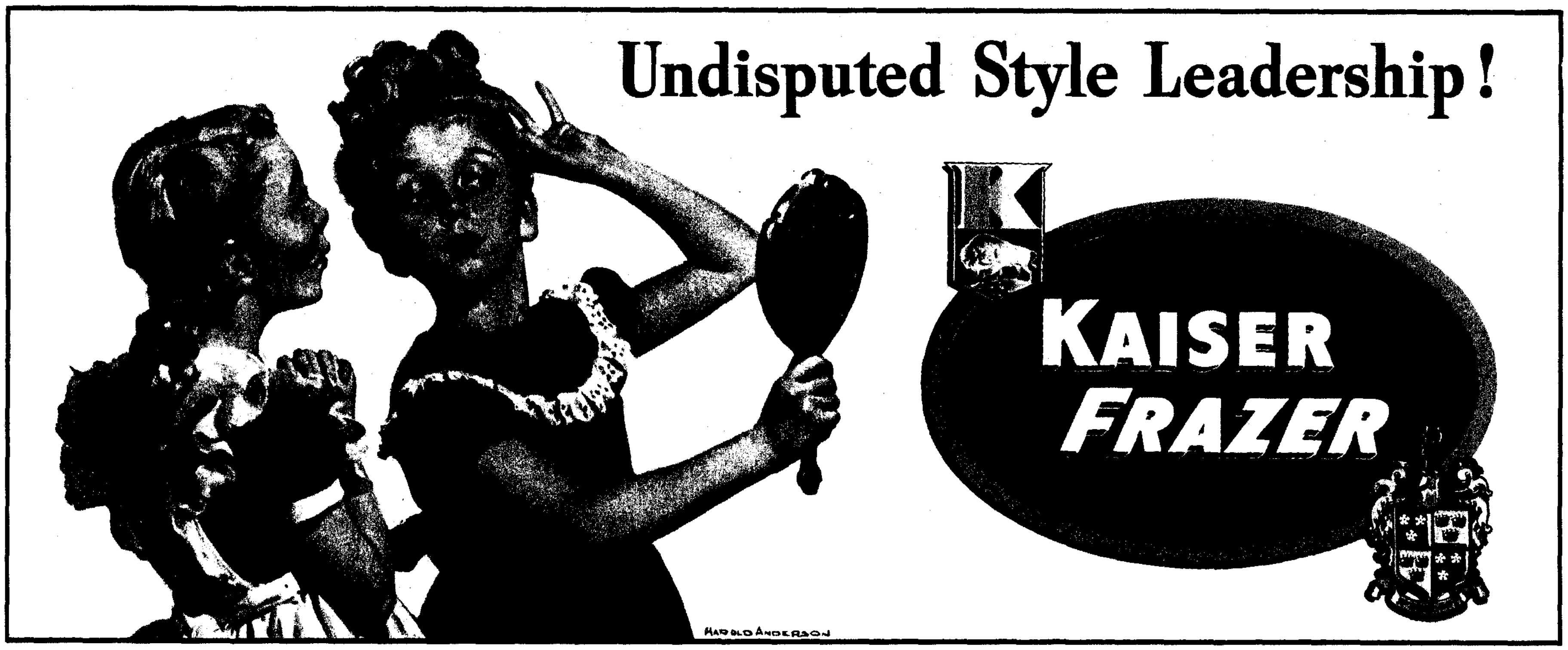
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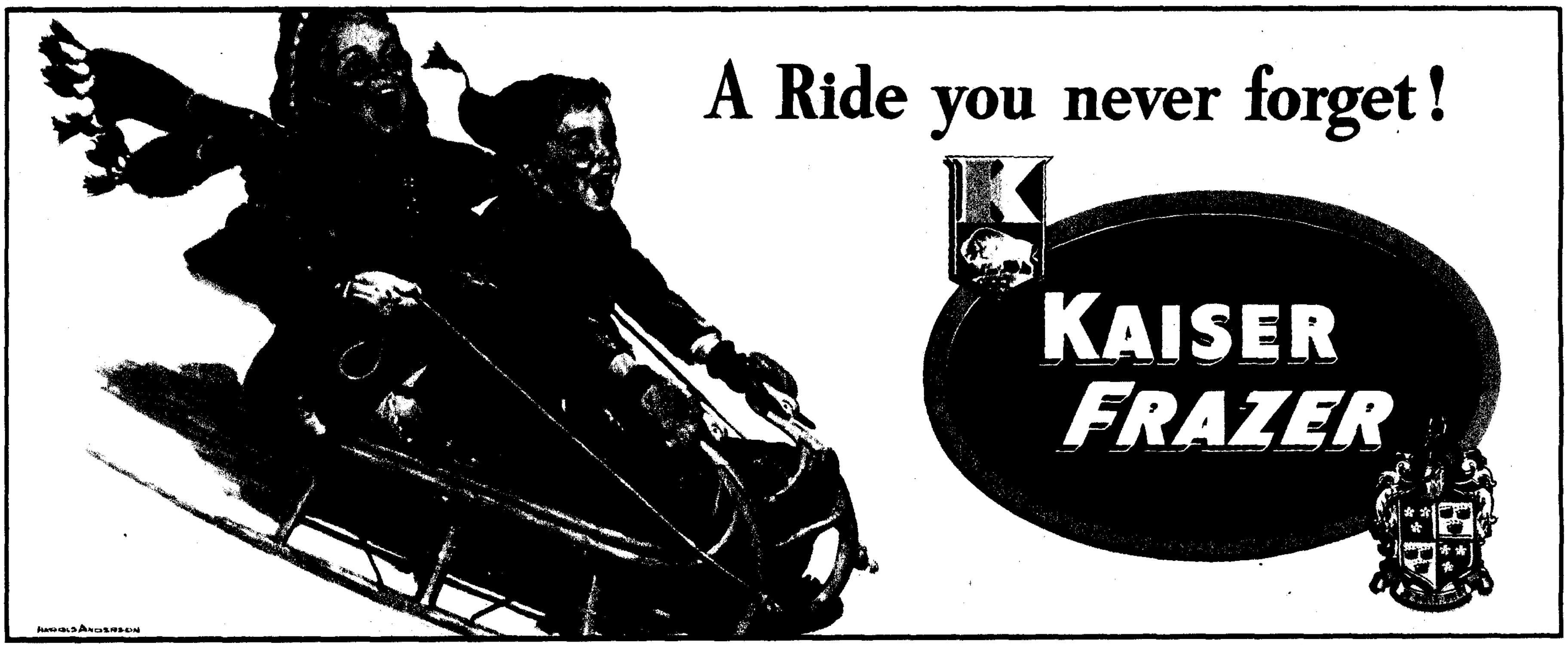
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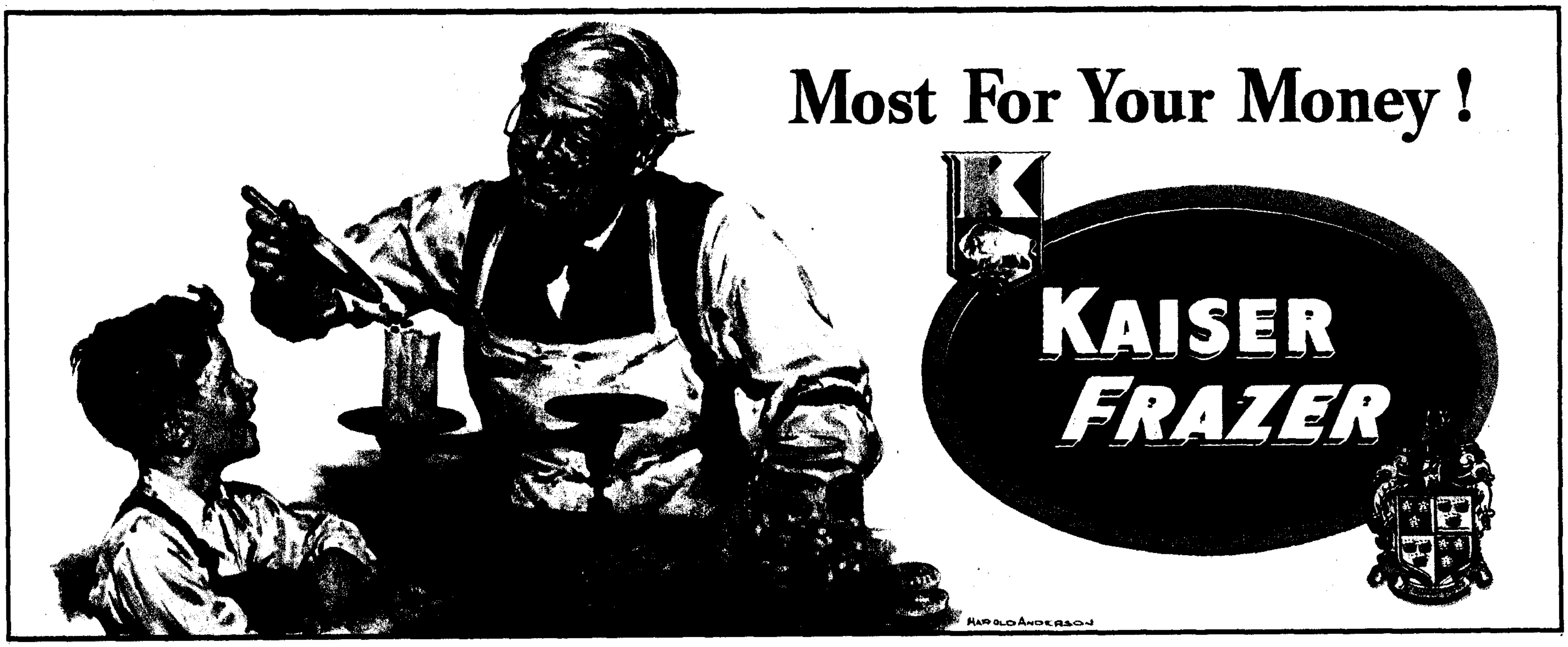
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going back to school. I want you with me for the next few weeks."

I moved uncertainly, but Brother Emory's hand hooked in the muscles of my arm. "Hattie," he said, sharply, "what you forget, my blood runs in his veins the same as yours. Joe's blood, my brother's blood—"

"My husband's blood," Grandmother said. "I am aware of it, Brother Emory. But I won't have you teaching him your wildness."

"Wildness?" he asked, and laughed. It was a harsh laugh, bitter, short. "I can remember when you didn't call it that."

"Those days are long since past," Grandmother reminded him.

He bowed, icily courteous. "No, Hattie, no. Nothing like that is ever past. Joe could have told you that, if Joe had lived. Joe understood us both. My brother and your husband, Hattie. But, for each of us, a little more than that. This was his gun—"

We heard the creaking of Grandmother's buggy going toward the barn. And in that old, ramshackle house, the summer morning's heat come now at last, the air seemed heavy suddenly, thick with the mustiness of long dry-rotted wood, of mattings moldering upon the floor, of empty rooms, mildewed. When Brother Emory spoke again, his voice was hushed.

"You go help Walter, boy. Your grandma's going to talk to me a while."

I didn't know. I couldn't know. I said, "Grandmuh?"

"Put down that gun," she said. "And go."

QUICKLY, I put the rifle down and went out toward the barn. Some things are too much for a boy of twelve to understand, but I knew this, that this had been Grandfather's rifle that I'd used and that was promised to me. Grandfather's rifle, yet in Brother Emory's care, as if entrusted to him until the time when he should pass it on to me. It was more than a rifle now. It was a heritage out of the past. And something even more than that—the symbol of a fundamental difference.

Old Walter had unhitched Grandmother's horse. He held its bridle slackly, standing back, letting it gulp water from the trough beside the iron pump. But even then, drinking, its ears were back and its veined, red-rimmed eyes were watching us. Old Walter ran a soothing hand along its neck.

"Trouble?" he asked, as if he were not speaking to me. "Trouble in de house?"

"Grandmother wants me to go home," I said.

The horse blew through its nostrils suddenly, sending a spray of water from the trough, then all at once it reared up on its hind legs, pawing frantically. Old Walter tugged down hard upon the reins. "Whoa, boy! Now steady! Steady! Hold on, dere!" His brown hand touched the ugly, jerking head, palm open, soft. "Now, boy! Now come on, boy, le's walk." He shook his head, working the horse slowly toward the barn and making those deep-voiced and coaxing sounds that seem like grownups' baby talk. "Now, boy! Now, come on, boy! Now, walk wi' me." And then: "Seem like Miss Hattie always pick a mighty fractious horse. She sech a peaceful lady, think she pick somethin' dat's mo' equable, but she don't. You goin' home?"

"I'm not sure yet," I said.

"Dat's 'cause dey ain't sure yet," he grinned. "Kind of a puzzle what to do about a boy. Now you take Mister Emory and Mister Joe—"

"My grandfather?"

He nodded thoughtfully. "Dey raised de same. But sho did turn out different. Mister Joe, he sottle down, has all dem chillun what's yo' uncles and aunts, you never hear no ruckuses concerned wid him. But Mister Emory—"

The horse twisted maliciously and bared its teeth. I turned and ran. When I looked back, Walter had gotten it into a stall. He latched the gate.

"Debbil," he whispered to himself. "Debbil, dat's what." Then all at once his dark eyes seemed opaque, as if he'd shut his mind on something bothering him. "You helpin' or you gawpin', boy? Fotch me some hay."

We went back to the house soon after that, for it was well past breakfast time. It was a strange breakfast. Brother Emory was not much for talking while he ate but this morning, while my grandmother listened silently, he was almost gay, the way that older men are sometimes gay, with an underlying gravity. I'd catch him watching me, as if all this were calculated to amuse me. And it did.

"Eat it," he said, pushing some bacon on my plate. "Eat all of it. I'll make a John L. Sullivan out of you yet."

"But I'm full, Brother Emory."

"You're full?" he roared, and poked his fingers in my stomach. "The way a gourd is full! You eat that up. You need a little somethin' stickin' to your ribs. Your grandma's going to take you for another walk."

Grandmother's fork clicked sharply on her plate. "I was to tell him that."

"Hattie, it just slipped out."

"And not by accident. You're prejudicing him, trying to make it humorous. You're not fair, Brother Emory."

He scowled at her. His deep-set eyes were suddenly morose. The dark look of the Welsh, the latent fury of a forest people came in them. "It's not a thing I care to be too fair about. Walter—" And violently he thumped his heavy cup upon the table. "Walter, more coffee!"

"I think we'll go now, Brother Emory."

"All right!" he cried. "Go for your walk—and if you win, take him away with you. But you won't win."

"You'll have my buggy hitched?"

"I promised that."

She got up quietly. "We'll go now."

OUTSIDE, the sun had gotten scorching hot, and as we went down Brother Emory's steps the hounds got up and shook themselves, licking their jaws with indolent delight at seeing us. Grandmother did not seem to notice them. They slumped back disappointedly into the dust. And we walked on.

"They take the easy way," Grandmother said to me at last. "I mean those hounds. If there's excitement, they'll get up for that. They thought that you might take them hunting—"

"But they're foxhounds, Grandmuh. They hunt at night."

"Don't quibble, son. The sight of you means hunting to them. They don't think about the time of day or night at first. So they get up for that—and nothing else. That's easy living, son—excitement is. It's doing the dull, necessary things that's hard for dogs. And hard for men."

"Yes, ma'am," I said, not really understanding what she meant. "Where are we going, Grandmuh?"

"Beyond the creek. Up on that rise of ground."

"Just for a walk?"

"Yes, son," she said. "Just for a walk. You've been there lots of times before, I'm sure. Your Brother Emory must have taken you or you've gone by yourself, exploring. Boys do that. Boys can't resist the sight of gravestones, though they never comprehend them. Did you comprehend them, son?"

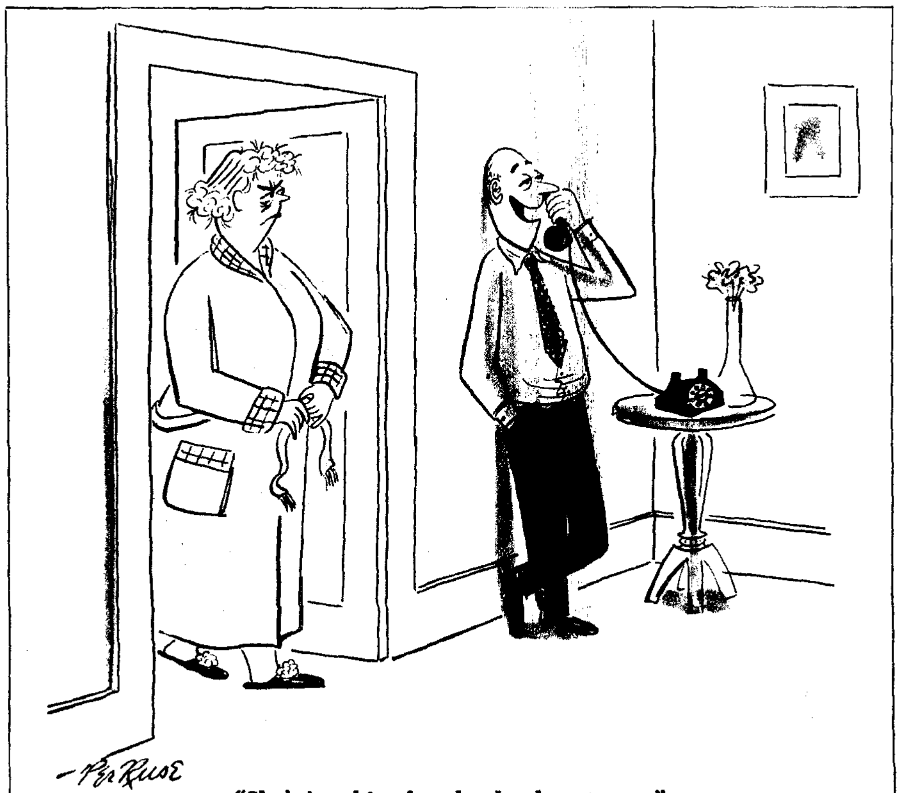
"They're General Forrest's men," I said, remembering. "Some of them kin to me."

We passed the creek. We climbed the slope and stood at last before the little cemetery. Then Grandmother spoke.

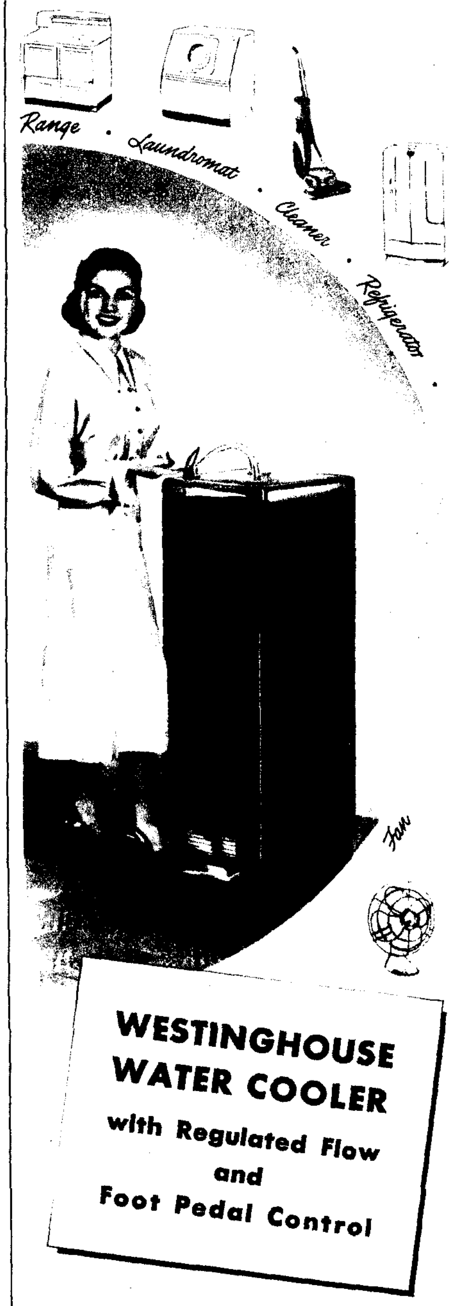
"Yes, they were Forrest's men. Here's where they died—and when they died they weren't much older than you are this morning, son. They'd marched from Mississippi, marched and ridden when they had the horses. Night and day, trying to feint Sherman out of Georgia. It doesn't matter now that they did not succeed, but it did then. This was only a tiny part of it—a raid, a screen for Forrest's general movement north. They skirmished here, a battle too small even for a name. Still, it seemed important to these men. Enough to die for, if they had to die." She moved ahead upon the softer grass, keeping my hand in hers. "Some of them didn't die," she said. "Your Brother Emory—my Joe—that's your grandfather, son. But Philip died."

She touched a stone. The lettering upon it, scaled by time and rain, was hard to read. *Philip Frederick Haskins.*

"My brother," said Grandmother presently. "Nineteen that day. You're twelve. In seven years you'll be as old as Philip ever got to be. In seven years you'll look like Philip did—oh, not a large man like your Brother Emory. A small man with a straight smile and the kind of eyes you've got. Brown eyes. Good, honest eyes—kind eyes. And sweeter to his sister than most men would be. Or than most men could be." She ran her finger down the letters of the stone. "You'd think that in the fifty years since then I'd



COLLIER'S "She's in taking her, ha, ha, beauty nap" PER RUSE



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have forgotten Philip, but you don't forget. For time and rain don't scale a face out of your heart."

She turned away. And in a moment we went down the slope. As we walked on, she kept on talking in that voice that was like silver bells.

"The point is, son, that Philip died for his convictions. And if a man must die, that's how it should be. I have no wish to argue that. But always, there's a time to put the guns away. My Joe did that. After the war was over, Joe was through with guns. But not Emory. He's kept on fighting ever since. Sometimes with men, sometimes against the trend of time itself, and always ready with his gun, ready if pressed to use his gun. Now, look at me."

The sun blazed in my eyes. And yet I saw her clearly, standing there.

"Brother Emory's way is easiest, for that's the way excitement lies. Fury and passion, burning love and bitter hate, but those aren't God's way, son. God's way is hard. His way is peace. That is the way my Joe went when the war was done, and I went with him. You remember that. Now we'll go back."

BROTHER EMORY was waiting in the living room. My bag was at his feet. He had the rifle in that hand of his that had no thumb to it. He didn't hold it out to me.

"The summer's gone," he said. "It'll rain tonight. Yo' buggy's almost ready, Hattie. Walter's getting it. Sit down—"

"We're leaving, Brother Emory."

"But not like this." He shook his great, gray head at us. "No, Hattie, not like this. I'm not the devil, after all—surely I haven't trained the boy in devilment. I've only taught the boy the way to use a gun. I haven't given it to him."

"But that," Grandmother said, "you would have done."

"In time, in time! Hattie, he's going to be a man."

She clenched her shawl. "If that means killing—"

"There is a time for that. There was for Joe. Oh, I know that we went a different way after the war. That was because—well, you were lovely when he married you. Sixteen that year, redheaded, slim, the finest hand in Christian County with a horse. I would have done as much for you, if I'd been Joe."

"No, Brother Emory. You were born different."

His eyes were glistening when he answered her. "Joe was my twin in everything until you came along, my twin in everything except the fact of time. You gentled him. You gentled him the way you gentle horses—patience, firmness and love. But I know this, you couldn't love a man that wasn't first a man, that couldn't always be a man. Temper a man to live the way a woman must, but first—"

"That's pompous talk."

Harshly, he said, "Of course. All men seem pompous in the women's world it has become. Security and safety, these are all that matter any more. You'll preach that to the boy, you'll make a woman out of him—"

Grandmother took my arm. And in that moment Brother Emory handed me the rifle.

"Look at it, boy," he said. "It was Joe's gun. And someday you come back for it. I'm sorry, Hattie—no, let's go outside. The time for talkin's past. Yo' buggy's here."

I walked behind them out upon the porch. The rifle seemed forever lost to me, for in a moment now, I knew, I'd give it back to Brother Emory.

"Hattie, goodby. Come back sometime."

"I will," Grandmother said, and touched my arm. "Let's go now, son. Give Brother Emory the gun."

A shout came from the drive beyond the porch. Grandmother's horse, rearing, jerked free from Walter's hand. There was a splintering of wooden shafts. The horse was loose, and Walter, grabbing at it, fell into the dust. Then those sharp hoofs rose terribly into the air.

Grandmother screamed. And in an instant Brother Emory was plunging down the steps. The hoofs came up again. Old Walter rolled and groaned and rolled again. I heard a raging cry from Brother Emory. Walter tried hard to roll again.

Then all at once he could not roll and hoofs were slashing murderously at him. I raised the rifle and took aim and fired.

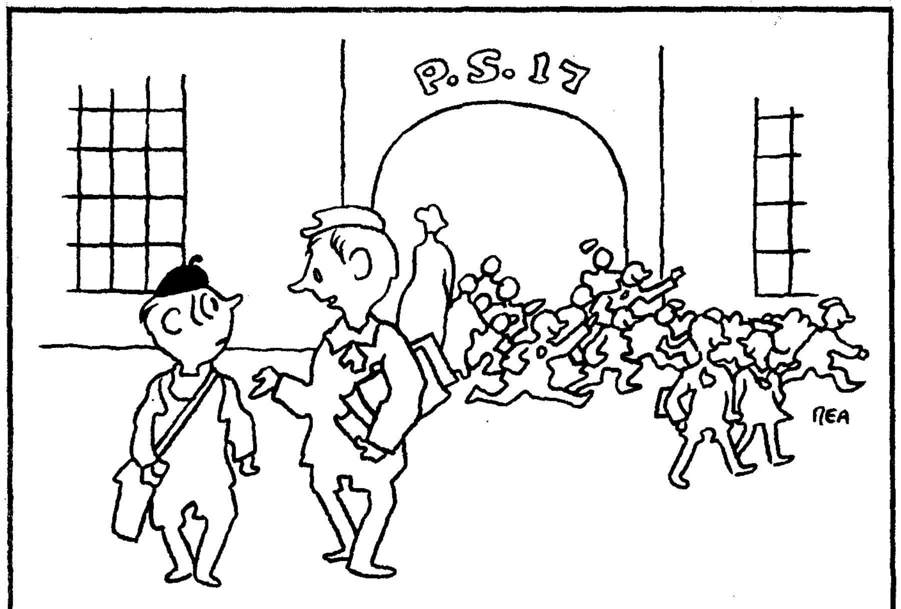
IT WAS Grandmother who helped me to get back on my feet. I was confused. I hadn't known that I'd dropped to my knees when Brother Emory, with Walter in his arms, went in the house. I saw the horse, seeming so awkward lying in the dust. And then at last Brother Emory was coming out.

"He'll be all right," he said. "Cut bad and hurt inside, but Walter's lived through worse. Hattie, I'm givin' you another horse, more fittin' to your age. And you"—he turned to me—"you, boy. Your Grandma'll let you take the rifle with you now. Because you've learned the thing you had to know—not how to use a gun, for any fool can learn that much. But when! That's what's important to a man."

Grandmother nodded somberly. "Yes, son—"

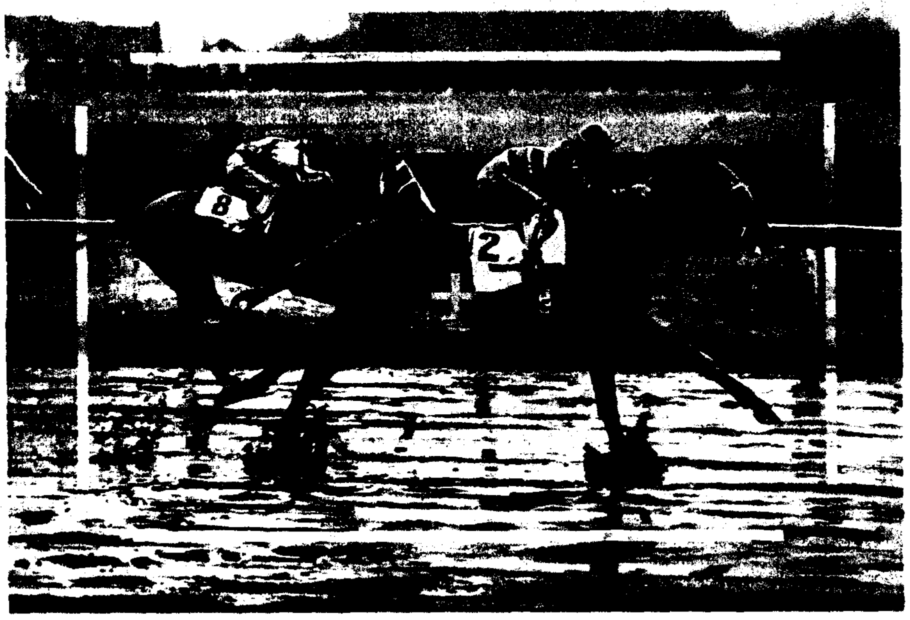
And I knew then that both of them, according to their lights, were right.

THE END



"If you think the first grade was stiff, just wait till you hit the second grade!"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA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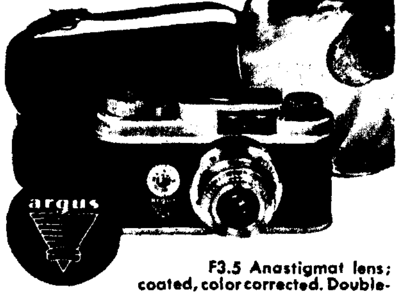

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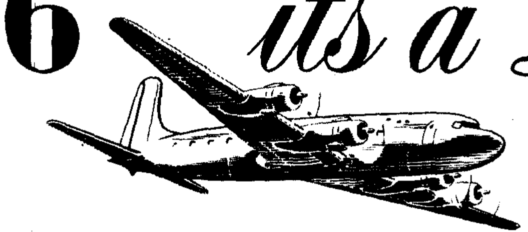

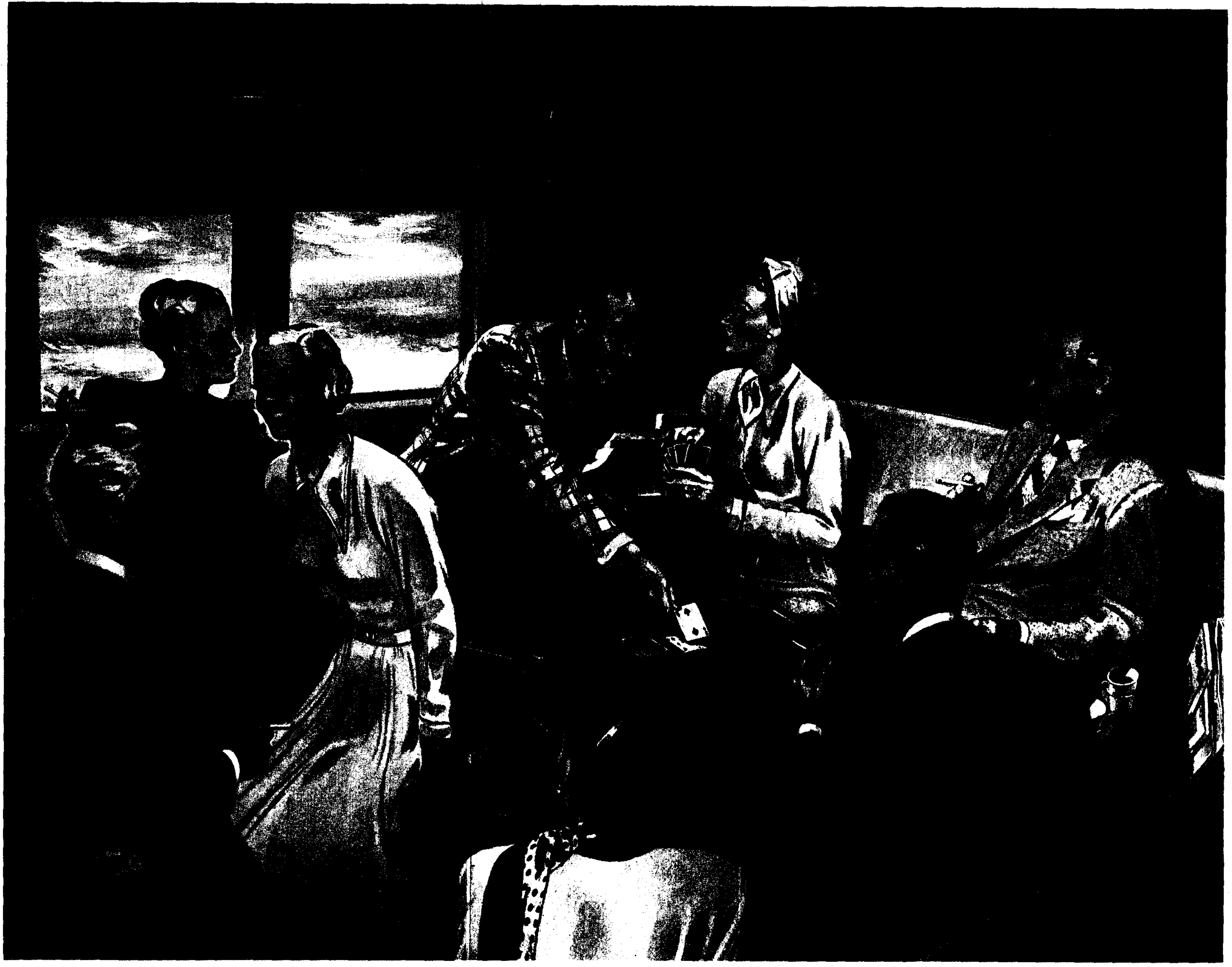

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MORE PEOPLE FLY MORE PLACES BY DOUGLAS

BLOCK THAT TOOTHACHE!

BY MARGOT GRUBB

HIGH on the list of detested inventions, along with the atom bomb, alarm clock and juke box, is the dentist's drill. This was recently confirmed, if confirmation were needed, by one of Dr. George Gallup's innumerable investigations.

Some relief from the dentist's drill seems at last in sight. The U.S. Public Health Service has announced that sodium fluoride—known to you as a cockroach killer—decreases decay in children's teeth by at least 40 per cent, when properly applied. A small number of enthusiastic dentists, furthermore, see no reason why adults cannot cut their future expectancy of cavities by about 25 per cent.

Though some skeptics discount the whole idea, sodium-fluoride applications are the only antidecay measure ever to be unanimously endorsed by the cautious organizations of the American Dental Association, the State and Territorial Health Officers Association, and U.S. Public Health.

The Public Health Service's findings were based on tests made on more than 5,500 children by Dr. John W. Knutson, chief of the Dental Health Section. Dr. Knutson and Dr. Wallace Armstrong, of the University of Minnesota, treated the left sides of the mouths of 289 Minnesota children seven to fifteen years old. Two years later those teeth had 41 per cent fewer cavities than the right, untreated teeth.

Some 1,800 Ohio children were next given sodium-fluoride treatments by Dr. Knutson and Dr. Donald J. Galagan, another public health official. Four applications decreased tooth decay by 41 per cent. In Rochester, Minnesota, over 2,000 children had half of their teeth coated with the decay resister. Two years later, they had 20 per cent fewer cavities in the treated teeth than in those not treated. Here the teeth were not cleaned before treatment, which may explain the smaller drop in the number of cavities.

The routine now recommended to give best results on Junior and his kid sister is this: The dentist cleans the teeth, blocks them off with cotton rolls, dries with compressed air, douses them thoroughly with a two-per-cent solution of sodium fluoride, then lets them dry for three minutes. This is repeated—with the exception of the cleaning—once a week, for four weeks. A series of four applications is recommended for children at the ages of three, seven, ten and thirteen to be sure to catch all the teeth as they grow in. The effectiveness of the treatment is not diminished over a period of three years. Exactly how long it will insulate the teeth, however, is still unknown.

Some practicing dentists, for better or for worse, vary the recommended routine with refinements and compromises. Some skip the first treatment except in youngsters already showing marked signs of bad teeth. Others reinforce their surface applications with prescriptions of sodium-fluoride pills, tooth powders and mouthwashes. The Public Health Service, however, is leery of such frills, declaring that "studies are not sufficiently advanced to warrant conclusions regarding their worth."

After test-tube experiments at Tufts Dental School, Boston, had demonstrated that the enamel of old teeth absorbed fluorine solution as readily as that of young teeth, Dr. Harry Ostrow, dental health officer of the District of Columbia, undertook unofficial tests on adults. He found that adults who habitually had four or five new cavities on annual visits to their dentists decreased these cavities to three, two, sometimes one or none after sodium-fluoride treatments.

Instead of the two per cent liquid solution, Dr. Ostrow used on adults a paste containing 25 per cent sodium fluoride, the balance kaolin and ungasol, with gentian violet for coloring matter to facilitate removal. Other dentists use a paste made of one third each of sodium fluoride, kaolin and glycerin, plus a coloring, for adult teeth.

An additional boon for grownups is the apparent action of sodium fluoride on the so-called "denuded" areas of the teeth, bare spots where enamel has worn off, leaving teeth sensitive to hot or cold. Dr. Ostrow tells of a friend whose teeth were so sensitive to cold that breathing was painful in winter. After one treatment with fluorine paste the sensitiveness disappeared and had not recurred one year later.

Home application should not be attempted. For one thing, in sufficient quantities, sodium fluoride is a poison.

Those best qualified to give treatments are dental hygienists, who thoroughly dry the teeth and then make sure every possible crevice and in-between area is covered.

Exactly how sodium fluoride works on teeth has not been determined. It may combine with the enamel to make teeth more resistant to lactic acid (a major cause of decay) or perhaps it acts on the enzymes that help produce the destructive acid. Why it desensitizes sensitive teeth is still a mystery.

Fluorine first got widespread notice in the United States from the counties in the Southwest where teeth grew in mottled with brown spots caused by fluorines in the drinking water. Although unsightly, these teeth showed astonishingly little decay. And children who spent their tooth-formation stages where drinking water had minute quantities of fluorines had only one third to one half as many cavities as normal, but did not have mottled teeth. Dentists reasoned that artificial addition of minimum amounts of fluorines to water might inhibit decay without staining teeth. At least nine U.S. cities are now trying this (Keep Your Teeth In, Collier's of April 1, 1944). Conclusive results of the artificial fluorination will not be known until at least 1950.

Experts caution that sodium fluoride will never prevent all decay and that, while it is the best preventive measure on hand, a better may yet be found. Research is under way also with synthetic vitamin K, urea products and the war-born wonder drug, penicillin.

The process of tooth decay is known. Sugar and foods with high carbohydrate content (bread, pastries, cereals) are acted upon in the mouth by enzymes which presumably always lurk there, and lactic acid results. The acid attacks the enamel of the teeth. If unchecked there, germs invade the dentine under the enamel and next the pulp of the tooth, commonly called the nerve. If not stopped there, an abscess results, with possible infection through the blood stream.

Good teeth are, if present-day science knows what it is talking about, largely a matter of inheritance and luck. If chance has not caused you to be born and raised in a fluorine-water locality, your best bet would seem to be to have sodium fluoride applied on your teeth and, especially, on your children's. Is it worth it? Well, had a toothache lately? ★★★

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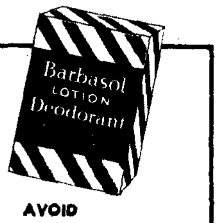

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CAN WE GUARANTEE A FREE EUROPE?

Continued from page 20

real, we will not be dictating. We shall merely be helping the peoples of Western Europe to accomplish what they freely recognize to be indispensable to their own good.

There is one further contribution that we may have to make. We may have to give some political guarantees to cover the period during which Western Europe makes transition from the weakness of diversity to the strength of unity.

Soviet leaders are violently opposed to Western European unity. They realize that if that happens, it will end, once and for all, the Soviet design of moving through Western Europe to the Atlantic. So the nations of Western Europe know that every move they take toward unity will involve the great displeasure of Soviet leaders and they feel that that displeasure may evidence itself in hostile acts.

Soviet doctrine sanctions the use of any means to accomplish Soviet ends and they have in the Russian army a means which Western Europe in its present state cannot resist and they have in the Communist parties a means of penetration which it is difficult to resist so long as there is economic sickness.

The European states would feel safer in proceeding if they knew that, in doing so, they had over-all backing from the United States and not merely financial and economic backing.

A Hostile Power's Opportunity

If Western Europe should succumb to despotism, as Eastern Europe already has, then a great power which treats us as enemy would, through Greenland, be in North America. It would, through France, Italy and Spain, come into control of long-established cultural ties with South America and then it would be difficult to prevent the kind of encroachment into South America which, President Monroe said over a century ago, would be "dangerous to our peace and safety."

The United States would, under those circumstances, be virtually encircled and isolated in the world and a process of slow strangulation would be well under way. Probably we would then try to fight our way out. But surely it is not in our self-interest to be halfhearted and ineffectual until we actually feel the noose tightening around our neck.

So, I say, the United States should be prepared to give to the uniting countries of Western Europe assurance that, while unity is being forged, they will have our complete backing. That backing should be against military aggression and against the overthrow of their free political institutions by Communists who are within but who function as foreign affiliates of the Soviet Communist party and take its orders.

All of that is permissible under the United Nations Charter, which authorizes collective self-defense and joint action to promote observance of human rights and fundamental freedoms.

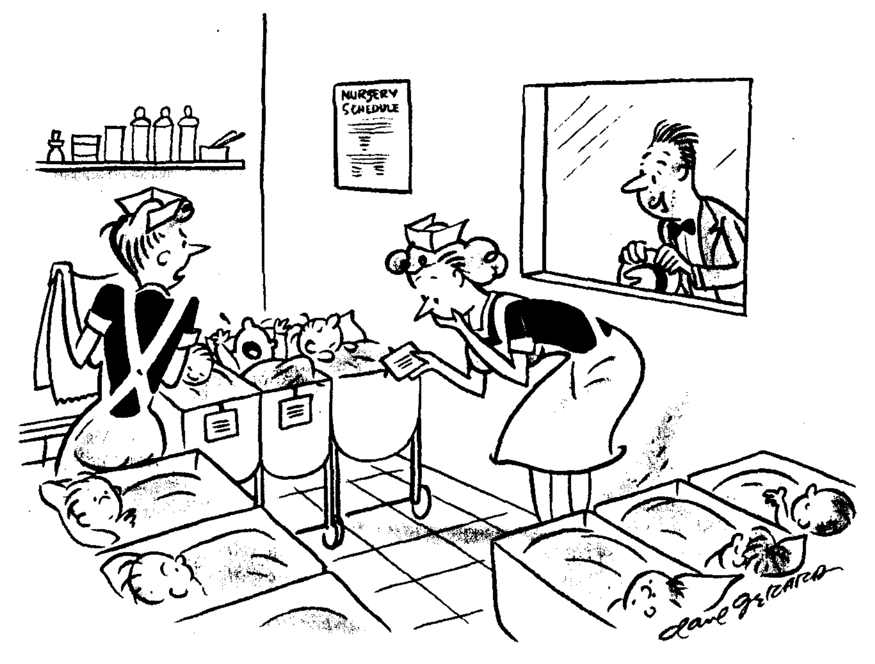
I feel, however, that any military guarantee that we now give should be provisional and transitional, and not permanent. Perhaps that judgment would need to be revised in the light of future events, but my present thought is that Western Europe, with its African territories, has the possibility of becoming a free and democratic area equally as powerful as the United States herself.

The immediately pressing problem is to bring about a realization of that possibility. That might not happen if the different nations of Western Europe felt that they could rely continuously upon us. American aid and support, whether economic or military, is, today, a crutch. Crutches are good so long as they help convalescent people to get the strength to stand alone. Crutches are not good when people who can recover get to leaning on them permanently.

The United States cannot, and should not, go on indefinitely bolstering up peoples who have the possibility of standing independently on their own feet. I am confident that they can stand alone. If so, we will have helped to create a great sister federation, a new regional grouping such as the United Nations Charter permits and encourages. That transformation in Europe would bring to an end the present considerable risk of war. It would fill with health the present vacuum into which Soviet power is penetrating.

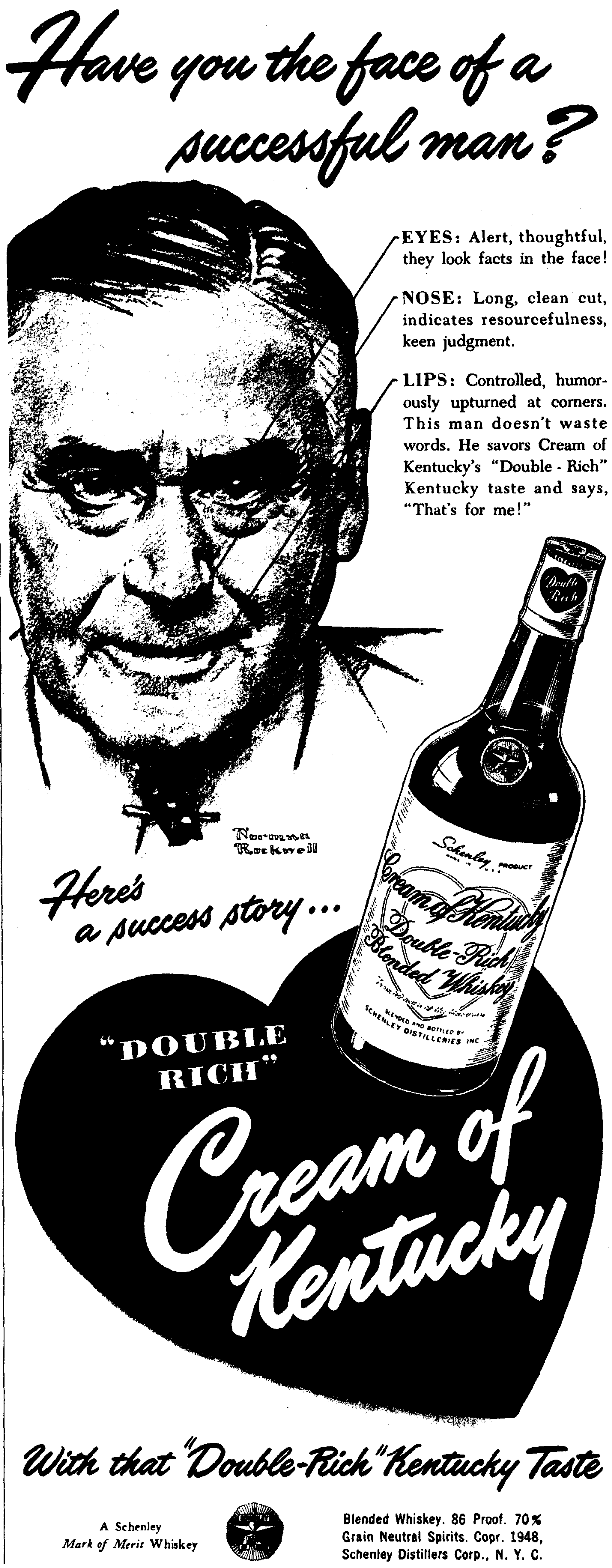
The coming into being of a federation of Western Europe should not, of course, mark the end of our efforts to replace international anarchy with international order. It might, however, mean that from then on, our efforts could be on a more universal basis through the United Nations. There would be real chance of developing world order on a universal basis. We should never lose sight of that ultimate goal.

THE END



"Oh, just show him any one—he'll never know the difference!"

COLLIER'S — DAVE GERARD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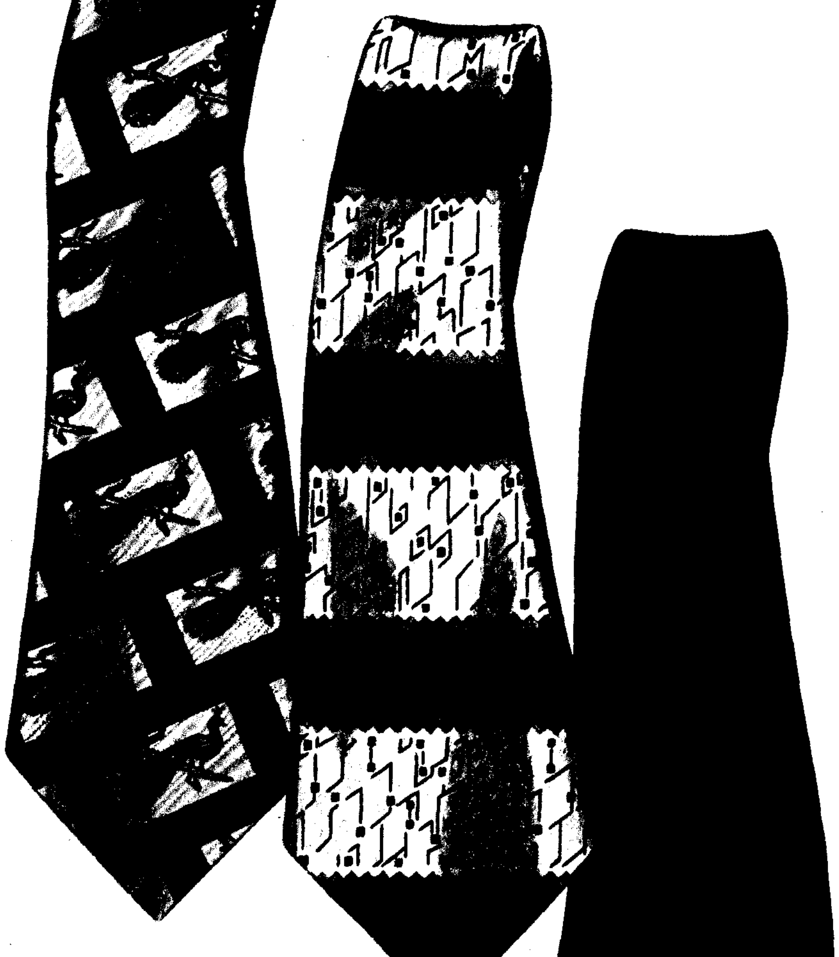

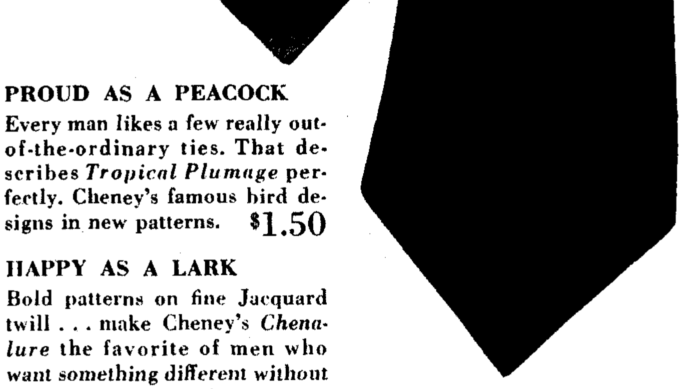

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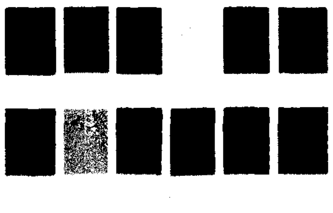

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★ CHENEY CRAVATS

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

I were a kid again, playing that game. Fair winds, sunny seas and a spanking heavy payday! Bill Adams, Dutch Flat, Cal.

ASK JOHN L. LEWIS!

Treasured Collier's: First, to make myself solid, I love your magazine. I read the "Mailbox" with much interest. Anent letter in it for May 1st: There just "ain't no such word" as "disassociate" in my dictionary. That word is in the same classification as "irregardless" (or "uncareless" as I heard one person say!) . . . it is, I believe, "associate" and contrary, "dissociate." Would it follow that the proper word is "disfiliate"? . . . I can't find "disaffiliate" either!

Mrs. Gertrude Heaton,
Altadena, Cal.

We hate to disbobulate Reader Heaton but both disassociate and dissociate are correct.

FLYING SCHOLAR

Dear Editor: In his What's Wrong With Veterans' Schools? (May 1st), Mr. Maisel picked out the flying schools in particular. I am studying flying and have found no such discrepancies as he brought out.

His big item was the expense to the "poor taxpayer." Who does he think we veterans are? We repay in taxes almost what we have spent on us in a year; last year I paid *more* in taxes than I had spent on me by the "poor taxpayers."

I don't say that the methods of the G.I. Bill couldn't stand revision but please don't make all of us sound like leeches; we did win the war, you know.

H. E. Ziegler, Roslyn, Pa.

. . . Albert Q. Maisel's parallels are poorly drawn. Six apples and six oranges under no circumstances can ever make one dozen oranges, so lack of funds for hospitals should be blamed on lack of planning rather than the educational program.

John E. Reilly, Jr., Milwaukee, Wis.

. . . Those of us who were fortunate enough to complete our education (formal) before going into the Army feel that we have as much right to study voice, ballroom dancing, or chicken sexing as anyone attending college or a university for a degree in law or medicine. May we remind you that our foxholes were just as muddy, our C- and K-rations just as tasteless, and our combat just as bloody as those in colleges and universities?

Lt. James K. Cartee, Washington, D. C.

RIGHTEOUSLY INDIGNANT

Dear Editor: We who are attached culturally to Kansas State College and much more deeply to Dr. Milton S. Eisenhower by human ties indignantly deny that he is resigning the presidency of our college for reasons of health. He is as robust as his brother Ike and, thank God, not leaving us. I am writing this in denial of the recent paragraph by your Washington columnist, Robert S. Allen (Washington Party Line, Apr. 17th) who, incidentally, is a good man too.

Walpole T. Claskey,
Manhattan, Kans.

Colonel Allen's sources for his information were one United States senator, one top-flight newspaper correspondent and one former governor who is still a big shot in Republican politics.

LICENSE US!

Dear Sirs: The editorial of May 1st, Press Pipe Lines Should Be Protected, asks: Should publications and writers be immune from compulsion to disclose sources of confidential information?

The answer is yes, but only if the publications and professional writers were licensed under rules and regulations just as doctors and lawyers and other professional men are licensed.

A professional writer is merely one who has acquired the art of phrasing words and sentences and is able to put them on paper in such a manner that they will have a commercial value to a printer or publisher. He is not always endowed with a superior intellect nor is he of a superior race or a god, but usually thinks he is when he receives pay for his work. He should be licensed after qualifying and he should also live up to professional standards of conduct and ethics. It could also apply to professional teachers.

L. S. Jacoby, New York, N. Y.

E-NUN-SEE-AY-SI-YON!

Editor Collier's: You ran some fine articles on the radio in Men, Money & Mikes (Apr. 17–May 8th), now can you do something to get these people who talk like they had mush in their mouths off the radio? They say pro-*grum* for program—*pee*-anist for piano-ist—*on*-velope for envelope, and can scarcely pronounce any word correctly, except AID TO EUROPE and that while drooling.

James Dingle, Jr., Burbank, Cal.

B'R BRADFORD

Dear Sirs: We are cotton farmers in northeast Texas, and Roark Bradford's stories about Little Bee Bend are so typical, I find myself gradually thinking of the folks on our own, or near-by, farms. We all have a "Widow Duck," "Uncle Henry" and "B'r Charlie."

These colored folk are the happiest people on earth. They have a house and garden, a few hogs; a church near by where they can shout and sing half the night; a school on the adjoining farm which they seldom attend; money on Saturday—and they know that in an emergency, the farm owner pays their doctor or hospital bills.

We sit on the porch after supper and stew about weather, the price of cotton, etc., etc., and about 100 yards away the colored family sits on their porch talking to neighbors, gossiping, laughing and singing. No wonder they don't have gray hair or wrinkles before they're at least 90.

Mrs. G. E. Strickland, Texarkana, Texas

THE UNDEWEY I

Collier's Readers: A lot of people are *fed up to the gills* with words, words, words, such as the detailed account of Governor Dewey's smoking habits (Governor Dewey, May 1st).

When are we going to learn that the governing of a nation is serious business and not a moving picture? If the man who can untangle the web of his and other absurdities that have been built up in this U.S.A. is bald-headed and cross-eyed—well, what of it? He is the man we need.

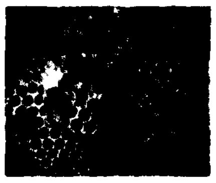
James Tulloua, Ysleta, Texas

ꓭ

Sirs: Your article The Vanishing Bee (May 1st) contains much food for thought that are facts, but why the fiction? Red clover and especially the mammoth variety has too deep a honey (nectar) repository to accommodate the honeybee and as a result very little pollinization is accomplished thereby. Also an otherwise fascinating picture has been printed upside down, very disturbing to a beekeeper. The queen cell should hang open end downward.

Dr. H. W. Satterlee, Lewiston, Minn.

The picture was ǝpısdn uʍop and we reprint it right side up; Authors Willson & Wheeler listed red clover as one of the many clovers, were aware it was not an important bee source, but did not have space to go into detail.



SHADOW OF FU MANCHU

Continued from page 28

he was crazy with fright. Anyway, he figured the dogs were locked up—"

"When, in fact, they were right on top of him! If Kelly hadn't arrived, I could have done nothing. Rouse somebody up. Get hot water, bandages, iodine. Rush."

As Sam ran to obey, Raymond Harkness stepped in through the open window. He wore a blue raincoat, a striped muffler and a brown hat. He was peeling off a pair of light pigskin gloves. He looked like an accountant who had called to advise winding up the corporation.

"It's not clear to me, Sir Denis, just what happened out there tonight—I mean what happened to Frobisher."

"You can see what happened to him!" said Smith, dryly.

"Yes—but how? Sokolov was waiting to meet him, but he never got there—"

"Somebody else met him first!"

"Sokolov's thugs made the mistake of opening fire on our party." Harkness put his gloves in his pockets. "Otherwise, I'm not sure we should have had anything on Sokolov—"

The wounded man groaned, momentarily opened his eyes, clenched his injured hands. He had heard the sound of someone beating on a door, heard Stella's moaning cry:

"Let me out! Mike!"

"Don't . . ." Frobisher whispered, "let her . . . see me."

Nayland Smith turned, exchanged a glance with Harkness, and went racing upstairs.

"Mrs. Frobisher!" he called. "Mrs. Frobisher! Where are you?"

"I'm here!" she said pitifully.

Smith found the locked door. The key was in the lock! He turned it, and threw the door open.

Stella Frobisher, on the verge of nervous collapse, stood just inside.

"Mrs. Frobisher! What does this mean?"

"Miss Navarre locked me in! Oh, for Heaven's sake, tell me. What has happened?"

"Hang onto yourself, Mrs. Frobisher. It's bad, but it might be worse. Please stay where you are for a few minutes longer. Will you promise? It's for the good of everybody."

"Oh, must I? If you say so—"

"Just for another five minutes, Mrs. Frobisher."

Smith ran out again, and down to the library. His face was drawn, haggard. In the battle to save Frobisher from the dogs, with the added distraction of a fracas between F.B.I. men and Sokolov's bodyguard at the lower gate, he had lost sight of Craig Camille he hadn't seen; he had never suspected that she would leave Mrs. Frobisher's room.

"Harkness," he said. "Send out a general alert. Dr. Fu Manchu not only has the plans. He has Camille Navarre and the inventor, too. . . ."

THE police car raced toward New York, casting a sword of light far ahead. Against its white glare, the driver and a man beside him were silhouettes. The glass partition separated them from Nayland Smith and the others in the rear. It was a special control car, normally sacred to the deputy commissioner.

"We know, now," said Harkness, "where the attack came from."

"We know many things when it's too late," Nayland Smith answered. "I knew when I got back tonight that Michael Frobisher was an agent of the Soviet, knew the Kremlin had backed those experiments. I knew Sokolov was waiting for him . . ."

His crisp voice trailed off into silence.

Cycle patrolmen passed and repassed, examining occupants of all vehicles.

"That broken-down truck wasn't reported earlier," Harkness went on, "because it stood so far away from any gate to Falling Waters. What's more, it hadn't been there long."

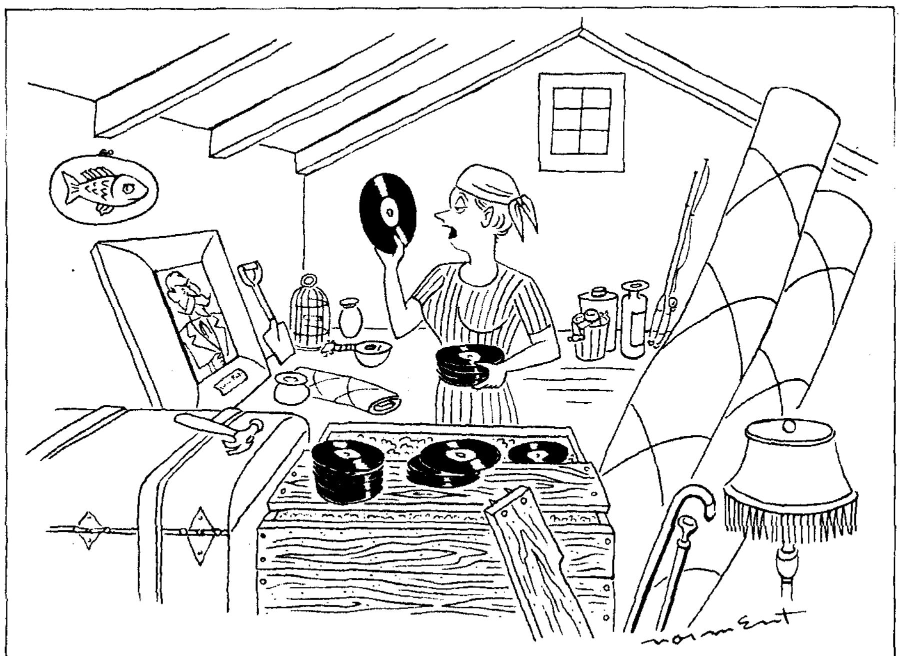
"But the path through the woods has been there since Indian times," Smith said. "And the truck was drawn up right at the point where it reaches a highway. How did your team come to overlook such an approach?"

"I don't know," Harkness admitted. "It seems Frobisher didn't think it likely to be used, either. It doesn't figure in the alarm plan."

"But it figured in Fu Manchu's plan! We don't know—and we're never likely to know—the strength of the party operating from that truck. But those who actually approached the house stuck closely to neutral zones! His visit today—a piece of dazzling audacity—wasn't wasted."

Traffic was sparse at that hour. Points far ahead had been notified. Even now, hope was not lost that the truck might be intercepted. Both men were thinking about this. Nayland Smith first put doubt into words.

"They probably pulled into a side road, Harkness," he said suddenly. "Another car waiting. Huan Tsung is the doctor's chief of staff—or used to be,



COLLIER'S "For pity's sake—all the latest song hits" JOHN NORMENT

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formerly. He's a first-class tactician. One of the finest soldiers of the old regime."

"I wish we could pin something on him."

"I doubt if you ever will. He has courage and cunning second only to those of his chief—Hullo! what's this?"

The radio operator had buzzed to come through.

"Yes?" said Harkness.

"Headquarters, sir. I think it may be important."

"What is it?" Nayland Smith asked.

"It comes from a point on the East River. A young officer from a ship tied up there seems to have been saying good night to a girl by some deserted building. They heard tapping from inside a metal pipe on the wall, right where they stood. He spotted it as Morse—"

"Yes, yes—the message?"

"The message—it's just reached headquarters—says: *'J. J. Regan here. Call police . . .'* A party setting out now—"

"Regan? Recall them!" snapped Smith. "Quickly!"

Startled, the man gave the order, and then looked back. "Well, sir?"

"The place is to be covered, but by men who know their job. Anyone who comes out to be kept in view. Anyone going in to be allowed to do so. No suspicion must be aroused."

The second order was given.

"Anything more?"

"No." Nayland Smith was staring right ahead along the beam of light. "I am trying to imagine, Harkness, how many times the poor devil may have tapped out that message. . . ."

CAMILLE'S impressions of the sortie from the house were brief but terrifying.

That tragedy had swept down on Falling Waters she had known even before she ran from her room to prevent Stella Frobisher from going downstairs. The arrival of Nayland Smith had struck a note of urgency absent before. Up to this moment, she had counted her confession to Morris the supreme ordeal which she must brave that night. But when she returned upstairs, apprehension grew. Something was going to happen. Just what, she didn't know.

Then she heard someone running across the rose garden under her window. She went and looked out. She saw nothing. But it was a dark night. She wondered if it would be wise to report the occurrence. But, before decision was reached, that awful cry had come—shots—the baying of dogs.

Stella Frobisher, evidently wide awake, had come out of her room. Camille had heard her hurrying along the corridor, had run out after her . . .

It had been difficult, inducing Stella to return. Camille had succeeded, at last.

But to remain locked in while Morris was exposed to some mysterious but very real peril was a trial to which Camille was unable to submit.

She felt mean for locking Stella into her own apartment, but common sense told her that Mrs. Frobisher could be only a nuisance in an emergency.

Then had come that stumbling rush in cold, clammy darkness. While still a long way off, she had seen that horrifying mix-up of dogs and men. Morris was there.

Almost unconsciously, she had cried his name: "Morris! Morris!"

Morris heard her voice above the tumult. A second disturbance had broken out not far away: shots, shouting.

He turned. Camille saw someone else, probably the kennelman, joining in the melee. Perhaps she was outlined against lights from the house; but Morris saw her, began to run toward her. He seemed to be shouting. His behavior was wild.

Something—it felt like a damp, evil-smelling towel—was dropped suddenly over her head . . .

And now?

Now she lay on a heap of coarse canvas piled up in a corner of what seemed to be a large, drafty warehouse. It was difficult to assess its extent; the only light came from a storm lamp on the roughly paved floor close to where she lay. Another piece of this sacking had been draped over one side of the lantern, so that no light at all reached a great part of the place. There was a smell of dampness and decay in the air. It was very still, except that at the moment when she became conscious of her surroundings, Camille thought she had heard the deep, warning note of a steamer's whistle.

The impression was correct. The S.S. Campus Rex had just pulled out from a neighboring berth, bound for the River Plate. Her third officer was wishing he knew the result of his message to the police and wishing he could have had one more date with his girl friend. . . .

A SCUFFLING sound brought Camille to her feet at a bound. There were rats around her in the darkness.

Swaying slightly, she became aware of a nausea not due merely to fright. There was an unpleasant taste on her palate. A sickly sweet odor lingered, too, in her disordered hair. Of course she might have expected it. The towel, or whatever had been thrown over her head, must have been saturated with an anesthetic.

She stood quite still for a moment, trying to conquer her weakness. The scuffling sound had ceased. In fact, she could detect no sound whatever, so that it might have been some extra sense which prompted her to turn swiftly.

Half in the light from the storm lamp and half in shadow, a tall man stood watching her.

Camille stifled a cry and was silent.

The man who stood there wore a long, loose coat with a deep, astrakhan collar. A round cap of the same close black fur, was on his head. His arms were folded, but the fingers of his left hand remained visible. They were yellow, slender fingers, prolonged by pointed fingernails meticulously manicured. His features, lean, ascetic and unmistakably Chinese, were wholly dominated by his eyes. In the lantern light they gleamed like green jade.

"Your sense of hearing is acute," he said, his harsh voice subdued. "I thought I moved quite noiselessly."

And, as he spoke, Camille knew that this was the man who had haunted her dreams.

"Who are you?" She spoke huskily. "What am I doing here?"

"You asked me a similar question not long ago. But you have forgotten."

"I have never seen you in my life before—as you are now. But I know you! You are Dr. Fu Manchu!"

"Your data are inaccurate. But your inference is correct. What are you doing here?—you say. You are suffering the inconvenience of one who interferes with my plans. I regret the crude measures used by Koenig to prevent this interference. But his promptness saved the situation."

"Where is Dr. Craig?" Camille demanded, breathlessly. "What have you done to him?"

He watched her through narrowed eyes and unfolded his clasped arms before he replied.

"I am glad your first, your only concern, is for Dr. Craig."

"Why?"

"Presently, you shall know."

And something in that phrase brought sudden revelation to Camille.

"You are the man who called himself Professor Hoffmeyer!"

"I congratulate you. I had imagined my German accent to be above reproach. I begin to wonder if you cannot be of use to me."

"Where is Dr. Craig?" Camille repeated, mechanically, desperately. "Why have I been brought here?"

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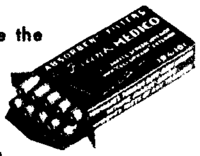

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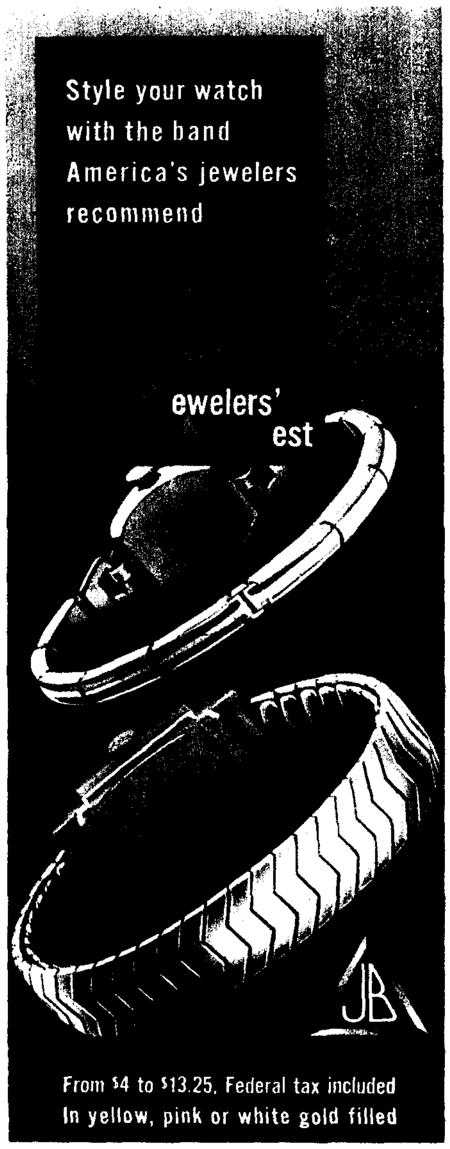
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"Because there was no other place to which they could bring you. It surprises me, I confess, that a woman of such keen perceptions failed to learn the fact that Michael Frobisher is a Communist."

"Mr. Frobisher? Oh, no!"

"Michael Frobisher is an active agent of the Soviet Union. Before his marriage, he spent many years in Moscow. Dr. Craig's invention was financed by the Kremlin. Had Frobisher secured it for them, the military power of Russia would have been absolute."

"Then he was very clever."

"Communism *is* clever. It is indeed clever to force the world's workers to toil and sweat in order that their masters may live in Oriental luxury."

"Why do you talk to me, torture me, but never answer my question?"

"Because, even now, at this eleventh hour, I hope to convert you. You heard me, as Professor Hoffmeyer, outline a design for world harmony. To the perfecting of this design I have given the labor of a long life."

A soft, weird cry came from somewhere near. To Camille it was a death threat. Had Nayland Smith heard it, he would have recognized the peculiar call of a dacoit, one of that fraternity of Burmese brigands over whom Dr. Fu Manchu exercised a strange control.

"What was that?" Camille breathed.

"A warning. Do not allow it to disturb you. My plans are complete. But my time is limited. You are anxious concerning Dr. Craig. I too am anxious. I hope you can induce him to accept the truth. You may succeed where I have failed."

He turned and walked away. Camille heard the creak of an opening door.

THE warning that Camille had construed as a message of evil omen had been prompted by something occurring on the near-by river front.

To any place the wide world over where men go down to the sea in ships, night brings no repose. So that, even at this hour, the water front was active. Winches squealed, and anchor chains rattled. Lights moved hither and thither, even up in spider-web riggings. Hoarse orders were shouted. Tug boats churned the muddy river. And the outgoing tide sang its eternal song of the ocean, from which it had come—and to which it returned.

But no one had time to pay attention to a drunken sailor who came reeling along past deserted dock buildings, blacked-out warehouses, stumbling often, rebuking himself in an alcoholic monotone.

He steadied up every once in a while against a friendly doorway, a lamp standard or a stout pipe.

One such pipe seemed to give him particular satisfaction. Perhaps because it ran down the wall of a building marked for demolition upon the doors of which might still be read the words: "Shen Yan Tea Company."

This pipe the sailor positively embraced, and, embracing it, sank ungracefully to the sidewalk and apparently fell asleep.

A few minutes later he had established contact with Regan. He, too, was a Morse expert.

"Yes. John Regan here," came the message from inside. "Huston Electric. Who are you?"

"Brandt. Police officer. Where are you?"

"Old strong room. Basement. Don't know what building."

"Shout. I may hear you."

"Dumb."

This message shook Brandt.

"How come?"

"Injection. Attacked in lab Friday night. Get me out."

"Starving?"

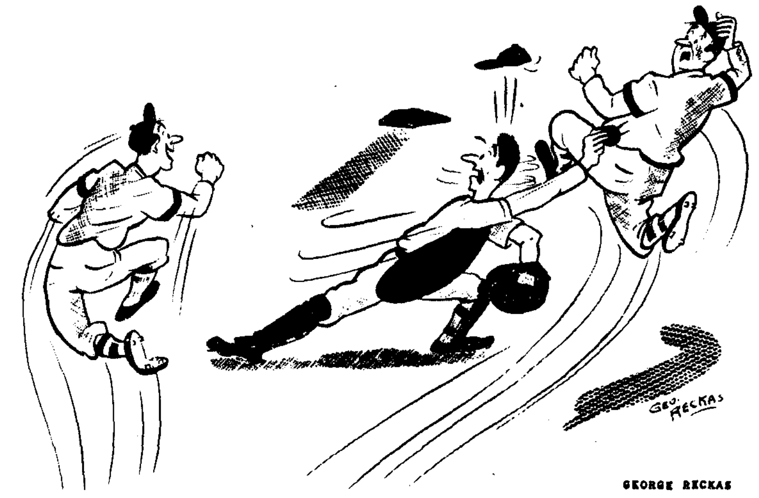
"No. But food and water finished."

"Is there any movement overhead right now?"

"Yes. Someone up there."

"Hang on. Help coming."

The drunken sailor woke up, suddenly. He began to strike matches and to try to light a cigarette. He remained seated beside the pipe. These matches attracted the attention of a patrolman who had



GEORGE RECKAS

SPORTING ODDS

In a twilight-league game at Newburgh, New York, about fifteen years ago, there were runners on first and second when the batter drove a nice base hit to right field. The runner on second, after a hesitant start, lumbered around third, followed closely by the runner from first. The right fielder's peg drew the catcher toward third and as he took the throw the two runners were practically upon him. The first cut behind the catcher who pivoted and tagged him for an out. The second runner swung in front of the catcher and evaded his swipe with the ball. The runner from first had scored while the runner from second base didn't make it.

—J. J. Grubs, Monticello, N. Y.

COLLIER'S will pay a minimum of $25 for each acceptable contribution to Sporting Odds. Address Sporting Odds, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. (Contributions cannot be returned.)

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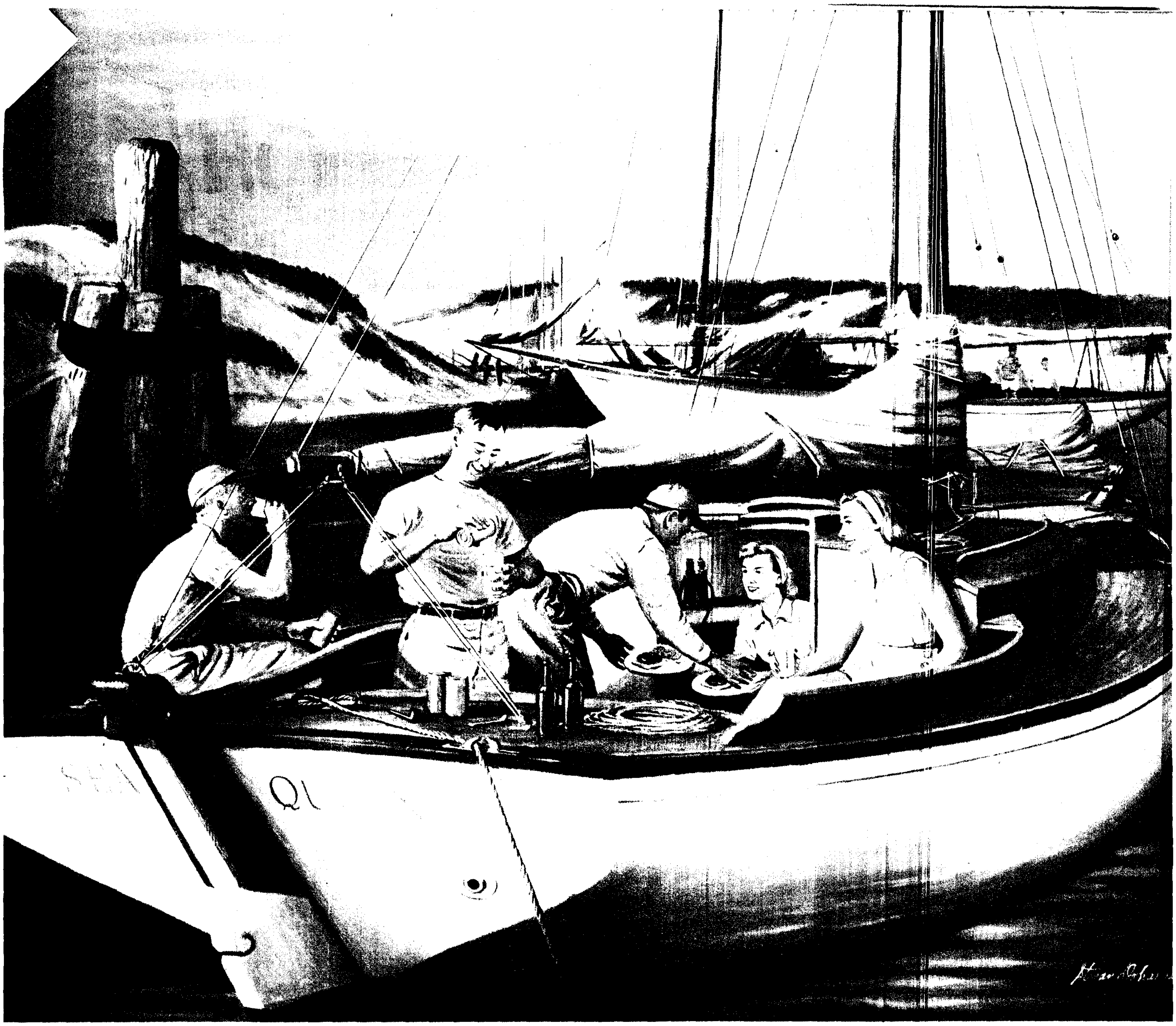

"PICNIC ON THE BOAT," by Stevan Dohanos. Number 17 in the series "Home Life in America," by noted American illustrators.

Beer belongs...enjoy it

In this home-loving land of ours . . . in this America of kindliness, of friendship, of good-humored tolerance . . . perhaps no beverages are more "at home" on more occasions than good American beer and ale.

For beer is the kind of beverage Americans like. It belongs—to pleasant living, to good fellowship, to sensible moderation. And our right to enjoy it, this too belongs—to our own American heritage of personal freedom.

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been waiting for this signal and who now appeared from somewhere and approached, swinging his club.

But the matches had also attracted the attention of another highly skilled observer. So that, as the police officer hauled the drunk to his feet and led him off, the call of a dacoit was heard in the empty warehouse.

FU MANCHU said, "This was formerly the office of a firm of importers known as the Shen Yan Tea Company. An old friend of mine had an interest in that business."

Morris Craig swallowed—with difficulty. He had by no means recovered from the strangling grip of those unseen fingers. He would have liked to massage his bruised throat. But his wrists were secured by metal clamps to the arms of his chair, a remarkable piece of furniture, evidently of great age; it had a curious, domed canopy which at some time might have been gilded. He was helpless, mad with anxiety about Camille, but undaunted.

"Strange coincidence," he replied huskily. "No doubt this attractive and comfortable chair has quite a history, too?"

"A long one, Dr. Craig. I came across it in Seville. It dates from the days of the Spanish Inquisition, when it was known as the Chair of Conversion. I regret that of all those treasured possessions formerly in the Woolton Building this one must be left behind."

"Seems a great pity. Cozy little piece."

Fu Manchu stood watching him, his long, narrow eyes nearly closed, his expression indecipherable. The tall, fur-capped figure radiated power. Craig's nonchalance in the presence of this formidable and wholly unpredictable man demanded an immense nervous effort.

"It may be no more than a national trait, Dr. Craig, but your imperturbable façade reminds me of Sir Denis."

"You flatter me."

"It will interest you to learn that your capture, some hours ago, was largely an accident."

"Clearly not my lucky day."

"I doubt if the opportunity would have arisen but for the unforeseen appearance of Miss Navarre. In running to join her, you ran, almost literally, into the arms of two of my servants who were concerned only in retiring, undetected."

"Practically left the poor fellows no choice?"

"Therefore they brought you along with them."

"Friendly thought."

Dr. Fu Manchu turned slowly and crossed the office. Like the adjoining warehouse, it was lighted only by a partly draped lantern which stood on a box beside the Spanish chair. The floor, in which were many yawning gaps, was littered with rubbish. A boarded-up window probably overlooked a passage, for there was no sound to suggest that a thoroughfare lay beyond.

Directly facing Craig, a long, high desk was built against the cracked and blackened wall. In this wall were two other windows, level with the top of the desk, and closed by sliding shutters. On the desk was a metal-bound teak chest.

Very deliberately, Dr. Fu Manchu lifted this chest, came back and set it on the box beside the lantern. His nearness produced a tingling nervous tension, as if a cobra had reared its threatening hood.

"Among those curious possessions to which I referred," he said, "is the mummied head of Queen Taia, known to the Egyptians as 'the witch queen.' Her skull possesses uncommon characteristics. And certain experiments I am carrying out with it would interest you."

"Not a doubt of it. My mother gave me a mummy's head to play with when I was only four."

"The crystal sets we use in our system of private communication also accompany me to headquarters. This"—he opened the chest—"which I borrowed from there, must never leave my personal possession until I return it."

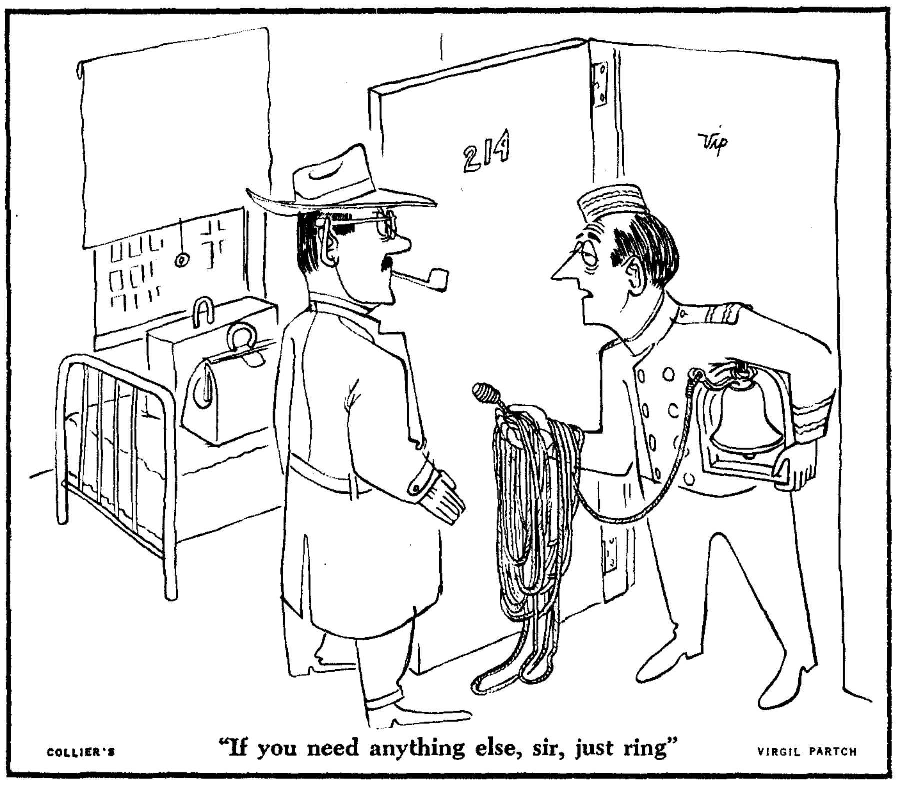
Morris Craig's hands—for only his wrists were held—slowly clenched. What he expected to happen, what he expected to see, he could not have put into words.

What he did see was an exquisitely fashioned model of just such a device as that which had been destroyed in the Huston Building!

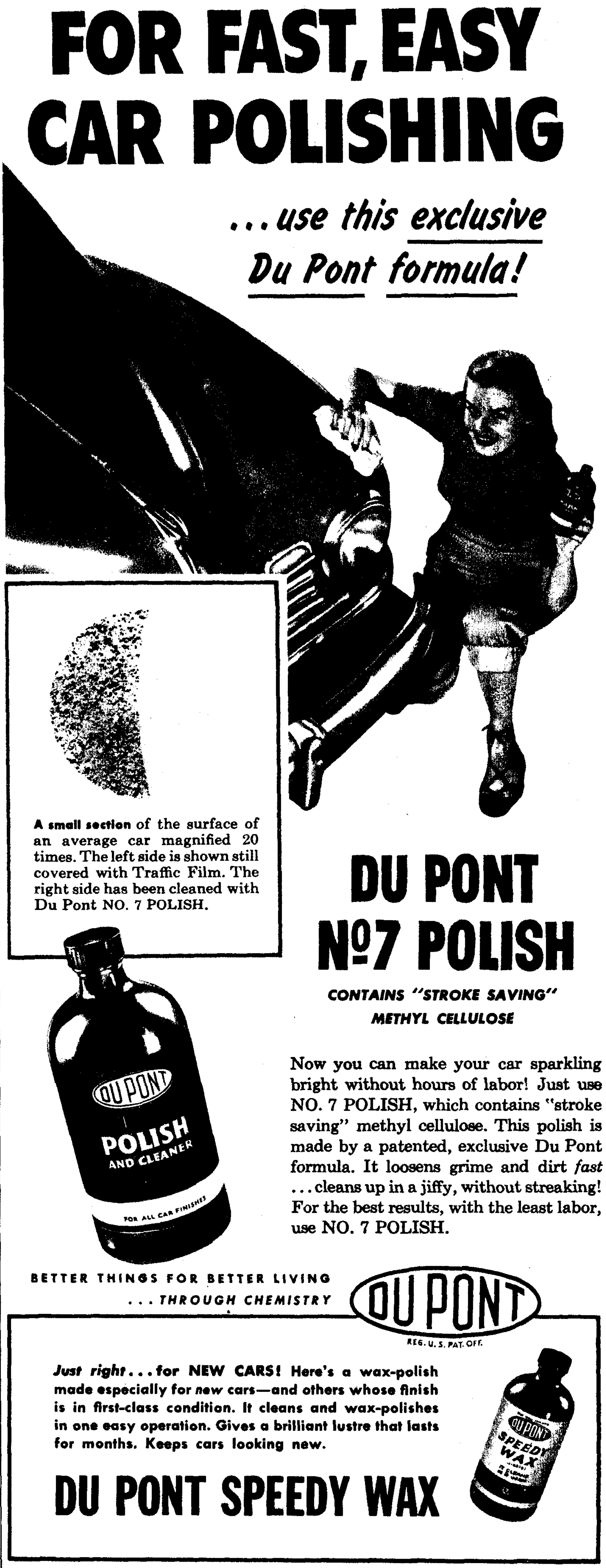
The top, front and sides of the chest were hinged, so that the miniature plant, mounted on its polished teak base, lay fully open to inspection. Wonder reduced Morris Craig to an awed silence. Apart from the fact that there were certain differences—differences which had instantly inflamed his scientific curiosity—to have constructed this model must have called for the labor of months, perhaps of years.

"I don't understand." His voice sounded unfamiliar to him. "I don't understand at all!"

"Only because," Fu Manchu said in cold, incisive tones, "you remain obsessed with the idea that you *invented* this method of harnessing primeval en-



COLLIER'S "If you need anything else, sir, just ring" VIRGIL PARTCH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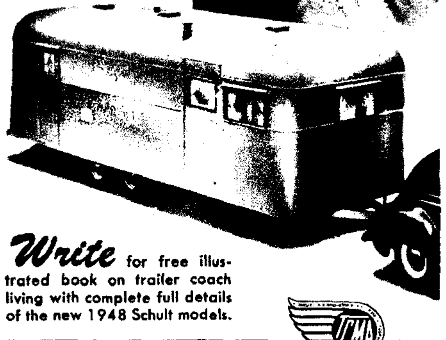

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FAMOUS FOR MORE THAN A DECADE

ergy. The model before you was made by a Buddhist monk, in Burma. I had been to inspect it at the time that I first encountered Sir Denis Nayland Smith. Detailed formulae for its employment are in my possession. You, too, after a lapse of years, have solved this problem. My congratulations. Such men were meant to reshape the world—not to destroy it."

Dr. Fu Manchu began to close the chest.

"I don't understand," Craig repeated. "If the principle was known to you, as well as the method of applying it—and I can't dispute that it was—"

"Why did I permit you to complete your experiments? The explanation is simple. I wanted to know if you *could* complete them. On my arrival, the main plant had already been set up in the Huston laboratory. I was anxious to learn if the final problem would baffle you. It did not. Such a man is a man to watch."

Dr. Fu Manchu locked the teak chest.

"Then it was *you* who destroyed my work?"

"I had no choice, Dr. Craig. Your work was destined for the use of the Kremlin. I have also your original plans, and every formula. The only blueprints left in existence I secured tonight. Only one danger remains."

"What's that?"

"Yourself."

And the word was spoken in a voice which made it a sentence of death.

Dr. Fu Manchu carried the chest across the littered room and placed it inside of what looked like a deep cupboard. He turned again to Craig.

"You will have noted that I am dressed for travel, Dr. Craig. My time is limited. Otherwise, I should employ less medieval methods to incline your mind to reason. You seem to have failed to recognize me as Professor Hoffmeyer, but a committee such as I spoke of when we met already exists. It is called the Council of Seven. In our service we have some of the best brains of every continent. We have wealth. We are not criminals. We are idealists—"

A second of those wailing cries, the first of which had terrified Camille, checked his words. Craig started.

"I may delay no longer. You have it in your power, while you live, to destroy all our plans. Therefore, Dr. Craig, either you must consent to place your undoubted genius at my disposal—or you must die."

"The choice is made."

"Not yet, I hope."

Dr. Fu Manchu opened one of the sliding shutters over the long desk. It disclosed an iron grille through which crept a glimmer of light.

"Miss Navarre!" There was no slightest change of tone, of inflection, in his strange voice. "You were anxious about Dr. Craig. Here he is—perfectly well, as you may judge for yourself."

Camille's pale face, her eyes wide with terror, her hair disordered, stared at him through the bars!

A torrent of words, frenzied, scathing, useless words, flooded his brain. But he choked them back, rejected them; and when he spoke, in a whisper, he said simply: *"Camille!"*

NAYLAND SMITH'S expression was very grim. "When we move," he said, "we must be sure the net has no holes in it. We have Regan's evidence that there are people in that building. We know who put Regan there. So we know what to expect. Is our cordon wide enough?"

"Hard to make it wider," Harkness assured him. "But these old places are honeycombs. There are sixty men on the job. I have sent for the keys of all the adjoining buildings."

"We can't wait!" Smith said savagely. "Fu Manchu has destroyed the last possibility of Craig's invention being used—except *Craig* . . . We daren't wait."

"Report coming through," said Harkness.

The report was one which might have meant next to nothing. A cry had been heard, more than once, in the neighborhood of the closely covered building. At first hearing it had been mistaken for the cry of a cat. Repeated, however, doubt had arisen on this point.

"That settles the matter!" said Smith. "It was the call of one of his Burmese bodyguard! Fu Manchu is there."

DR. FU MANCHU was saying, "There was a pleasant simplicity in the character of the unknown designer of this chair. I fear I must start its elementary mechanism. The device bears some resemblance to a type of orange squeezer used in this country."

He stood behind Craig for a moment; and Craig became aware of a regular, ticking sound, of vibrations in the framework of the chair.

"I am going to ask Miss Navarre to add her powers of persuasion to mine. If you prefer to live—in her company—to devote yourself to the most worthy task of all, the salvation of men from slavery or from destruction, I welcome you—gladly. You are a man of honor. Your word is enough. It is a bond neither you nor I could ever break. Do you accept these terms?"

"Suppose I don't?" Morris Craig had grown white.

"I should lock the control, which, you may have noted, lies under your right hand: an embossed gold crown. I should *prefer to leave it free. You have only to* depress it, and the descent will be arrested. Choose—quickly."

"Whichever you please, the result will be the same."

"The time for evasion is past. I offer you life—a life of usefulness. I await your promise that, if you accept, you will press the control. Your doing so will mean, on the word of an English gentleman, that you agree to join the Council of Seven. Quickly. Speak!"

"I give you my word"—Morris Craig's eyes were closed; he spoke all but tonelessly—"that if I press the control it will mean that I accept your offer."

Dr. Fu Manchu crossed to the door behind which he had placed the teak chest. As he passed the grilled window: "The issue, Miss Navarre," he said, "rests with *you.*"

He went out, closing the door.

"No! No! Come back!" Camille clutched the iron bars, shook them frantically. "Come back! . . . No! *No!* Merciful God! Stop him! Morris! Agree to anything! I—I—can't bear it . . ."

The domed canopy, its gilding barely touched by upcast lantern light, was descending, slowly.

"Don't look at me. I'll—weaken—if you look at me . . ."

"Weaken! Morris, darling, listen to me! Fu Manchu is a *madman!* There can be no obligation to a madman . . . Press the control! Do it! *Do* it!"

THE canopy continued to descend, moving in tiny jerks corresponding to audible ticks of some hidden clockwork mechanism. It was evidently controlled by counterweights, for Craig found the chair to be immovably heavy.

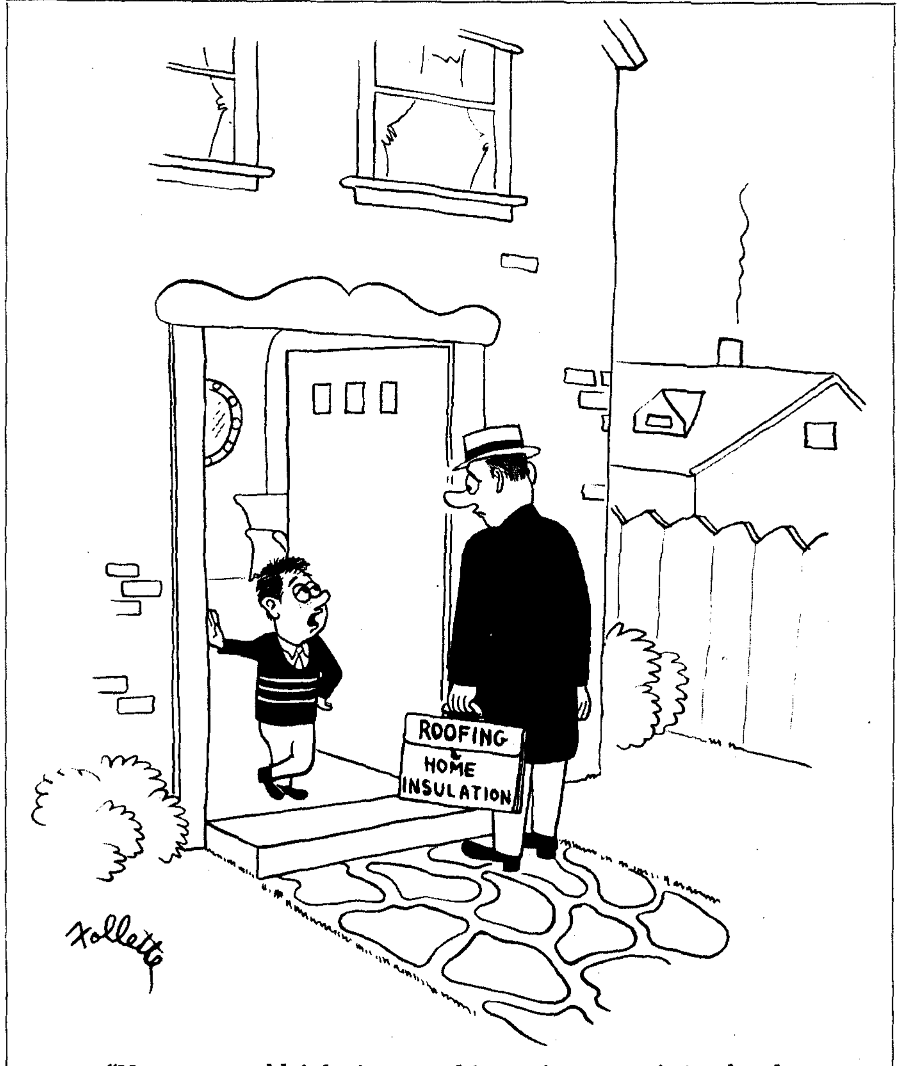
He closed his eyes. He couldn't endure the sight of Camille's chalk-white, frenzied face staring at him through those bars. A parade of heretics who had rejected conversion passed before him

Answer to Transposagram on page 41

●

WEATHER RAINS WRECK ENEMY

WE CAN MARRY IN THREE WEEKS



"Naw, we wouldn't be interested in getting our attic insulated. The 3,700 comic books I have up there do the job nicely"

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my
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in the darkness, attired in the silk and velvet, the rags and tatters, of Old Seville. Their heads lolled on their shoulders. Their skulls were crushed . . .

"Morris! Have you no pity for me? Is this your love . . ."

He must *think*. "A bond neither you nor I could ever break." Those had been the words. That had been the bargain. If he chose life, Dr. Fu Manchu would claim his services.

"Camille, my dearest, you have faced worse things than this—"

"I tell you he is mad!"

"Unfortunately, I think he's sane. I even think, in a way, he has the right idea."

Tick-tick . . . Tick-tick . . . Tick-tick. In fractions of an inch, the canopy crept lower.

"I can't stand it. Oh, God in heaven, hear me!"

Camille dropped to her knees, hands clasped in passionate supplication. Kneeling, she could no longer see Morris. But she had to look again.

Meaningless incidents from the past, childish memories, trivial things, submerged dreams of a future that was never to be; Morris' closed eyes; the open, dreadful eyes of Dr. Fu Manchu; all these images moved, in a mocking dance, through her prayers . . .

A whistle skirled—a long way off. It was answered by another, nearer.

Camille sprang up, clutched the bars.

The canopy almost touched Morris' head. His eyes remained closed.

She began to scream, wildly:

"*Help! Help!* Be quick! Oh, be quick!" She clenched her hands so tightly that her nails bit into the palms, and spoke again, a low, quivering whisper: "Morris! He may be right, as you think. Morris, for my sake, believe it! There is time."

Craig's hand twitched, where it rested over the gilded crown of life which meant . . . He did not open his eyes.

There came a wild tide of rushing footsteps, a tumult of shouting, crash of axes on woodwork . . .

"This way! This way!"

Camille supported herself by clinging with all but nerveless fingers to the grille.

"A light in here!" came a breathless shout.

The blade of an ax split through woodwork covering the only exterior window in the office. A second blow—a third. The planking was wrenched away. Outside lay a stone-paved passage crowded with men.

"Good God! Look! Here's Dr. Craig."

"Be quick!" Camille murmured, and fought to check insane laughter which bubbled to her lips. "Under his hand . . . that knob. . . . *press* it . . ."

Nayland Smith, his dark complexion pale with strain, forced his way through. The canopy just touched the top of Craig's head. A wave of strength, the last, swept over Camille.

"Sir Denis! That—gold crown—on the arm of the chair . . . Press it."

Nayland Smith glanced swiftly toward the grille, then sprang to the chair, groped for and found a crown-shaped knob under Craig's listless fingers. He pressed it, pressed it madly.

The clockwork sound ceased. He dropped to one knee.

"Craig! Craig!"

Beads of sweat trickled from a limp forelock down an ivory face, but there was no reply.

Morris Craig had fainted.

SAM had joined the party. "This is the way she pointed, but maybe it didn't mean anything. Gee! Those two must have gone through hell!"

"Fortunately," said Nayland Smith, "they have youth on their side. But the ordeal was—ghastly. Hullo! what's this?"

They had reached the foot of a short flight of stone steps, the entrance to which Craig had mistaken for a deep cupboard. Harkness was in front, with two men. Two more followed. All carried flash lamps.

An empty passage, extended to left and to right.

"Take a party left, Harkness. I'll take the right."

Ten paces brought Smith to a metal door in the wall. He pulled up. Retreating footsteps, the sound of which echoed hollowly, as in a vault, indicated that the other party had found nothing of interest so far.

"Job for a safebreaker," Sam grumbled. "If this is the way he went, he'll get a long start."

"Quiet!" said Nayland Smith. "Listen."

He beat a tattoo on the metal with his knuckles. Harkness' party had apparently turned in somewhere. Their footsteps were no more than faintly audible.

ANSWERING knocks came from the other side of the door. "Regan!" Sam exclaimed.

Smith nodded. "This is what he called the strong room. Quiet again."

He rapped a message, listened to the reply, then turned.

"This scent is stale," he said, shortly. "Regan states nobody has passed this way tonight."

"We must get Mr. Regan out, right now." Sam spoke urgently. "You back there, O'Leary, report upstairs there's an iron door to be softened. Poor devil! Guess he's dumb for life!"

"Not at all," Nayland Smith assured him. "The effect wears off after a few days—so I was recently informed by my old friend, Dr. Fu Manchu."

He spoke bitterly, a note of defeat in the crisp voice. What had he accomplished? He could not even claim credit for saving the blueprints from Soviet hands. Some servant of Fu Manchu's had secured them before the dogs attacked Frobisher—

"Sir Denis!" came a distant, excited hail. "This way! I think we have him!"

Nayland Smith led the run back to where Harkness and two men stood before another closed door near the end of a passage which formed an L with that from which they had started.

"I think it's an old furnace room. And I saw a light in there!"

"Don't waste time! Down with it!"

Two of the party carried axes. And they went to work with a will. The door was double-bolted on the inside, but it collapsed under their united onslaughts. A cavity yawned in which the rays of Nayland Smith's lamp picked out an old-fashioned, soot-begrimed boiler, half buried in mounds of coal ash.

"Be careful!" he warned. "We are dealing with no ordinary criminal. Stand by for anything."

They entered, cautiously.

The place proved to have unexpected ramifications. It was merely part of what had been an extensive cellarage system. They groped in its darkness, shedding light into every conceivable spot where a fugitive might lie. But they found nothing. A sense of futility crept down upon all, when a cry came:

"Another door here! I heard someone moving behind it!"

Over the debris and coal dust of years, they ran to join the man who had shouted. He stood in what had evidently been a coal bunker, before a narrow, grimy door.

"It's locked."

Keen axes and willing hands soon cleared the obstacle.

A long, sloping passage lay beyond. Along its slope, as the door crashed open, swept a current of cold, damp air. And, halfway down, a retreating figure showed, a grotesque silhouette against reflected light from his dancing flash lamp.

It was the figure of a tall man, wearing a long coat and what looked like a close-fitting cap.

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"By God!" Smith shouted, "Dr. Fu Manchu! This leads to the river—"

He broke off.

Sam had hurled himself into the passage, firing the moment that he crossed the threshold of the shattered door. The crash of his heavy revolver created an echo like a thunder-storm. Nayland Smith, following hard behind, saw the figure stumble, pause—run on.

"Cease fire, there!" he shouted angrily.

But Sam's blood was up. Either he failed to hear the order, or willfully ignored it. He fired again—then a third time.

The tall figure stopped, suddenly, dropped the flash lamp, and crumpled to the damp floor.

"You fool!" Nayland Smith's words came as a groan. "This was no end for the greatest brain in the world!"

He forced his way past Sam, stooped, and turned the fur-capped head. As he did so, the fallen man writhed, coughed, and was still.

Nayland Smith looked into a face scarcely human, scarred, a parody of humanity—a face he had never seen before—the face of M'goyna . . .

He stood up, very slowly. The dark, sloping passage behind him seemed to be embossed with staring eyes.

"Outmaneuvered!" he said. "Fu Manchu played for time. This poor devil was the last of his rear guards. He has slipped through our fingers!"

TEN days later, Nayland Smith gave a small dinner party at his hotel to celebrate the engagement of Camille Navarre to Dr. Morris Craig. When the other guests had left, these three went to Smith's suite and settled down for a quiet drink.

"Of course," said Smith, in reply to a question from Camille, "the newspapers are never permitted to print really important news! It might frighten somebody."

"Quite a lot has leaked out, though," Craig amended. "The cops gave it away. Poor old Regan has been pestered since I resigned. But although he can chatter quite acidly again, he won't chatter to reporters."

"How's Frobisher?"

"Rotten. He'll recover all right, but he'll carry a crop of scars."

"Does his wife know the truth?" Smith asked.

"Couldn't say. What do you think, Camille?"

Camille shrugged white shoulders.

"Stella Frobisher is like a cork," she said. "I think she can stay afloat in the heaviest weather. But I don't know her well enough to tell you if she suspects the truth."

"The most astounding thing—which the newspapers haven't reported," Nayland Smith remarked, after an interval, "concerns the body of that ape man—almost certainly the creature I glimpsed at Falling Waters. He's been examined by all the big doctors. And they are unanimous on one point."

"What is that?" Camille asked.

"They say the revolver bullets didn't kill him."

"What?" Craig exclaimed.

"They state, positively, that he has been dead *many years*."

Camille shook her head and murmured, "But that is impossible."

Yes—that was impossible. It was also impossible, no doubt, that Dr. Fu Manchu had visited New York, and perhaps, as a result of his visit, given a few more years of uneasy peace to a world flirting with war.

"Our two Russian acquaintances"—Nayland Smith grated out the words venomously—"have been quietly deported. But what I really wanted to show you was this."

From the pocket of his dinner jacket he took a long, narrow envelope. It had come by air mail and was stamped "Cairo." It was addressed to him at his New York hotel. He passed it to Camille.

"Read it together. There was an enclosure."

And so, Craig bending over Camille's shoulder, his cheek against her glowing hair, they read the hand-written letter.

"Sir Denis: It was a serious disappointment to be compelled to leave New York without seeing you again. I regret, too, that M'goyna, one of my finer products, had to be sacrificed to my safety. But a little time was necessary to enable me to reach the boat which awaited me. I left by another exit.

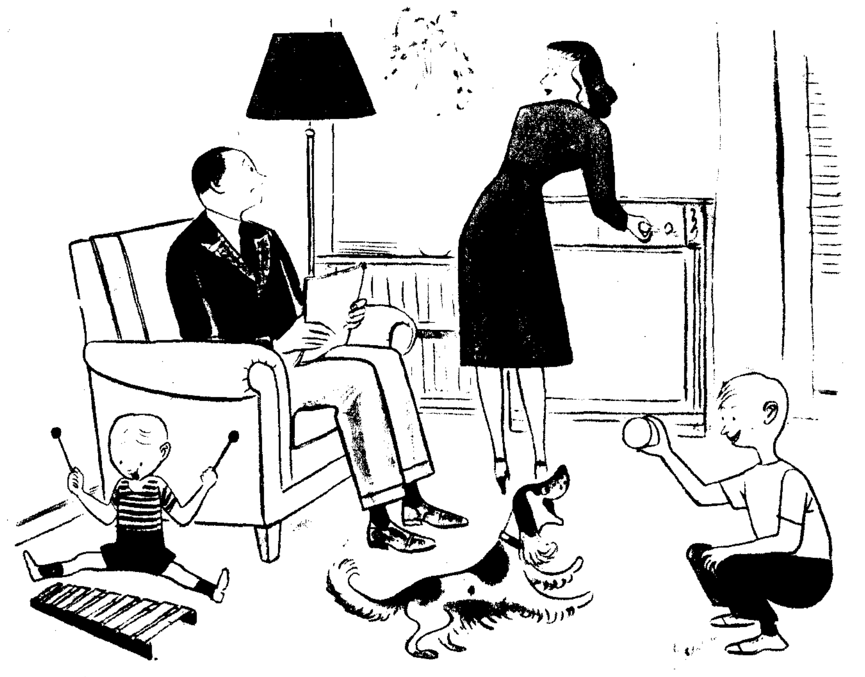
"I greet Dr. Craig. He is a genius and a brave man. But his keen sense of honor is my loss. Will you, on my behalf, advise him to devote his great talents to nondestructive purposes? His future experiments will be watched with great interest. I enclose a wedding present for his bride."

There was no signature.

Camille and Morris Craig raised their eyes, together.

On his extended palm Nayland Smith was holding a large emerald. And as Camille, uttering a long, wondering sigh, took the gem between her fingers, Nayland Smith reached for his worn tobacco pouch and began, reflectively, to fill his blackened brier.

THE END



"Get something soothing and then turn it up loud so I can hear it"

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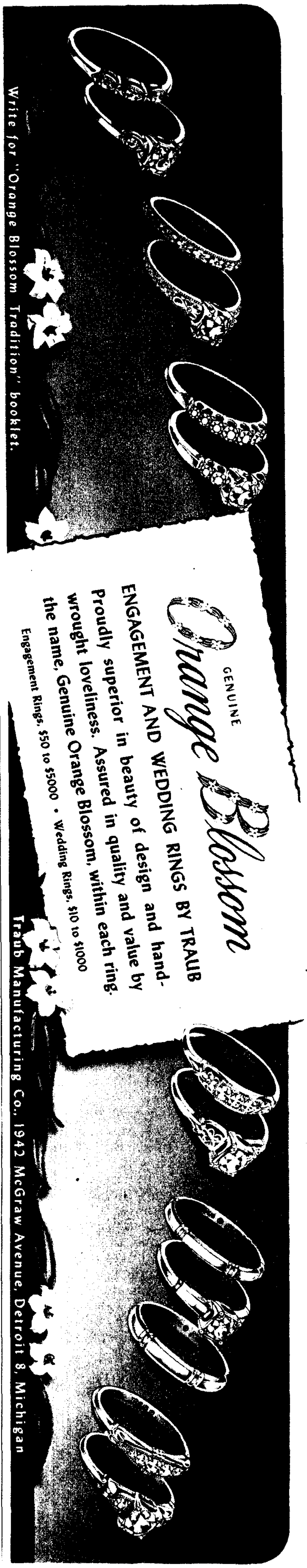

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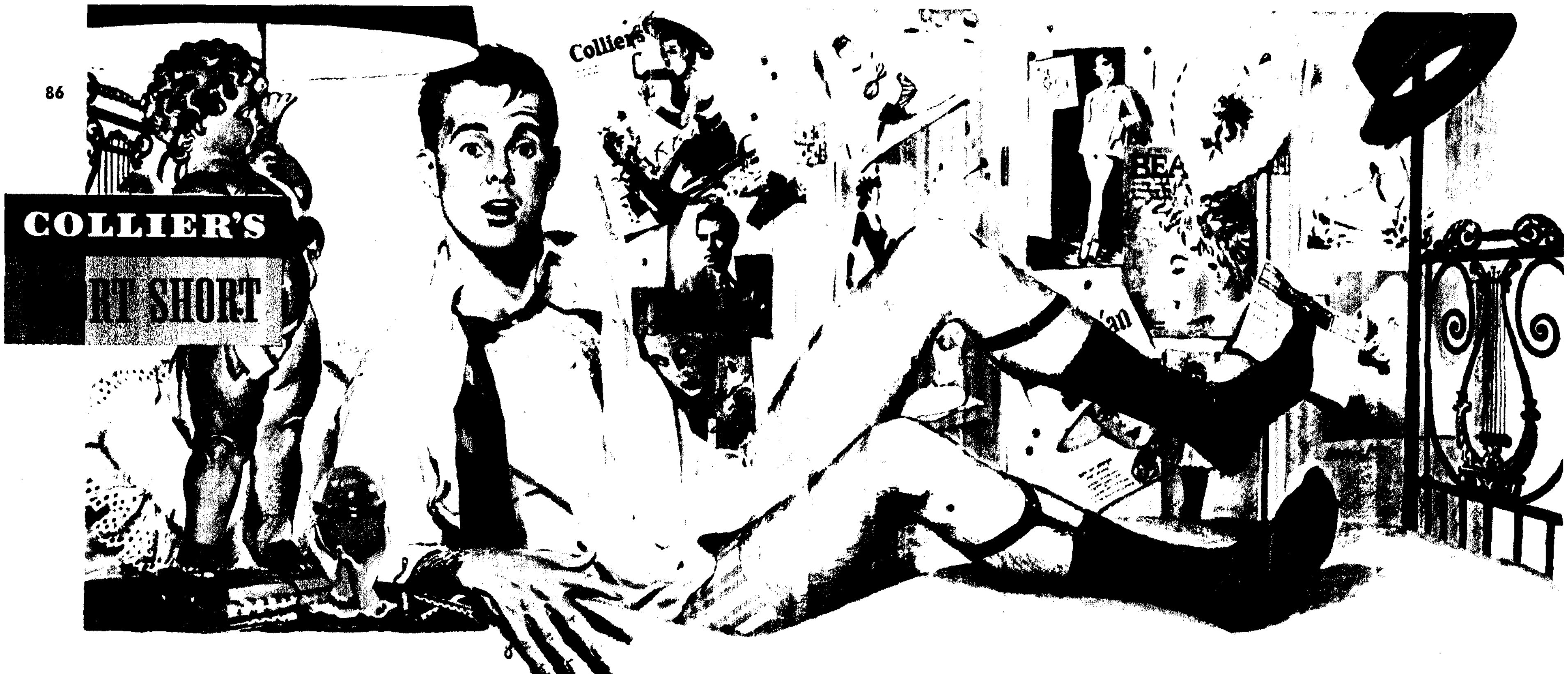


I didn't realize until I woke up in the middle of the afternoon that it was her apartment, not mine, that I'd thrown her out of that morning

IT ALL CAME OUT

BY PHILIP DUNNINGTON

I HAVE what my mother used to call an ungovernable temper. "Wallace has an ungovernable temper," she'd say. She was always saying it to somebody or other for some reason or other, usually to get me out of some kind of mess I'd got myself into by not governing my temper. "He just can't be held responsible for what he does when his emotions get upset," she'd say. She said it to Miss Sullivan when I was in first grade and Miss Matthews when I was in second grade and Mrs. Niemeyer when I was in third grade and Miss Scholz when I was in fourth grade and Miss Titsworth when I was in fifth grade. Same thing in sixth grade. Same thing in junior high school. Same thing all through senior high school. Little trouble that way in college, too. My mother was always having to explain it to somebody, how I just went *all* haywire when I got mad.

I don't mean I was *mad* all the time, or anything like that. I was a pretty nice kid most of the time. But when I did blow my top I'd blow it good. I'd do a lot of illogical and senseless things before I'd calm down. *Really* illogical.

I'm twenty-four now and I've got so I can hold myself in check pretty well. I'm getting older, for one thing. Steadier. More mature. I get mad now maybe twice a year at the most. Call it three times. Four at the outside. But I blow just as high and just as wide and just as handsome as I ever did.

This business with Pamela is a case in point.

I've known Pamela for about a year now. She's a very cute kid. She was a model. I met her somewhere and then I began to see her once in a while, but this was pretty hard to do because she worked in the daytime and I was on a morning newspaper, which meant that I had to work at night. Once in a while I'd get up and have dinner with her or we'd meet for breakfast or something, but it didn't work out that way very often. I'd have to go out of town to a convention, say, or she'd have to go off somewhere and model outdoor clothes against a background of mountains or beaches or someplace, and we wouldn't see each other for quite a while. In the meantime, I knew a lot of girls who worked at night, and she knew a lot of guys who worked in the daytime—mostly models, and you know what kind of guys *they* are. Very shallow. Artificial types. All looks and no brains, most of them.

So Pamela wasn't exactly my girl. We'd see each other as much as we could, but it wasn't practical. I was always going out with these other nice girls I happen to know, and she was always going out with these twerps.

Pamela lived up on East Fifty-third Street. It was a very nice layout, much fancier than the one I lived in down on Grove Street. The morning of the big blowup I was in her apartment, having breakfast with her. I'd just got off work and she was getting ready to go to work, and there was about an hour in there when we could sit quietly and make eyes at each other. If we ate real fast, that left a little time over for holding hands.

JUST how the argument started, I don't remember—except that it wasn't my fault—but I do know that neither of us was feeling any too chipper. I'd had a bad night and I guess she hadn't slept very well—lying awake missing me, maybe—and the first thing I knew we were standing up, clutching our napkins the way people do in the movies, and swearing at each other the way people do at home.

I told her it was a hell of a thing for a nice girl like her to go around modeling pants and brassières and girdles and having a lot of grubby little schoolboys and dirty old men leering at her picture, and she told me it was a hell of a thing the way I tried to palm myself off as a big intellectual-type liberal while I kept working for a scandal sheet that practiced the tawdriest sort of yellow journalism, and I asked her what the hell life it was for a girl whose parents had spent good dough educating her to sit back and make money out of selling soap and underwear and five-hundred-dollar dresses, and she said if I had even the most rudimentary understanding of the economic factors involved—she was beginning to get silly at this point, as you can see—I'd realize that something-or-other blah-blah-blah.

Then she started sneering at these nice girls I sometimes happen to go out with, and I began to lose my temper. I made a few pointed observations about the twerps she was always running after, and I guess that was the wrong thing to say. I was just getting ready to modify that one a little when she called me a pig and slapped me. That's exactly what she did. "You pig," she said. And then she slapped me. I really got mad.

I stood there and I just looked at her with a cold, contemptuous glance. I stood there real straight and spoke through clenched teeth, the way people do in the movies. I crumpled my napkin in my fist until my knuckles showed white. "Get out," I said. "Get out of here and don't you ever the hell come back here again."

She began to laugh. Plainly hysterical. Then she gathered up a lot of stuff and stuck it in her hatbox and grabbed up her make-up kit and flounced out. "Big dope," she said. "Dopey dope."

I shouted down the stairs after her. "I never want to see you again," I yelled. "*Ever!*"

I was very mad. I poured myself a big drink and drank it and went to bed. I didn't realize until I woke up in the middle of the afternoon that it was her apartment, not mine, that I'd thrown her out of this morning.

I didn't hear from Pamela for a couple of weeks. I just stayed there in her apartment and lived there, which I pretty much had to do since I figured she'd gone down to my place and moved in down there. I liked her apartment fine. The only thing was, these damn twerps kept calling her up, just as I was getting to sleep in the morning. I fixed her wagon good, I guess—these guys always getting me. The ones that called at night, of course, didn't even get me. Pamela subscribed to this answering service they have, and I'd call up and ask who had called during the night, and then I'd leave little messages with the answering service girl. So she told all these jokers that Pamela didn't want to see them again or have them call up any more, ever. I fixed her good.

The only trouble was, I had this answering service, too, and Pamela was fixing me just as good if not better. Pretty soon I didn't have any girls left. Nobody'd go out with me. They wouldn't even talk to me.

I WON'T bore you with the details of how this business ended up, except to say that I began to get mad all over again. Anyway, I didn't know any nice girls any more and Pamela didn't know any twerps any more, so we got together and decided to get married. I told her she'd have to give up this ridiculous job of hers and she said that would be okay if I wouldn't mind going to the place she worked and telling them she wasn't going to work there any more. She felt embarrassed about quitting.

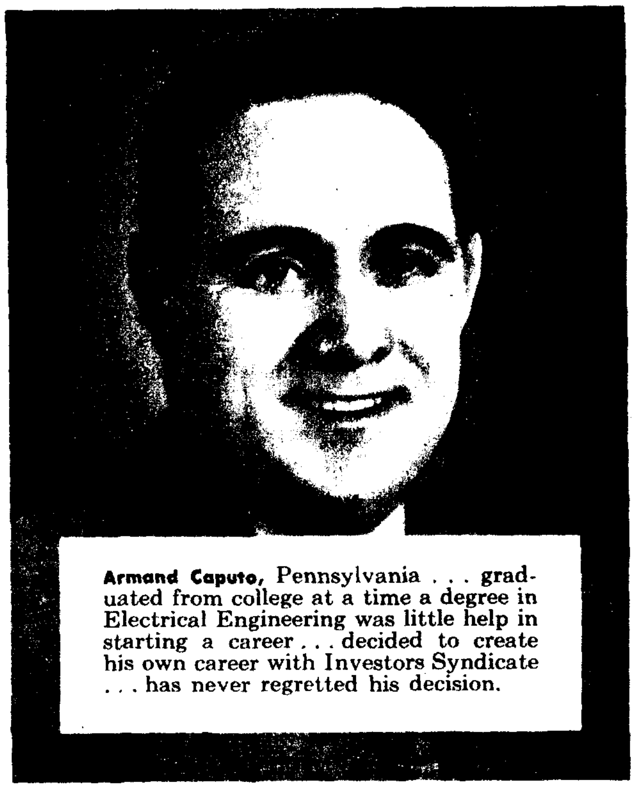
So I went in there and told the head twerp what the new deal was. He turned out to be a surprisingly nice guy, and we had a long, long conversation. They took some pictures of me and he told me what kind of dough I'd be able to make if I'd pose for a couple of collar ads or something. So I signed up. Just like that.

I went back to Pamela feeling like a prize cluck, throwing up a good job on a paper just so I could make some quick dough to get married on. Of course, I'd been miserably underpaid—coolie wages, really—but even so, I didn't have the nerve to go tell my boss what I'd done.

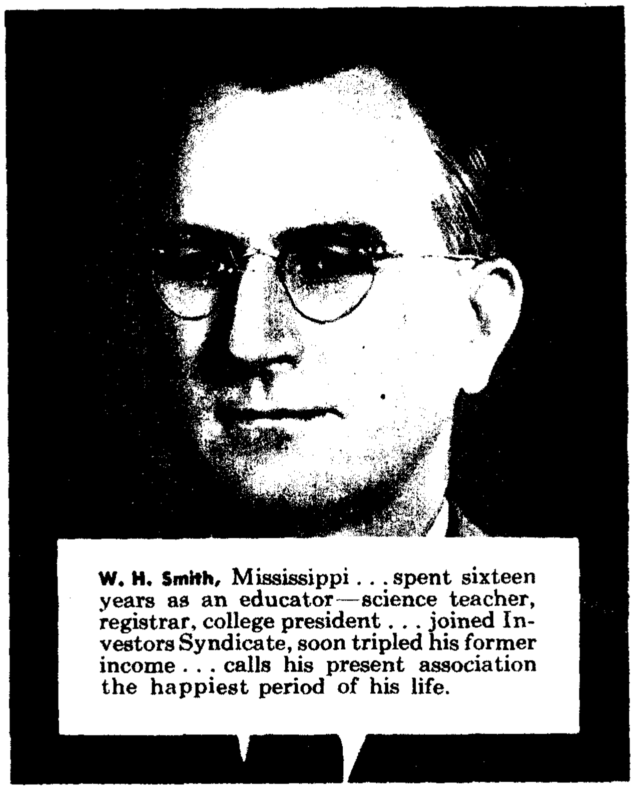
So I asked Pamela if she'd be sweet and do it for me and she said she certainly would.

So she went down there and did it. She must have had a long, long conversation with somebody, too, because she works there now. Nights. ★★★

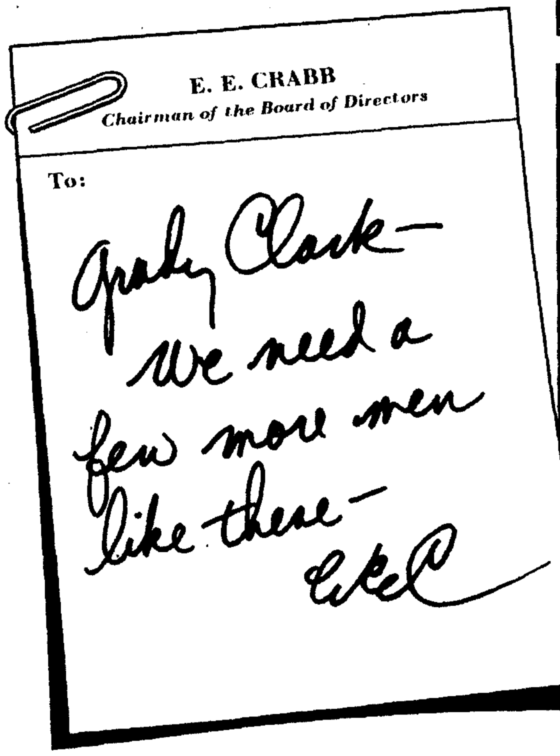
ILLUSTRATED BY DOROTHY MONET



Armand Caputo, Pennsylvania . . . graduated from college at a time a degree in Electrical Engineering was little help in starting a career . . . decided to create his own career with Investors Syndicate . . . has never regretted his decision.



W. H. Smith, Mississippi . . . spent sixteen years as an educator—science teacher, registrar, college president . . . joined Investors Syndicate, soon tripled his former income . . . calls his present association the happiest period of his life.



E. E. CRABB
Chairman of the Board of Directors

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like these—
EEC

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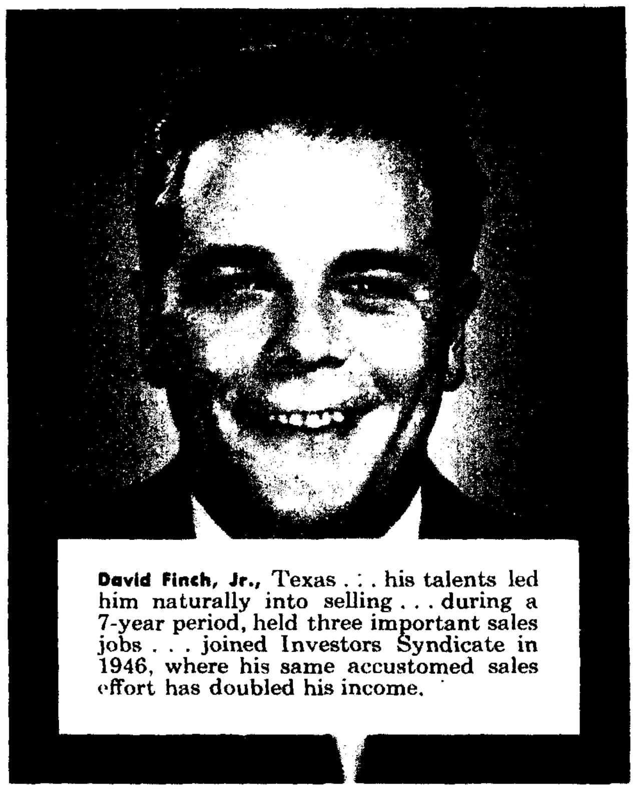

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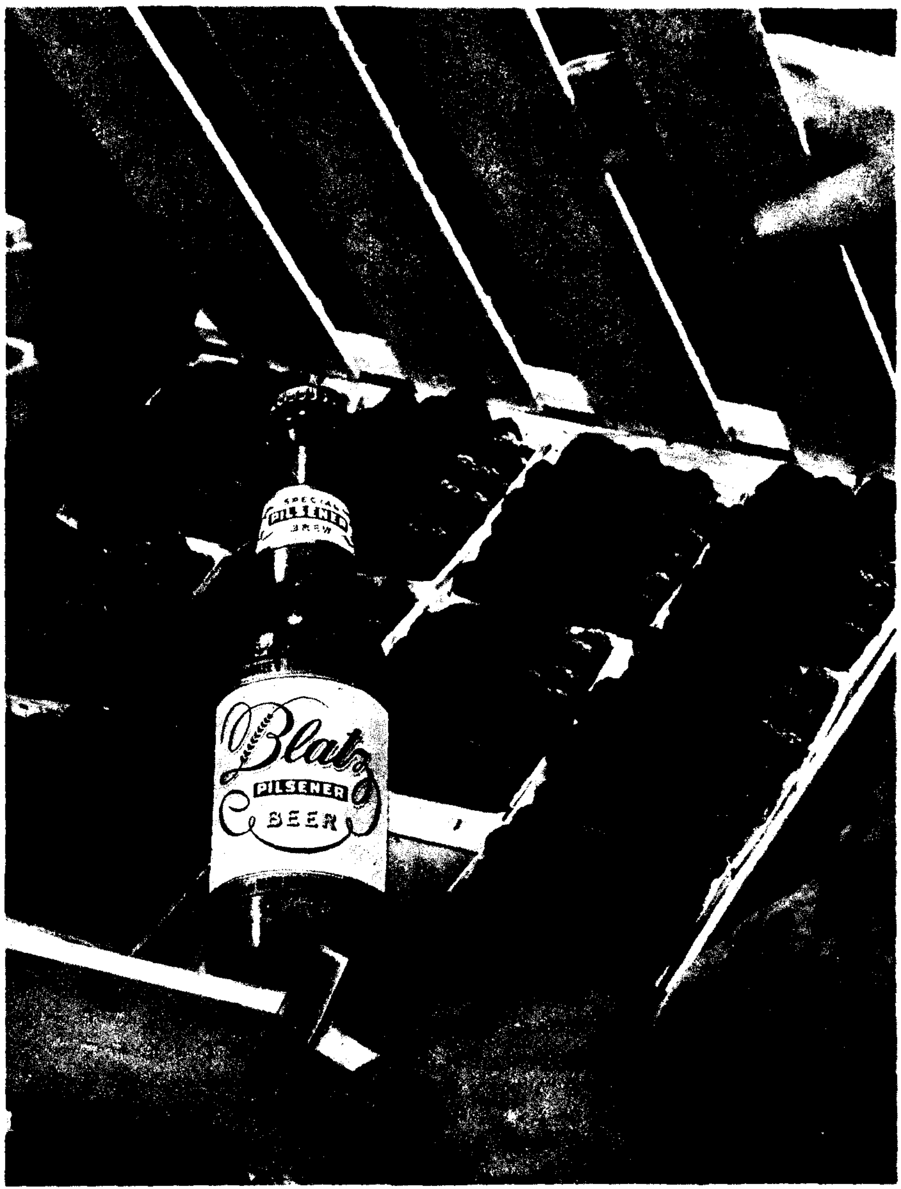

KERLEE

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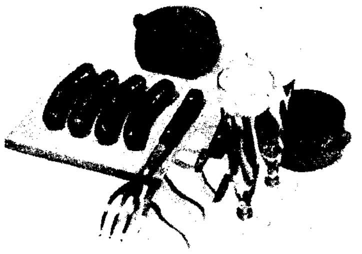

If you had sampled every one of the 771 brands of beer brewed in America today, we think you'd still agree that Blatz Beer tops them all. One reason is that—like finest bush-ripened raspberries—this grand old brew is mellowed to the very peak of flavor. Another is that we've brewed *only* in *Milwaukee*...home of America's finest beers for 97 years ...and Blatz is Milwaukee's *first* bottled beer.

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Valentin Blatz—*Master Brewer, son and grandson of Master Brewers—Founder, Blatz Brewing Company, 1851.*

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THE BRAMBLE BUSH

Continued from page 14

Along the bar the surf was deafening. The waves came in as long gentle rollers until they were about fifty yards offshore, where they hit an underwater ledge and started piling up. They'd rise like a wall, fifteen or twenty feet into the air, and then the top would arch over and come pounding down in a long unbroken cataract. The froth hissed toward me up the sand, and the warm spray wet my face. About an hour later I returned to the hotel.

THE tables on the terrace were deserted except for Taylor, who sat at one of them reading a newspaper. Everyone else had disappeared somewhere. My room was still too hot to think about going to bed, so I bought three bottles of beer and carried them to a table facing the lagoon. With no other sounds to interfere, the distant thunder of the surf became a part of the silence the way the drone of insects does on a hot day. Somewhere a bird or animal kept invading the quiet with a peculiar flutelike cry that wavered and subsided and came back again like a hand caressing the darkness. Then a chair scraped beside me and I turned to see Phil Temple sitting down.

"Hello, Fitzgerald," he said. "I thought you'd gone to bed. Paquita told me you had."

I shrugged and looked at the lagoon. I wasn't interested in conversation, but Temple didn't care whether I was interested or not.

"I understand you're leaving in the morning," he said. "Better luck this time. Good thing you didn't sail with that pack of cutthroats last week." He laughed. "They sure played you for a sucker. Got all the work out of you they could and then changed their plans so you wouldn't go with them."

"If I remember right, they changed their plans because of some cock-and-bull story you told them about a revolution in Chile."

He laughed again. "Good thing, too. Showed what kind of men they were. I had my suspicions all along. You maybe noticed I didn't waste much energy working on the boat."

"Everybody noticed it." The trouble with Temple was that he never seemed to realize when someone was being impolite to him.

"Nope. I decided to wait and see. Shows the value of education. I went to Dartmouth, you know."

"I'd never guess it."

"Long time back. I haven't been in the States for about ten years. But Paquita tells me that's where you're heading. Interesting. One week you're all set to go to Valparaiso and the next week you're heading north. And all the time I had the idea there might be some reason why you couldn't go back to the good old U.S.A. None of my business, of course."

"No, I guess it isn't."

"Why all the reticence, Fitzgerald? After all, we're the only two white men left around here except for Taylor, and nobody can talk to Taylor. We ought to get along."

There aren't many ways to handle a man like Temple. You can either get up and go away, or you can sock him. Socking people isn't one of my casual habits. Neither did I feel like walking away. I kept hoping he'd see I was being rude and go away himself, but apparently people had been rude to Temple for so long that he thought it was their normal behavior.

"A man ought to be open about himself," he said. "A man should feel free to talk. People shouldn't be scared. I'm not. I'm not afraid to tell anyone all about myself."

"But some people might be disgusted," I said.

"It wouldn't disgust anyone," he said. "I had a little trouble with a girl once and the family thought it would be better if I stayed away from home a while."

"Ten years."

"Sure. I get paid for staying away, so why should I go back? My old man—he's dead now—was a stuffed shirt with lots of rocks. Afraid I might disgrace the family." He pulled out a wallet, extracted a couple of pictures and tossed them across the table at me. One of them was of a semiaged woman with a hawk nose, chops of loose skin under her chin, flat eyes and a mouth like a chisel mark in a hunk of granite. "That's my mother," said Temple.

I couldn't add anything to that, so I looked at the other picture. I looked at it a long time.

"My sister," said Temple. "Name's Catherine."

Catherine didn't much resemble her brother. She was more the cameo type with an expression of world-weariness that seemed startling on a face so young. The eyes were deliberately vacant as though they refused to see what lay before them for fear they might carry a reflection. Fear, perhaps, was what I saw most clearly. Not immediate fear, because the picture had been posed, but fear of long duration that had tired and molded the features until it was always there, a thing that didn't matter any longer. It made the face curiously attractive.

"Nice, eh?" said Temple. I shoved the pictures back to him. "She's a few years older now than when that picture was taken, but that won't hurt her any." From his wallet he pulled a card, which he flopped on the table in front of me. "And just so you'll be sure I didn't get into Mexico by running from the cops, here's this."

I GLANCED at the card. It was an ordinary Mexican tourist permit, giving the bearer six months in the country with renewal privileges. This one had been renewed several times. The permits differ from a regular passport in that they're for temporary use and don't require a picture. Temple left it lying in front of me. I looked at the card a little more closely and saw what he was waiting for. He wanted me to notice that the name on the thing wasn't Philip Temple. It was Philip Tremaine. I picked up my beer and started watching the lagoon again. He didn't touch the permit.

"Don't you see anything unusual about it?" he asked. "You're not very observant."

"Maybe I can't read."

He emitted a few sharp barks which were supposed to be derisive laughter. "The name on the thing, stupid."

"All right. So it's Tremaine."

"That's who I am. Does that make any difference to you?"

"Not a damned bit."

"Just what I said, see? Doesn't make any difference. Why should a man be reticent?"

I suppose he was trying to invite confidence. It was my turn to tell him I wasn't Fitzgerald. Or did he already know? Just why he was trying to invite confidence didn't much concern me. Normally it would have, but I'd been in and out of the guy's company for the better part of three months and he was such an abysmal bore that whenever he cornered me my main concern was to brush him off. To say I'd greeted Temple with open arms the first time I met him would be an error, because I didn't like him from the start, but I was civil enough. Civility only invited familiarity.

The culmination was that I finally gave up trying to be civil. It didn't pay. Now I picked up my remaining beer and stood up.

"For God's sake, Fitzgerald, if that's the way you feel about it, I'll shut up. It doesn't mean anything to me. I'm just trying to tell you I'm a renegade myself so you won't be so touchy."

"Thanks," I said.

"Sure," he cackled. "I know you've got things to hide. Maybe you did a little draft dodging. They won't like that up north." I was a couple of tables away before he spoke again. "And you're sure leaving a sweet dish behind you. Paquita will fall right into my lap."

I walked back to the table again and set my beer down. "Get up," I said.

He started to get up. His rear was about three inches above his chair when he paused to look at me. He looked as though he might change his mind and sit down again, so I kicked the chair out from under him. For a few seconds he crouched there, his face half scared, half triumphant. Then because there was no place for him to sit, he stood up, and I knocked him down. He lay on the floor blinking at me, rubbing his jaw and holding his legs up against him as though he were afraid I might start kicking him in the belly.

Across the terrace Jim Taylor lowered his newspaper. He was a lubberly fellow of about two hundred pounds and didn't like to move when he didn't have to.

"Stop fighting," he rumbled.

"We have," I said. Taylor looked at me and at Temple and then picked up his newspaper.

I sat down at my table again and decided to let Temple go away first. He heaved himself to his feet, still rubbing his jaw. His eyes glittered at me and a soft stream of profanity bubbled from his lips. His hands dropped to his sides and patted his pockets. There was no place for Temple to hide a gun in the canvas pants and polo shirt he was wearing but he had made a gesture toward one and the gesture was a threat. That was all he could do unless he wanted to come after me with his fists, and he didn't want to do that. After he ran out of profanity, he marched off into the night. . . .

The evening was peaceful for the next two hours. I sat at my table listening to the sounds of the night while the air gradually became cooler. For a while I considered wandering down to the village to see Paquita and find out just what she'd told Temple—or perhaps I should call him Tremaine—about me, but decided against it because then I'd have to tell Paquita goodby all over again. I was about ready to go to my room when Temple reappeared. He was with the four tourists. They stopped by their car and talked quietly a few moments. Then two of them came on across the terrace and entered the room they'd engaged for the night. A few minutes later they came out again carrying a lot of luggage which they took over to the car. All this time Temple glared at me out of the dusk.

THE same two tourists came back again to talk to Taylor. "We're leaving," one of them said.

"So I see," said Taylor over the top of his newspaper.

"It's an incredible place. Dirty. Bugs. And it's so hot you couldn't sleep in a week."

"Sorry you don't like it," said Taylor.

"So if you don't mind I'd like the money back for the rooms. We haven't used them."

"You've had your luggage in there since noon. What do you mean, you haven't used them?"

"We paid for the night and we're not staying the night."

"That's up to you."

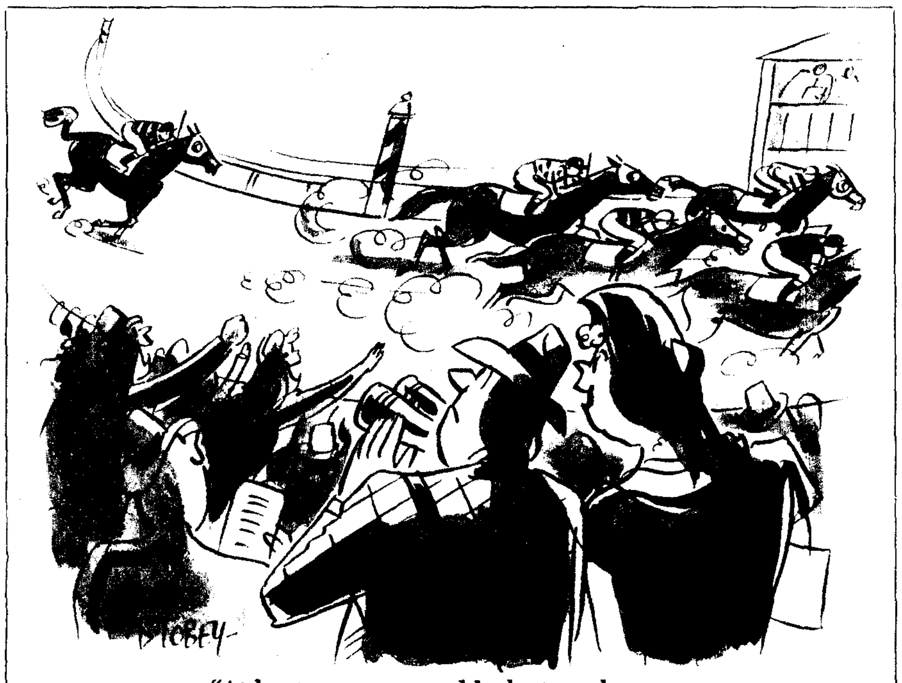
"So we think there should be a refund."

"I don't think so," said Taylor. He closed his paper, got up and shuffled over to the bar where he had a drink of water. The two tourists waited for him to come back, but Taylor dug a magazine out from under the bar and started reading it. The tourists finally shrugged and rejoined the others. All of them muttered together a few minutes; then Temple broke away and walked quickly to his room. He didn't glance at me as he crossed the terrace. A moment later he was on his way back, wearing a hat and carrying a small overnight bag. When he rejoined the group, all five of them got in the car and drove away. As their taillight disappeared over the hill on the road to Acapulco, Taylor looked up.

"Imagine that," he said. "Some people got plenty of guts."

I went to my room and decided to shave so I wouldn't have to bother with it in the morning. It wasn't until I was putting the razor back in the suitcase that I noticed things weren't as they should be. The razor went into the same compartment that held an oilskin pouch where I kept those scraps of paper which a paper world made necessary. The pouch was upside down. When I pulled it out and looked at it, I saw that the zipper was only half closed. It had jammed on a piece of thread.

I carried the pouch over to the bed and



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worked on it until I got it open, then dumped the contents on the blanket. Everything was there that should be—my passport into Mexico, a legal one in my own name of Mike Finney; a citation from the Spanish war and two more from the F.F.I.; a form showing I'd worked as a translator for the Mexican government and a receipt signed by Jim Taylor covering my last month's room and board. Nothing was missing. I pulled the thread from the zipper, replaced the papers, closed the pouch and put it back in my suitcase. Someone had been into my stuff, and to me that someone was Philip Temple alias Tremaine. There wasn't anyone else who'd be so nosy. He'd had plenty of opportunity to do it while I was sitting out on the terrace. My room door had been locked, but the window which looked out on the beach was open.

WONDERING what he had been up to, I closed and strapped my suitcase. A vindictive man will go to any amount of trouble to hurt someone else. Probably he thought that by discovering my right name, he'd found something hot to blat about to the Mexican authorities. He was going to be disappointed there. On the other hand, he'd learned from Paquita that I was planning on crossing the border, and it was just possible he might cook up some trouble for me. He could manufacture a confidential report on my activities in Mexico which a lot of people in the United States might be all too ready to believe. It would be his idea of getting even for that sock on the jaw. It worried me a little, particularly since he'd managed to ride away with the tourists and get a head start on me.

I sat on the bed wondering what precautions I should take or whether I should take any at all when I heard soft footsteps passing along the flagstones just outside my door. I opened it quietly and looked out. Taylor had shut off the lights for the night so it took several seconds for my eyes to adjust to the darkness. I heard a faint rapping a few doors down from mine and made out a dark familiar figure against the lighter color of the wall. It was Paquita, and she was rapping on Tremaine's door.

"He's not in," I said a little harshly. She stepped back quickly and looked at me.

"Roberto," she said. "I thought this was your room."

"You thought nothing of the kind. But the man you're looking for has gone."

She came toward me. "I was looking for you," she said.

"I've been in this same room three months, and you know it. But whether you're looking for me or not, I'm glad to see you. Come in." I took her by the arm and led her into my room, closing the door behind us. She stood against the wall with her hands behind her back.

"I want to know a few things about Señor Temple," I said.

"I know nothing about Señor Temple." Her eyes were large and she was breathing rapidly.

"I want to know what sort of questions he asked you about me."

She raised her shoulders haughtily. "And why do you think we should spend our time talking about you? Our talk is none of your business," she said quietly. She was trying to make me angry and almost succeeding. Behind the pout on her face I could see that she was enjoying the situation; she thought I was displaying jealousy.

"Look, Paquita," I said, as gently as I could. "I haven't any right to tell you who you should see and who you shouldn't. I simply want some information. Except for that I don't care what you do." If I thought that would soothe her, I was mistaken. She stepped toward me, gesturing violently.

"No, you do not care! That's just it. You don't care what I do! But I'll make you care. After you're gone I'll see Señor Temple every day! Yes, and every night, too! You think about it when you're gone and see if you care!" She waved her arms upward, and I noticed for the first time the thing she'd been concealing behind her back. Her emotional nature had betrayed it. She held a wallet in her right hand. A familiar wallet. I took it away from her. She snatched at it, but I held her off while I examined it. It was Philip Temple's wallet, the same one he'd had earlier while we sat on the terrace. Inside it were the pictures of his eagle-beaked mother and his vacant-eyed sister, along with his tourist permit made out in the name of Philip Tremaine. There was other stuff too—cards, receipts, some stamps. In the money slot was a twenty-peso note. I looked at Paquita.

"So you were really looking for me?" She didn't answer. "Where did you find this?" I waved the wallet at her.

"He left it," she said sullenly.

"Where?"

"At the village. In my house."

"I see. And you were returning it. Honest girl. How long ago did he leave it?"

"An hour maybe."

"Is he in the habit of visiting you at your house?"

"Why not?" she said angrily. "You are going away."

I didn't have any answer to that one. I took the twenty-peso note out of the wallet and gave it to her.

"You can have this for a farewell present."

"What do you mean?" She backed away from it.

"Don't worry about it. You deserve it. I'll even add a little gift of my own." I took out my own wallet and counted out three more twenty-peso notes. "I meant to leave this for you anyway, Paquita. You might as well take it now." I shoved the money into her hand. Then I took her by the shoulders and kissed her. "You run along now. Forget about Roberto if you can and don't trust Señor Temple." I propelled her to the door. She was beginning to cry again. I felt her squeeze my hand and then she ran off toward the village through the darkness. I stepped back into my room and closed the door.

THE thing was so beautiful and had such a neat, ironic twist that I almost laughed aloud. Temple had stymied my trip to Valparaiso and now he'd rushed off to fix it so I'd land in jail when I returned to the United States. But after going to all the trouble to find out who I was so he could make up a logical story, he'd left a nice legal tourist permit behind which contained nothing but a name and a physical description of the bearer. Brown hair, blue eyes, five feet eleven, thirty-four years old. It wasn't exact, but it was close enough. Cayetano had called me Señor Temple a number of times. Besides, the wallet had other things in it which would help me prove I was Philip Tremaine if it became necessary. I wouldn't have to use my own name at all. I'd cross the border and go my way in peace without ever going near the authorities. Why take a chance?

Temple would miss his wallet sooner or later and come back for it, but it might be several days before he found a ride back to Calisto. And even then Paquita would probably deny having seen it. She couldn't tell what happened without giving up the twenty pesos. He wouldn't even know I had it. These thoughts clipped through my head in rapid succession, and I liked their flavor. Temple was a rat, and stealing his wallet was a pleasure.

I slept well that night. At six in the morning Taylor rapped at my door. I got up and had coffee with him, then put my suitcase into his truck and we started jolting along the cow-track road to Acapulco. The village was still asleep, so I didn't see Paquita again. . . .

There were no slips. In Acapulco I poked about the bars and hotels for a sign of Tremaine or the tourists from Calisto. I didn't find any of them. Then I looked up Manuel Ruiz who was a director of a bank in Acapulco. Manuel went to school at Cornell and is a gringophile of the first order. I'd cashed my last government check at his bank and he seemed glad to see me. I told him I wanted to rent a deposit box and paid him a year's rent, with the stipulation that if he didn't hear from me, he'd hold it another ten years on credit.

Into the deposit box went my oilskin pouch carrying all the papers I had concerning Mike Finney. I hadn't accumulated anything tangible under the name of Robert Fitzgerald. Then I told Manuel goodby and got on my bus. It was about a thousand miles to the border, and I stayed on the bus all the way because there was the faintest chance that Tremaine might go back to Calisto after his lost wallet sooner than I expected.

ASIDE from the fact that Mexican busses are crowded, dirty and bumpy, the only thing which spoiled my trip was a recurrence of the malaria. It was as though the country were taking a last swing at me before I left it. I had a few atabrine tablets left and swallowed one about every two hundred miles until they were all gone. By that time the malaria was gone too, and the bus set me down in Nuevo Laredo.

It was a September morning, crystal clear, with the cool air of the night mixing in with the warm air of the coming day and making little whirlpools in the dusty streets. There was the Rio Grande, a slim trickle between two wide flats of crackled mud, and there was the bridge across it with the Mexican customs on my side and the American customs on the other. All I had to do was walk across and I'd be in the United States. My stomach flipped a little as I tramped toward the Mexican officials.

I gave my tourist permit to the Mexican official and waited. He looked it over, scowled at it, looked it over again and carried it into his office. I think it's only in the United States that people ever grow accustomed to handling paper. Every other place in the world I've been, it causes confusion. They think it must be important but they don't know exactly why, so they end up expending a lot of physical energy on it. They bounce it, flutter it, put it in neat stacks, mess it up again and read it several times. Then after the ceremony they do what they think best. The Mexican official came out of his office again, smiled and told me to come visit Mexico again someday. I picked up my suitcase and walked on across the bridge.

Somewhere in the middle of it I stopped being in Mexico and started being in the United States. Then I came to the American customs where I unstrapped my suitcase and threw it open on the inspection platform.

A customs man pawed over my two suits, my four shirts, my six pairs of socks and my other pair of shoes. He peeked into the section where I kept my soap and razor, and he tapped the sides of the suitcase to make certain they weren't hollow.

"Name?" he said.

"Philip Tremaine."

"When did you enter Mexico?"

I mentioned the date of the permit I'd turned in on the other side of the river.

"Where were you born?"

"Montana."

"That where you're headed?"

"No. San Francisco."

"Uh-huh. Got any Mexican goods?"

"The suitcase."

He looked it over. It was a nice handmade one that I'd picked up in Vera Cruz. "That's all?"

"Just some of the clothing."

"Okay. I guess you don't owe us anything." He walked away to meet the next entrant. That's all there was to it. I stood blinking at him a few seconds before I realized I'd passed. Then I closed the suitcase and walked on. Laredo and the whole of North America were ahead of me. I passed the exchange and it reminded me that I needed dollars instead of pesos from now on, so I went in and turned in all the money I had. I got back seventy-six dollars and thirty-five cents. That was my stake until I could get to San Francisco and land a job. . . .

Back on the porch of the exchange I noticed that it was a considerable hike into town, so I sat down on my suitcase to wait for a taxi to unload somebody. Things looked good: the street, the people. Neat and clean.

People came in and out of the exchange. A man stopped beside me and asked for a match. I gave him a box I had in my pocket. They were Mexican matches, the kind made of string dipped in wax. The man lighted his cigarette and handed the box back to me.

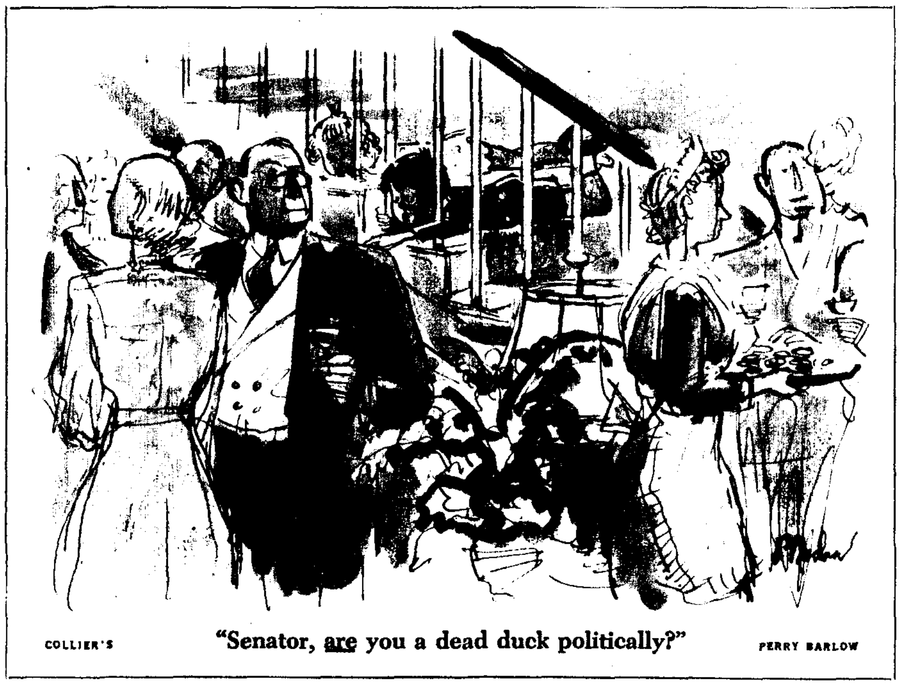
"You're just from Mexico, I see," he said.

"Yes."

"How was it?"

"Fine, just fine." People will always ask you that question, no matter where you've been or for how long. If you fly over Tibet in an airplane, they'll ask you how's China. You always answer that things are fine.

But this man wasn't quite satisfied



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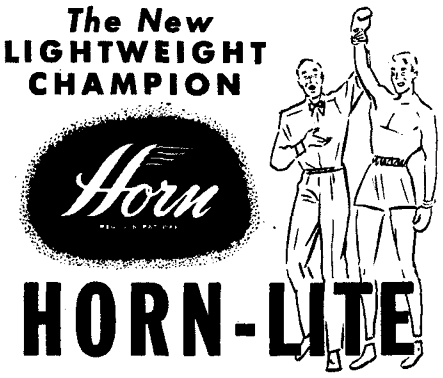

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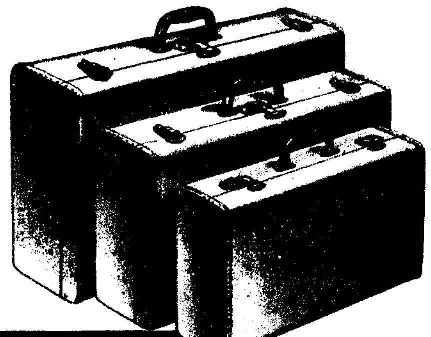

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yet. "I understand there's considerable inflation," he said.

"In spots, I suppose."

"How far down did you get?"

I glanced up at him. He was a heavy, droopy-eyed fellow who looked in his late forties. His hat was shoved to the back of his head, and beneath its brim the skin of his face was pale and moist. His brown suit bagged at the knees, and you could see the ring of white sock between the cuffs of his pants and his black oxfords.

"Not far," I said. He nodded amiably and smoked a few seconds in silence. I thought he must be waiting for someone from inside, but after using up about a fourth of his cigarette, he flipped the long butt to the sidewalk and went into the building.

AT ABOUT the same time a taxi pulled up out front. I flagged it and got in. "The bus station," I said.

"Which station?"

"How many are there?"

"About two, I guess." The driver pulled out from the curb and I looked back at the exchange to see the plump man in the brown suit watching us drive away. He had a fresh cigarette in his mouth and, while I watched, he took a pack of matches from his vest pocket and lighted it.

"Suppose you let me off somewhere between the two," I said to the driver.

"'Tain't hard. They're only a block apart." He didn't say anything more until we were in the business district. Then he pointed out the bus stations and a restaurant across the street under the Newfeldt Hotel.

I thanked him, paid him off and went into the restaurant. I hadn't tasted a real hamburger in nearly thirteen years, and I was going to have one, even if it was for breakfast. It was just the way I remembered: a big round soft bun, a thin slab of ground meat heavy with salt, heaped with fried onions. It looks so simple and yet you can't get one anyplace except in the U.S. It was good. It was delicious. I had another one and then sat licking the onions off my back teeth while I smoked and had coffee.

I paid the cashier and went outside. There was still the plump man to worry about. He'd asked for a match he didn't need and it made me wonder. I carried my suitcase into the hotel and told the girl at the desk I wanted a room with a bath. "A front one," I said.

"I've got a nice one in back. It's quieter."

"But I always take a front one. Don't you remember?" She looked at me closely.

"You're Mr. —"

"Jones," I said. "Clarence Jones of Dallas."

"Of course," she said. "It's so nice seeing you again. You haven't been here for some time."

"Over six months, I think. But I certainly remember you."

She laughed. "I wasn't here six months ago."

"That's odd. I may be thinking of the girl before you."

"It was a man then."

"Well, maybe it was more than six months. Anyhow, may I have a noisy front room with a bath?"

I didn't seem to have done so well. She slid the register book over to me, and I wrote down Clarence Jones, putting my residence as Dallas. I paid for one day in advance. The bellhop showed me to my room and went away after I gave him a dime. Then I called both bus stations by phone. Only one had a line running west along the route I wanted; I told the agent to make out a ticket to San Francisco and that I'd either pick it up or send for it.

Next I shed my clothes and took a bath, shaved, brushed up my shoes and put on my second-best suit. Then I let the shade up a few inches from the bottom and stretched out on the bed where I could watch the street from the window. I had two hours to wait for the bus, but it was only about ten minutes before I saw the other thing I was wondering about.

A plump man in a brown suit sauntered down the sidewalk and wandered into the waiting room of the bus station I hadn't done business with. In a few minutes he was out again, still in no hurry. He stopped in front of a drugstore on the corner and leaned against a lamppost while he smoked another cigarette. He had a good view of the street.

I wasn't sure of anything. Sometimes a person will ask you for a match he doesn't need simply because he wants to talk to you, and sometimes the same person has a reason to stand in front of a bus station. However, I was in a situation where the tendency was to be suspicious. Laredo isn't a very big city, and I'd made the mistake of telling the cabdriver I wanted a bus station before I discovered that the plump man hadn't needed a match. He could have located the cabdriver again with little difficulty.

I called the desk and asked the girl to send the boy up. He was a bright-eyed Mexican of about sixteen who liked me better when I spoke to him in his own language. I told him that the station agent had a ticket made out for Clarence Jones and that I wanted him to pick up the ticket and check my suitcase through for me at the same time. He took the money and the suitcase and left. I watched from the window while he crossed the street and entered the station. Plumpy was at the other end of the block and paid no attention. When the boy came back with the ticket and the baggage check, I gave him four bits.

"When do you leave?" he asked.

"Tomorrow. I have calls to make and don't want to be bothered with luggage. Tell me, does the bus stop anyplace in town after it leaves the station?"

"On Alvarado Street."

"Where's that?"

He found a map of the city in the front of the phone book and showed me where Alvarado Street was. "It stops if anyone is waiting," he said.

"Good. I have a friend out that way I want to see, and it will save me a trip back." I led him over to the window. "Do you see that man in the brown suit across the street?"

"The heavy one?"

"That's right. Do you know him?"

"I can't remember seeing him before."

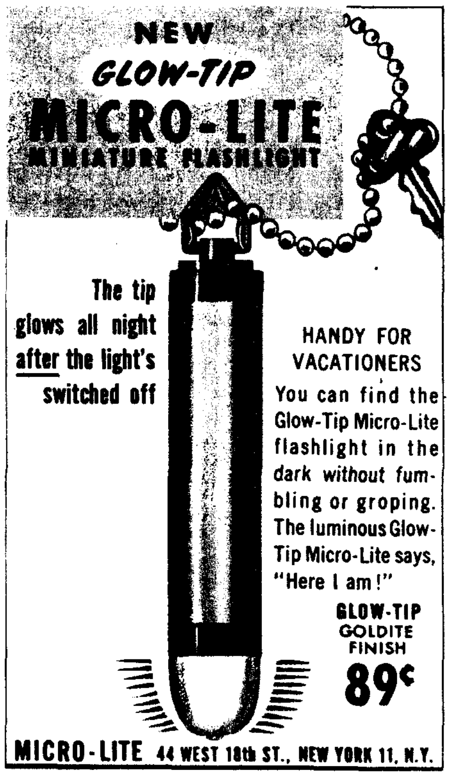
I gave him another quarter and he left.

PLUMPY ran out of cigarettes and went into the drugstore for more. He came out, he walked over to my side of the street where I couldn't see him. Not being sure of what it was all about, I felt a little foolish about the contortions I was going through. Still, there was no use taking chances that could be avoided. If Plumpy was after me, the time to handle the situation was right now.

He returned to his lamppost about twenty minutes before bus time. I got off the bed and went downstairs. When I turned in my key I asked the girl at the desk if there'd been any messages.

"Nothing at all," she said.

"See you later, then." I left the hotel by the side exit and walked the ten blocks to the Alvarado Street stop. When the bus came, I looked the occupants over carefully before handing the driver my ticket. Everything looked serene. I found a seat near the back where I could smoke, lowered the back of my seat and stretched out. One thing, at least, seemed certain: Plumpy wasn't a federal man. Any F.B.I. employee who had reason to believe I was Mike Finney and had crossed the border under a fake name would have treated me the way a chicken treats a fat worm. And no one but a federal man would have any interest in



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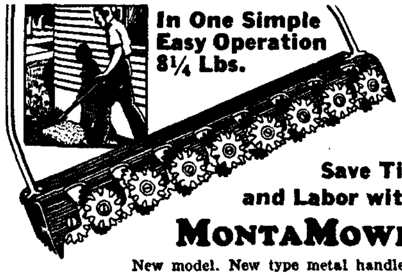

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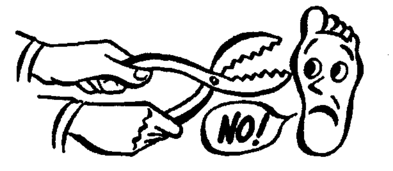

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me. Even if Tremaine reported his missing permit, it shouldn't bother anyone north of the border. So I relaxed.

It was my first ride on an American bus in thirteen years. The last one had been a long ride, too—from San Francisco to New York just before I took off for Spain. I'd been twenty-three then, setting forth to save the world. Now I was riding in the opposite direction for the purpose, I suppose, of saving myself. During that thirteen years my attitude had migrated from the belief that better individuals can be produced only by raising the standards of society to the belief that the standards of society can be raised only by producing better individuals. My two bus rides had one point in similarity, however. Both of them—the one at the end and this one at the beginning—saw me crossing a border with false papers. I hoped it was for the last time. A curious and forlorn hope. I enjoyed it all the way from Laredo to San Francisco. Then it sort of evaporated because it was in San Francisco that I saw Plumpy again. . . .

It was quite a shock. The bus came in over the Bay Bridge from Oakland about six o'clock in the evening. It was my first look at the completed bridges. The sun had just set behind the city. Across the water the tall buildings studded the hills with pinnacles of light, while bright rivers of streets opened and closed to view as the bus rolled on. It was only a few minutes from the bridge to the terminal at Seventh and Mission streets. As we rolled into town, I opened the window a few inches so I could hear the infernal, wonderful clatter of the streetcars. After the bus stopped, I wandered into the waiting room to wait until the baggage was unloaded so I could collect my suitcase. I had twenty bucks left but I wasn't worried about it. I'd been broke in San Francisco before, and this was the way it should be. I was back at the place where the roads had forked thirteen years before; and this time I was going to try the other fork.

My suitcase wasn't heavy, so I decided to travel by foot until I found a room for the night. I went through the swinging doors onto Seventh Street.

A taxi pulled up at the curb in front of me. I thought the driver had spotted my suitcase and wanted a customer, but instead the back door opened and a girl got out. There was no premonition on my part. If I looked at the girl it was only because she happened to be directly in front of me and about six feet away. But having looked once, I looked again. It wasn't her appearance; she had on a green suit, and a white hat with a veil. Her eyes were brown. They were large and surprisingly dull, like bits of old velvet—softness but no light.

I knew her. At least, I thought I knew her and it surprised me to find how small she was. I'd expected a taller, more flamboyant type. My first thought was that she must be someone I'd known in San Francisco many years before. It took a few seconds to realize that the passage of time made this impossible. She was no more than twenty-five now and would have been twelve or thirteen at most then. I'd have discounted the whole thing as an illusion if she hadn't looked at me with a questioning search for recognition. Then she stepped toward me, and barely touched my coat sleeve with her finger tips.

IT WAS curious. The clatter of the city was all around us—insistent and raucous to me after years without it—the whine of brakes, the impatient snarl of horns and the triphammer beat of streetcars galloping across intersecting tracks. Her face looked sallow in the light of a blue neon sign hissing softly above us.

"I'm sorry," I said. "There must be a mistake."

She shook her head. "Oh, no, Philip. There's no mistake." Her voice was no more than a whisper. "Please come now." She stepped back toward the cab, motioning toward it, waiting.

I remembered her now. It was a picture, not a girl. This was Catherine Tremaine, Philip Tremaine's sister. I had her picture in my wallet. Tremaine had talked a lot about himself at various times, but I couldn't remember his having mentioned San Francisco as his home town. And out of all the cities in the United States! Something like an alarm signal started buzzing in my brain. This was no coincidence. I shook my head.

"You're mistaken." I turned to walk away, ignoring the plea in her eyes. That's when I saw Plumpy again.

He was standing on the corner looking at me. He wore the same suit, but the trousers were baggier than ever and so were his eyes. He hadn't been sleeping.

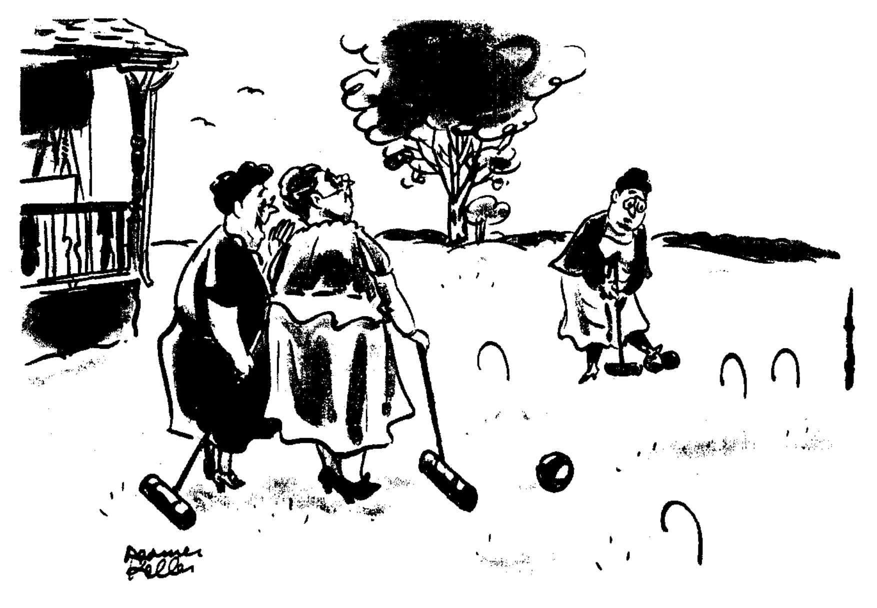
I didn't feel like talking to him right then. Not ever. He was on foot. To my left a cab was waiting with the door open and the back seat empty. It would be an error to say I applied any thought to the matter. The cab was simply a means of quick escape, a means of keeping Catherine Tremaine and Plumpy separated until I could lose them both. I turned back to the girl.

"All right, Catherine, let's go." I followed her into the cab and slammed the door.

"Humboldt Terrace," she said. "Nine thousand."

The taxi driver swung into the stream of traffic. Plumpy stood on the sidewalk behind us, watching the cab drive away.

(To be continued next week)



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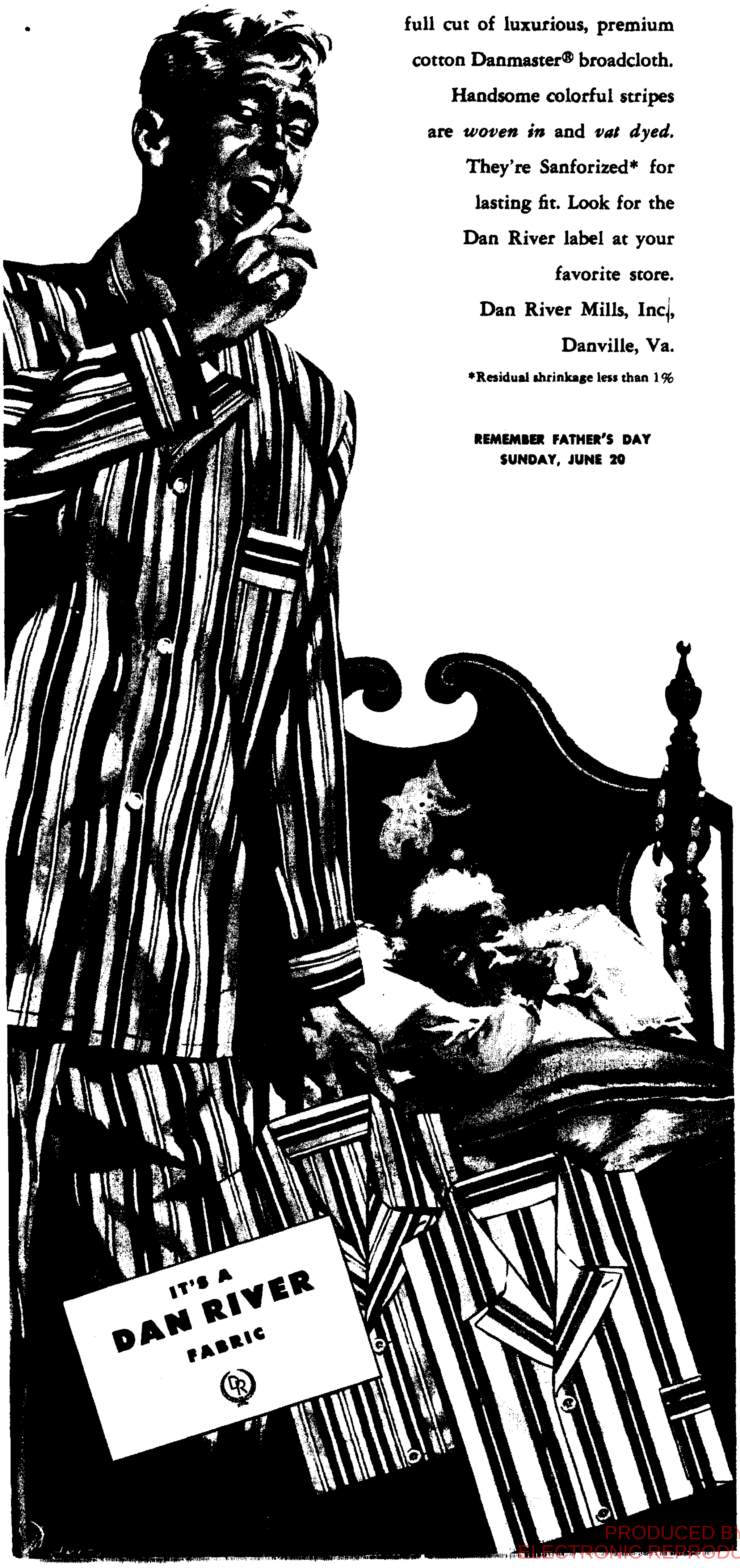
REMEMBER FATHER'S DAY
SUNDAY, JUNE 20



HANDBALL IS FOOTWORK

Continued from page 6

Dry Lake in Mojave Desert a sailplane paradise. The smog really commutes between Los Angeles and Dry Lake. Day sea breezes push the fog and smoke into the desert, then night offshore winds pull it back to town. On the daytime run to Dry Lake, the desert sun bounces off the smog and radiates enough heat to keep the gliders flying high.

HOW TO WIN A MARATHON

Americans have never worked up much enthusiasm for marathon running, probably because the sport involves trotting 26 miles 385 yards, roughly the distance from Marathon to Athens which Pheidippides raced in full armor to tell the home folks that the Persians weren't coming.

Only one native-born American ever won the Olympic marathon. That was Johnny Hayes, who staggered in at London in 1908. Tommy Hicks became an American citizen shortly before his Olympic triumph at St. Louis in 1904. If there is one race Olympic officials would like to forget, it is the 1904 marathon.

An enterprising fellow named Fred Lorz finished 10 minutes in front of Hicks, but Fred was disqualified. Seems he rode part way in an automobile. Two Kaffirs, a side-show entry from the St. Louis Fair, stayed in contention until the 12th mile, when a stray dog chased them off the course.

Hicks wanted to quit at the 15-mile mark, but his handlers bribed him with two canteens of brandy and occasional sulphate of strychnine shots. Tommy began to feel better. At the finish, he could have passed anything except a saliva test. He may not have been the best marathoner in the race, but he certainly was the happiest.

ONE EYE FERRIER

Jim Ferrier is a one-eyed golfer. Jim cocks his head until only his left eye focuses on the ball. "It eliminates the possibility of muffing the shot by looking up," Jim explains. "If I do look up slightly, the right eye takes over. I'd have to move my head a half turn—almost six inches—to lift both eyes off the ball."

On the greens, Jim is slow and fussy, which accounts for another peculiarity. He always asks for the caddy with the biggest and flattest feet. "Around the cup," Ed says, "your caddy's feet can't be too flat. Fellow named Sam down in Miami is the world's best. He has size-13 feet—flat as pancakes—and wears tennis shoes. Never have to worry about Sam walking in front of the hole and spoiling your line. Every step Sam takes improves the golf course."

Australian-born Ferrier is less spectacular in medal competition than South Africa's Bobby Locke, but American pros fear Jim more than Bobby in match play. Jim's a great scrambler and putter. He has to be. His left knee—weakened by an Australian football injury—buckles inopportunely and sprays his tee shots all over the course.

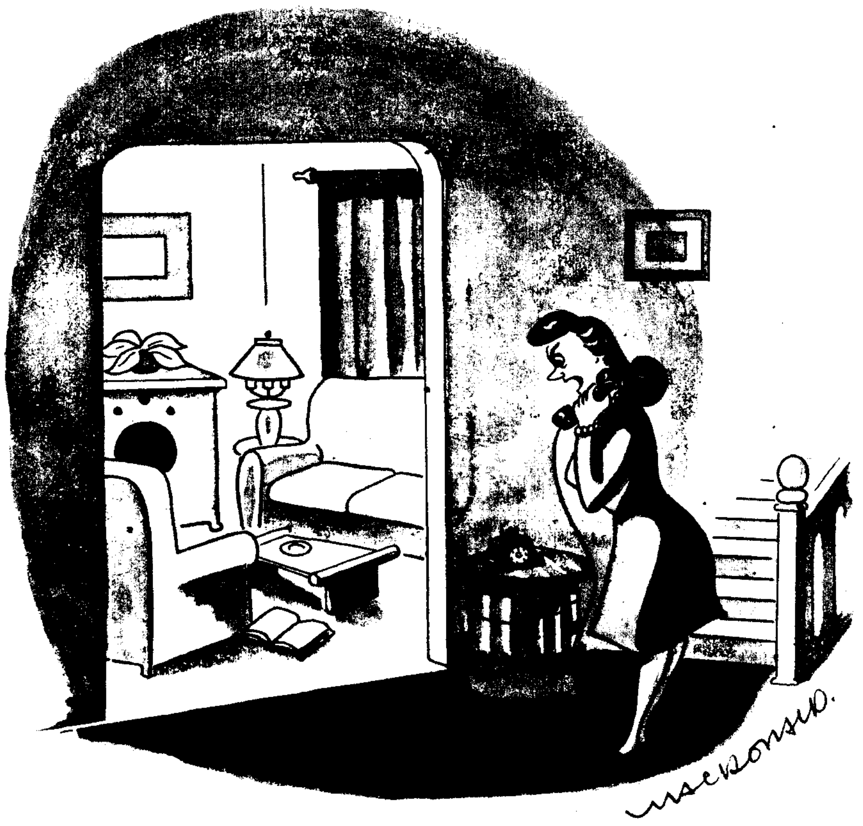
While Jim was scrambling to the P.G.A. title last summer, a disgruntled and eliminated pro barked at a Western Union messenger: "Ferrier? You'll find him behind some trees—pitching dead to the cup."

A typical Ferrier drive lodged near the top of a 40-foot tree in the 1944 San Francisco Open. Jim shinnied up and knocked the ball down—pool-table style. Fortunately, the trick knee holds firm on occasion. Jim and Locke were even, going up to the 179-yard 13th hole at Hoylake during a practice round before the 1946 British Open. Locke's tee shot sat down nine inches short of the cup. Ferrier's ball dribbled past Locke's and in for a hole in one!

Ferrier won, one up, and Locke paid off. "Before you hit that bloody ace," Bobby complained, "I had your money put away—in my shoe."

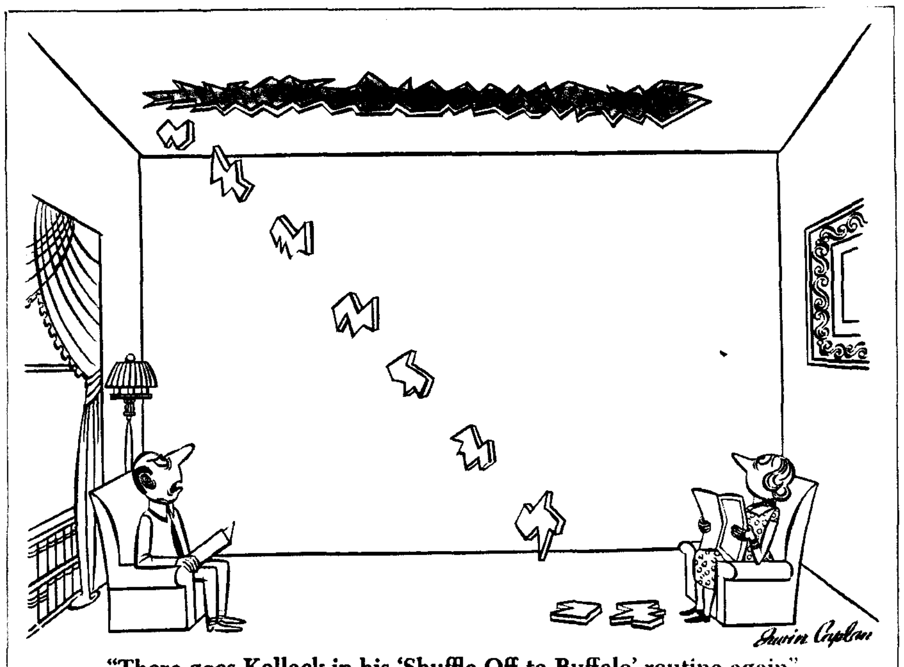
Ferrier, who knows Locke's reputation for thrift, made a slight correction. "Not in your shoe, Bobby. In your sock—right down in the toe."

THE END



"I was listening to the Sudsy Mystery program—and you or Mr. Hooper had better know how it ended"

COLLIER'S J. S. MACDONALD



"There goes Kollack in his 'Shuffle Off to Buffalo' routine again"

COLLIER'S IRWIN CAPLAN

TWO-PARTY GAL

Continued from page 23

affair for Margaret. For this event she imported practically the entire Boston debutante contingent of that season. But Washington gossips say that none has ever equaled the affair of February, 1945, after the Roosevelt-Truman ticket had won the national election. Mrs. Mesta sent out several hundred handsomely engraved invitations, addressed to important Democrats, Republicans and neutrals, and requesting them to repair to the Sulgrave Club, the capital's swankiest watering hole, to meet the Vice-President and Mrs. Harry S. Truman. They came in droves, and were well rewarded; those who were not invited are still biting their nails in chagrin.

There were three high lights at this function. One was when Mrs. Mesta took Mrs. Truman gently by the hand, led her across the room, and introduced her to Mrs. Jim Farley, whose husband is a Democrat if there ever was one. Everybody was simply bowled over by the realization that these two ladies had never met before. They had missed each other at the Democratic convention in 1944 because Mrs. Farley was not there. But the fact is Mrs. Farley attended the Republican convention that year.

Why the Senator Wept

It was at this party that Rosa Ponselle, an old-time friend of Mrs. Mesta's, sang Ave Maria. The crowded rooms were hushed and the guests enthralled by the famous singer. Senator Theodore F. Green of Rhode Island wept. Later a friend asked him why he had been so moved by the song. It was, the senator explained, nostalgia. The haunting notes of Ave Maria had recalled the dear days of the first Roosevelt inaugural, when he was governor of Rhode Island, and Mrs. Mesta had entertained in *his* honor.

Mrs. Mesta's party for Mr. Truman when he was Vice-President was probably the largest function, in point of numbers, that she ever gave, but she has several times entertained as many as 90 at formal dinners, and more at buffet parties. For the formal affairs tables are set up in various downstairs rooms of her house, and she herself presides in the dining room, where about 30 persons can be seated.

Last year when the Association of Women Broadcasters held their annual convention in Washington, Mrs. Mesta entertained the 300 delegates, and a few selected friends including Mrs. Truman, at a big informal dinner. She set five buffets, each serving the typical foods of a different nation of the Big Five—England, France, Russia, China and the United States—and each presided over by servants wearing the national costumes of their country.

However large or small her parties are, the guests always include both Democrats and Republicans, who mingle on terms of perfect equality and feast sumptuously on such delicacies as *filet mignon,* guinea hen, boned squab and terrapin soup—the real stuff, not any old mock turtle jazzed up with a little sherry.

As a matter of public interest, it may be noted here that most Washington hostesses are now boning their squabs, in order that their guests, who are generally of mixed or indeterminate social backgrounds, may eat gracefully.

Liquor is usually served at a Mesta function, also—mighty fine liquor. Once at a "tea" which she gave for Washington newspaperwomen the journalistic lassies and their boy friends got away with 30 cases of champagne and whisky, which is approximately 300 quarts. Mrs. Roberta Vinson, wife of the Chief Justice, who "poured," managed to dispense ten quarts of tea. None of the liquor was drunk by Mrs. Mesta; she neither drinks nor smokes. Her favorite beverage at the cocktail hour is tomato juice.

The entertainment at a Mesta affair ranges from the most expensive professional talent to such gifted amateurs as President Truman, pianist, and General Eisenhower, who can sing Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes. At least, the general sang it once, at a party given in his honor soon after he became Chief of Staff, when "everybody," as Mrs. Mesta says, "was performing and doing stunts."

Patrick J. Hurley once obliged with his personal war whoop, an extraordinary vocal feat based on the guttural chidings of an annoyed Indian and the strangled yelps of an enraged mule skinner. It is a fairly authentic production, too; Mr. Hurley used to be a mule skinner. Mrs. Mesta is not on record as having commented on Pat Hurley's war whooping, or on General Eisenhower's voice, which is a dogged but somewhat tremulous baritone. But she thinks that President Truman plays the piano "beautifully, just beautifully—for a man who never gets any practice."

What with music, entertainment, ter-

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REMEMBER FATHER'S DAY
SUNDAY, JUNE 20

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FABRIC
DR

rapin, squab (boned), and fine liquors, not to mention wear and tear on rugs and furnishings, a typical function will set Mrs. Mesta back from $10 to $50 per guest. The party for Vice-President Truman cost $5,000. Entertainment on such a scale costs a lot of money. Fortunately, Mrs. Mesta has a lot of money, although nobody knows how much except herself, her lawyers, her bankers and the Bureau of Internal Revenue.

She is said to have inherited several millions from her father, the late W. B. Skirvin, a Southwestern oil and hotel tycoon, and additional millions from her husband, a wealthy manufacturer for whom the town of Mesta, Pennsylvania, near Pittsburgh, was named. And being about as clever in business as she is in planning parties, Mrs. Mesta is said to have not only held on to her two inheritances but added virtually another fortune to them.

She has an excellent reputation in Washington, and elsewhere as well, as a money raiser for any cause in which she is interested. She displayed this ability to the full when she was appointed co-chairman of the Jefferson-Jackson Day Dinner, reportedly at the suggestion of the President. In former years this post has usually been given to the wife of a member of the Cabinet, and the lady has nearly always turned out to be more of an ornament than a financial asset.

But Mrs. Mesta rolled up her sleeves and plunged in. The dinner netted the Democrats some $50,000 more than it had ever done before, and Mrs. Mesta is credited with being responsible for most of the excess. With a snicker, she says that about $25,000 came from Republicans, although she won't tell how she persuaded them to invest. Actually, however, it is not unusual for businessmen to contribute to both parties.

Big Oil and Hotel Interests

Mrs. Mesta's family was living in Texas when the time came for her to be born, and the weather down there was unbearably hot. So her mother came to New York, and Mrs. Mesta is therefore a native of the metropolis. Her birth occurred about the time her father was bringing in the second big gusher in the Beaumont oil field. She spent her girlhood in Galveston and other Texas cities, and in Oklahoma City, wherever the oil and hotel business took her father. After she married George Mesta she lived briefly in Pennsylvania and traveled widely in Europe. All the time she was entertaining with great gusto, and learning more and more about the complicated business of party giving.

During the first World War, Mrs. Mesta's husband was called to Washington as a dollar-a-year man, and she established herself in an elaborate suite at the Hotel Willard. After a careful survey of the situation, she leaped into the social whirlpool with considerable vigor. At that time, she doesn't seem to have made any terrific splash, although she did make a few important friends, among them Mrs. Woodrow Wilson. As her contribution to war work she took charge of The Washington Stage Door Canteen, a post which she also held for a time in World War II.

Throughout this period, and especially during the administration of President Harding, Washington society was dominated by Mrs. Evalyn Walsh McLean, who was not only an intimate friend of the Hardings but enjoyed additional prestige because of her ownership of the Hope Diamond.

Too Dangerous a Competitor

This celebrated gem was always good for a bit of publicity. So, for that matter, were Mrs. McLean's social activities. Competing openly with her was an excellent way for a Washington hostess to get her social ears pinned back, and there is no record that Mrs. Mesta was ever foolish enough to attempt it.

She did, however, continue to give parties and to make influential friends, and her chances of eventually playing on society's first team were improved by her presentation at the Court of St. James's. In Washington she was a friend of the Coolidges and greatly admires Mrs. Coolidge; even now she sometimes remarks that it was "such a pity" that Mrs. Coolidge left Washington when her husband retired from the White House. On the whole, Mrs. Mesta's social career through the 1920s and the early 1930s was a record of steady progress, culminating in the invasion of Newport and the opening of Mid-Cliffe in 1929.

During the late 1930s Mrs. Mesta lived in New York, occupying a 26-room house in East Seventy-fourth Street, some of the furnishings of which had once embellished Buckingham Palace.

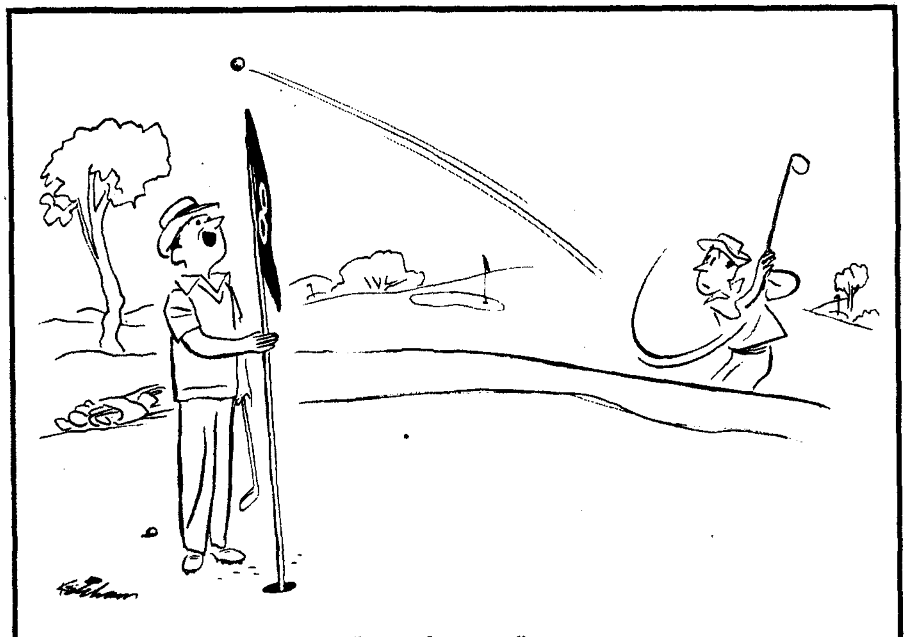
Mrs. Mesta's current ambition is to own a radio station; she says that if she had one she would staff it entirely with women, make political speeches herself, and fill the air with plugs for Harry S. Truman and equal rights for women.

"My idea is," she says, "that if I can do anything in the world to keep my friends in the White House, I'll do it."

She expects to keep up the fight for Mr. Truman, but some of her friends say that if the worst comes to the worst she'll settle for Speaker Joseph W. Martin.

"Joe would make a wonderful President," she says.

THE END



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WASHINGTON
★ ★ ★ ★ PARTY LINE ★ ★ ★ ★

AS RARELY before in Presidential politics, behind the scenes, there is a direct interrelation between the two major-party conventions that take place in the next four weeks. What happens at the G.O.P. meet will determine the Democratic outcome.

Privately, President Truman is resting his decision to run again on whom the Republicans nominate. If it's Vandenberg or Stassen, the President may withdraw. If it's any of the other numerous G.O.P. aspirants, the President will make a slashing fight for his nomination on two theories: (1) that despite the widespread disaffection within Democratic ranks, he can force his nomination if he wants to; (2) that he has a good chance to win against any other Republican.

VANDENBERG and Stassen are the key to what happens at the Republican convention. That doesn't necessarily mean that either will be nominated; nor does it preclude the possibility of a Vandenberg-Stassen slate. That's a strong probability on a number of counts—personal friendship, general similarity of view, Vandenberg's age and health and Stassen's youth and vigor.

But whatever the outcome of the convention, the big Michigander and the big Minnesotan will be decisive factors.

IN THE event of a Republican convention deadlock, Speaker Joe Martin will have the first trial run as a dark horse. He has a lot of undercover "second choice" strength in the leading camps. G.O.P. congressmen have been doing some heavy but quiet plugging for him. Also, a number of state leaders, like Pennsylvania's Joe Pew and Kansas' Alf Landon, are fond of Martin.

IT'S never mentioned in official statements, but one of the biggest items in U.S. food relief to Europe is horse meat. Last year over 100,000,000 pounds were sent abroad.

Major reason is difference in cost. Horse meat costs less than half of other meats. Also, Europeans lack U.S. prejudice against horse meat. In fact, some sections prefer it on the ground that it's cleaner and tastier. Biggest horse-meat consumers are Belgium and Sweden. One month recently, the former imported 3,000,000 pounds and the latter 2,000,000. Other big horse-meat consumers are Germany, France, Holland and Portugal.

Horse-meat slaughtering is a relatively new U.S. industry. It got a big start in the 1930-32 depression when over 100,000 horses were butchered yearly in federally inspected slaughterhouses. Last year, 300,000 horses were processed for food purposes. Horses now used for this purpose differ markedly from earlier days. Then, most of the animals were old, worn-out nags. Now, there are very few of them, and young, wild horses are used almost entirely. Largest slaughterhouses are in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Detroit; Columbus, Ohio; Duluth, Minnesota.

FOUR strong Republican Vice-Presidential possibilities to watch are New York's Senator Irving Ives, California's Senator William F. Knowland, Massachusetts' Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, and Governor Alfred E. Driscoll of New Jersey.

Vandenberg likes both Knowland and Lodge. Ives is Stassen's first choice as a running mate. Driscoll is on good terms with all the leaders. Although a newcomer in the national arena, he has made a lot of hay in recent months.

OVERHEARD in the Senate cloakroom: "Well, I guess it is true that Wallace is not for the common man."

"How come?"

"He walked out on Truman!"

ONE of the significant Intelligence reports from behind the Iron Curtain is that the Russian Communist party will hold another of its momentous congresses this year. It will be the 19th, but the first since 1939. In the past, these congresses have been used to proclaim major Soviet foreign and domestic policies. According to the inside word, no date has yet been set, but it's expected to be after the U.S. Presidential election.

THE controversial question of cartels is in for another official airing. Nebraska's Senator Kenneth Wherry isn't advertising it, but his Small Business Committee is quietly investigating U.S. policy on cartels. Slated to be quizzed on their viewpoint and operations are Undersecretary of the Army William H. Draper, Jr., Assistant Secretary of State Willard L. Thorp, and top U.S. occupation officials in Germany and Japan.

WAR potential: U.S. steel production is over 95,000,000 tons a year as compared to 16,000,000 tons in Russia.

MAINE may make political history in its June 21st Republican senatorial primary. There is a chance a woman may carry off the prize. She is Representative Margaret Chase Smith, who has made an outstanding record. Pitted against Mrs. Smith are Governor H. A. Hildreth and ex-Governor Sumner Sewall. It's nip and tuck among the trio, with Hildreth being backed by Senator Owen Brewster, who isn't keen about having either the militant Sewall or the bustling Mrs. Smith as a colleague.

THERE is no foundation to that recurring rumor that Henry Wallace will pull out if the Democrats ditch President Truman and nominate General Eisenhower or Supreme Court Justice Douglas. There never was anything to it but a distorted version of favorable remarks Wallace made about Eisenhower and Douglas at a private gathering in February. Wallace is in the race to the bitter end. And as he sees it, it won't be too bitter for two reasons: He doesn't expect to win, and he is sure Truman will be defeated.

VICE-PRESIDENT LI TSUNG-JEN is the man to watch in the new Nationalist government in China. Able and ambitious, the fifty-seven-year-old Kwangsi general is a veteran campaigner both in the field and in politics. Also, he has powerful Kuomintang backing and is unawed by Chiang Kai-shek. Li demonstrated this by winning the vice-presidency despite bitter Chiang opposition. In the next, and not-distant, upheaval in China, it's not at all unlikely that Chiang will exit and Li take over.

JOHN L. LEWIS' egotism apparently has no bounds. Discussing the failure of the C.I.O. United Steel Workers to get a pay raise, Lewis, who rules his miners with an autocratic fist, rumbled pontifically, "The trouble with that union is, it's run from the top down."

ROBERT S. ALLEN

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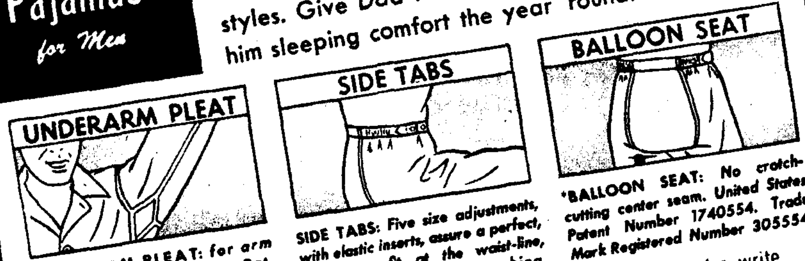

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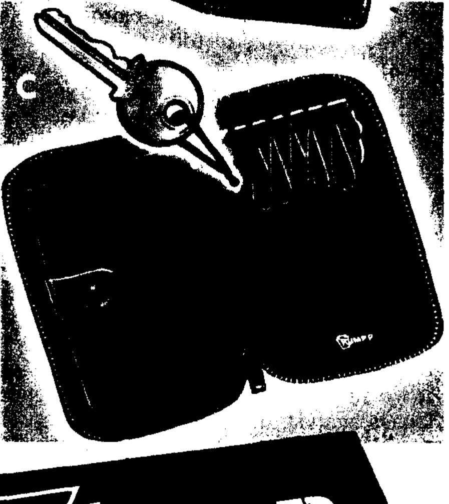

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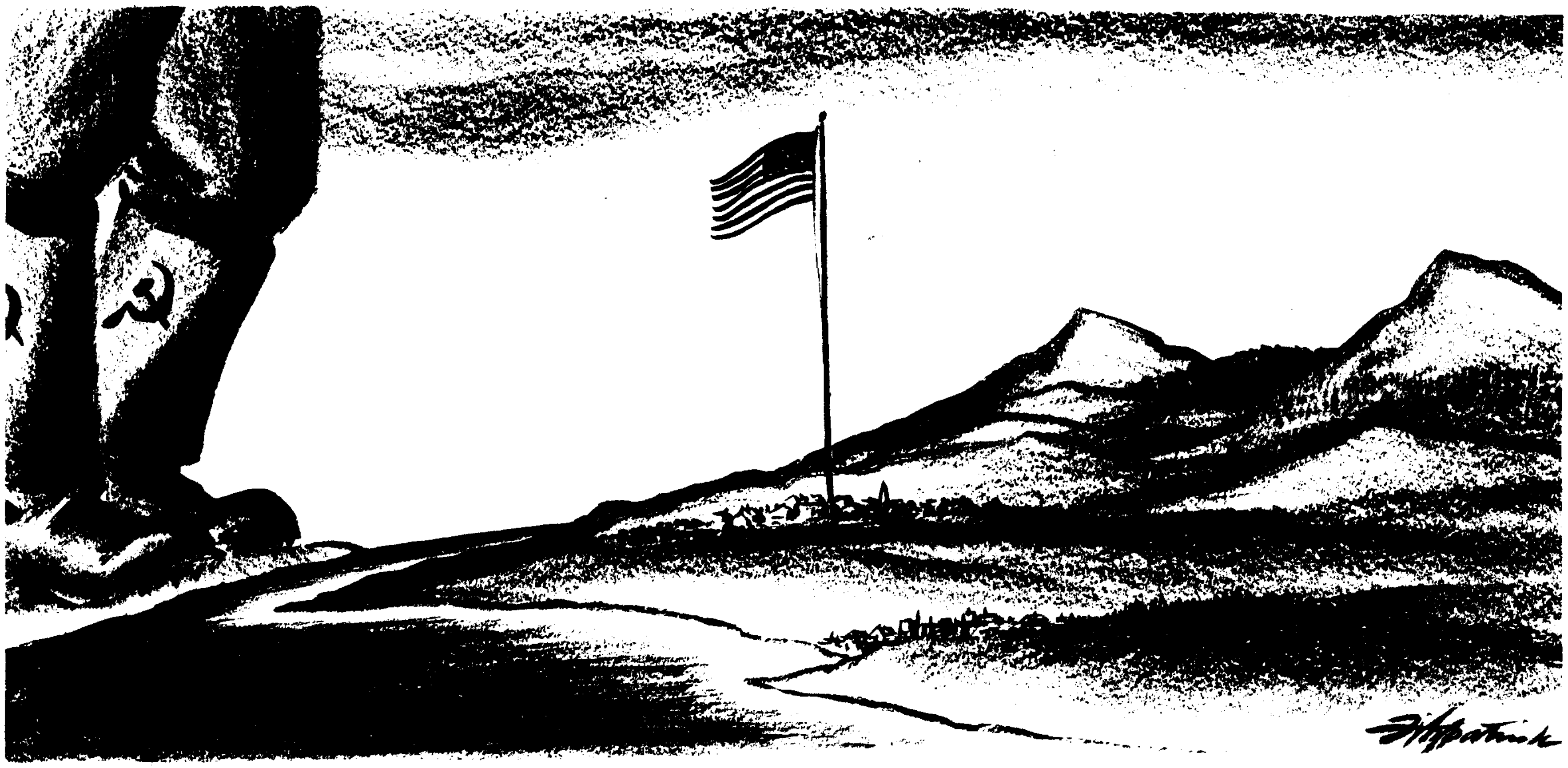

...WE SHOULD BUTTRESS ALASKA

AT THIS writing, Lieutenant General Nathan F. Twining's Alaskan Command is in a bad way and much worried. There are about 20,000 men in the AC, but almost no combat troops. The Navy has no fighting ships in the zone. Planes are so scarce that the AC won't reveal the exact number.

Russia, on the other hand, is reported to be building a big military base in the Komandorskie Islands, some 225 miles west of Attu. Attu is the outmost of the Aleutian chain of islands that step Asiaward from Alaska. You may remember that the Japs occupied Attu and near-by Kiska for many months following the Battle of Midway—to the great worry of U.S. and Canadian military men and civilians.

We bought Alaska from Russia in 1867. But the modern Reds have often muttered that this was a deal with a corrupt czarist regime and is not binding on the Bolsheviks of today.

All of which words write their own music, we think—the music being that we ought to strengthen our Alaska defenses to a point where we'd at least have a fighting chance to hold the giant peninsula in case of attack.

General Twining believes that in the wild Alaska terrain one battalion (about 1,000 men) of seasoned combat troops and three or four tanks could perform a successful holding operation. With two regimental combat teams (9,000 men), General Twining thinks Alaska would be impregnable.

Such a build-up of the Alaska Command admittedly would be a hard and expensive job. But isn't it worth just about any price to safeguard the West Coast against bombings from enemy-held Alaska positions? We think it is; and we move, urgently, that this great northwest bastion of North America be adequately buttressed without delay.

●

... HOFFMAN CAN DO A JOB: President Truman's appointment of Paul G. Hoffman to run the European Recovery Program (Marshall Plan) was a good day's work, we believe. Mr. Hoffman has an enviable business and civic record; also the kind of ideas which must guide the ERP if it is to help revive Western Europe and halt Communism without bankrupting us.

We'd just like to recall to all and sundry that Hoffman took this job on a promise of a free hand in running the ERP show. Official Washington is full of ambitious bureaucrats who love power, and one of the favorite pastimes in that great city consists in trying to snitch other people's authority and prerogatives for yourself. That Mr. Hoffman will have plenty of such trouble seems a safe bet.

Our earnest hope is that he will fight all muscler-inners from now till he winds up the job; that he will consent to no diminution of his powers; and that he will yell bloody murder to the press and to influential politicians whenever he feels threatened. That's the only way to conserve your own hide in official Washington, and to deliver the results you're supposed to deliver.

We hope that Mr. Hoffman knew that fact of Washington life before he became ERP chief, or that he is thoroughly aware of it now.

●

... WALLACE SHOULD BE HEARD: The occasional interferences with Henry A. Wallace's right to say his say in public don't look good from any point of view known to us. We mean interruptions or picketing of Wallace meetings by assorted patriots, and such indirect harassments as hotels refusing to put the third-party candidate for President up for the night.

These goings on, however much you may sympathize with the motives of those who stage them, are not in the American spirit of fair play. That would be bad enough in itself; but they also give Wallace and his backers a chance to yell that they are being persecuted, with some truth in the yells.

Don't misunderstand us. We think Wallace is peddling the Communist party line in his campaign speeches to this writing, and we think that anybody who votes for him next November 2d will be voting, knowingly or unknowingly, to sell the United States down the river to Joe Stalin.

Nevertheless, so long as we are not in a shooting war with Soviet Russia, Wallace should be allowed as much freedom of speech as any other American.

There is no U.S. law which denies a man the right to hang himself, so to speak, with his tongue.

●

... YOU NEEDN'T ASK FOR IT: Lady Nancy Astor was the principal speaker at a big luncheon recently thrown in Washington by the Women's National Farm and Garden Association. Getting up on her aristocratic feet, Lady A. launched forth on her customary tirade about how Americans are too much interested in "women, clothes, liquor and brassière ads in newspapers," when they should be thinking of a world "faced with famine"—as if we weren't feeding a large part of said world.

Some 25 of the ladies at the luncheon got enough of it after a spell, and walked out on the British noblewoman. One walker-outer said that she was "tired of hearing that woman criticizing American women."

That goes for us, too; we've been tired of Lady Astor these 10 years or more. However, it seems to us that these American women asked for what they got. Whoever invited her to that luncheon knew perfectly well that she would insult her hostesses somehow, to say nothing of insulting the American people in general. That's Lady Astor's stock in trade, her line of goods.

Well, then, why ask her to speak at American functions of any kind? Why stick the neck out? Why not just give her the silent treatment—and the same for the rest of the multitude of aliens who keep coming over here and telling us how to handle our affairs? Their advice as a rule is worse, if possible, than their manners.

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